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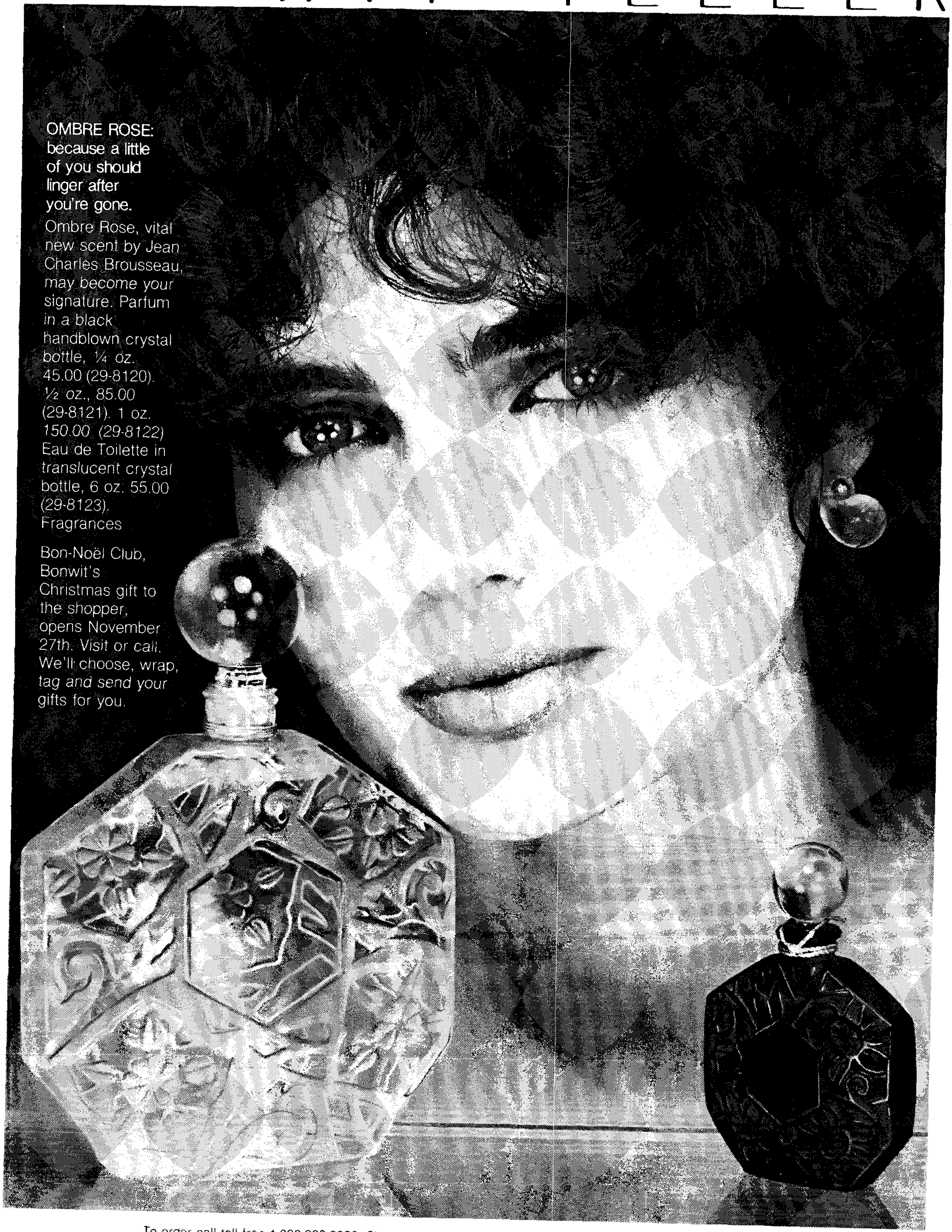

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Black People's Party—A play by Earl Anthony. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

Candida—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Jonathan Bolt's rather mild play **THREADS,** an actor returns from Hollywood to the Southern mill town where he was born. The result is a matter of brief episodes, some of them amusing and some sad, by and large well acted by all present, especially so by Jo Henderson, Jonathan Hogan, William Andrews, and Patricia Wettig. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cowboy Mouth (in Concert)—A rock performance of Sam Shepard's and Patti Smith's collage. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 4, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Special performance Monday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon, Lizbeth Mackay, and Peter MacNicol in the roles created by them Off Broadway last winter. Directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dresser—Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers in Ronald Harwood's play about a Shakespearean actor and his gossipy dresser. With Rachel Gurney, Leslie Barrett, Marge Redmond, and Douglas Seale. The direction is by Michael Elliott. A London import. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 9. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **SEESAW,** with a book by Michael Bennett, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. The second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The First—A musical focussing on Jackie Robinson's first season with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The book is by Joel Siegel, with Martin Charnin (who also directed); the music is by Bob Brush; and the lyrics are by Mr. Charnin. With David Alan Grier, David Huddleston, and Lonette McKee. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Sixteen plays that were originally seen here during the sixties. The project will be spread out over the next couple of months. Thursday, Nov. 5, through Sunday, Nov. 15: **NIGHTCLUB,** by Ken Bernard. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:30, and Sundays at 9:30.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—The Royal Shakespeare Company's dazzling adaptation of the Dickens novel isn't to be missed for love or money. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

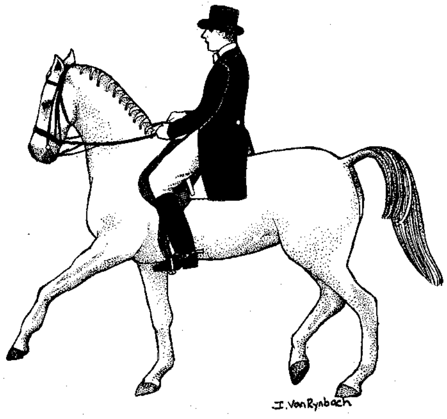
Manhattan Theatre Club—Cleavon Little in **THE RESURRECTION OF LADY LESTER,** by OyamO, directed by André Mtumi. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 6, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. . . . **CROSSING NIAGARA,** by Alonso Alegria, directed by André Ernotte. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 9, at 6:30.)

Marlowe—A rock musical about the author of "Dr. Faustus." Even reduced to dust, the great dead are subject to mistreatment. (10/26/81) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe in Bill C. Davis's play, which ran Off Broadway last spring. The director is Geraldine Fitzgerald. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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My Fair Lady—After twenty-five years, the Lerner-Loewe musical is as witty and nimble as ever, and so is its star, Rex Harrison. Every immaculate word he utters pays homage to the English tongue. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Own Stranger—A play based on the writings of Anne Sexton, adapted for the stage by Linda Laundra and Marilyn Campbell. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ned and Jack—A play by Sheldon Rosen based on the friendship of John Barrymore and Edward Sheldon. With Peter Michael Goetz and John Vickery in the title roles and Barbara Sohmers as Ethel Barrymore. Seen Off Broadway last spring. Colleen Dewhurst directed. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 7. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 8. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh, Brother!—A musical by Donald Driver (book and lyrics) and Michael Valenti (music) centered on two sets of twins separated as infants and reunited as adults. The cast includes David-James Carroll, Harry Groener, Judy Kaye, Mary Mastrantonio, and Larry Marshall. Staged by Mr. Driver. Previews through Monday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 10. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f.) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m.). (10/5/81) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and The Actor's Nightmare—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—A revival of a play by Thomas Babe. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert and Jean-Pierre Aumont are always worth seeing, but without them this trashy little play would drive you out into the streets within ten minutes. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters by Frank South. The performances, under the direction of Robert Altman, are good; that of Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in the West who has committed a murder and waits alone for retribution, is very good. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 4.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Sat-

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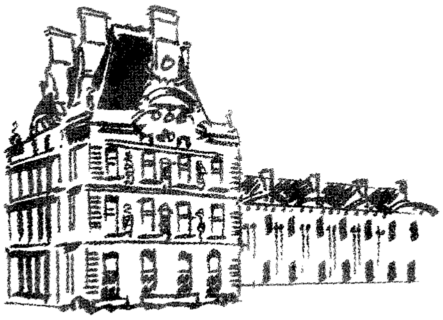

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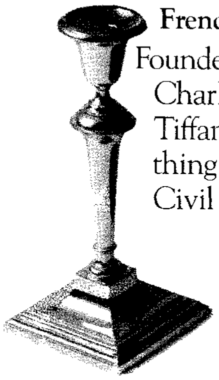

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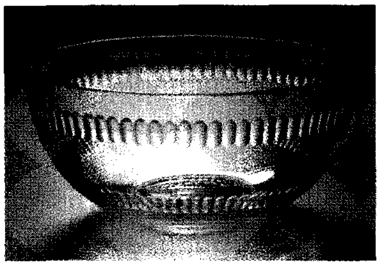

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OMEGA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,952 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Treat Williams, George Rose, Robby Benson, Kaye Ballard, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 7; Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Nov. 4, and Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Light Rain" (première), "Random Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Postcards," "Epode," "Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 7:30: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Light Rain," "Return to the Strange Land," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, and Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Postcards," "Secret Places," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Transfigured Night," and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

COURT DANCE THEATRE AND MUSIC FROM OKINAWA—Four performances by this company of seventeen dancers and musicians, appearing here for the first time. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 12-15, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, **DAKOTA STATON,** whose uptempo blues-tinged numbers are wonderful but whose ballads are heavy with vibrato, sings with her trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, stride-free pianist **JAKI BYARD** will drop by with his trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Clarinettist **PHIL BODNER** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 8; on Tuesday, Nov. 10, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in a quartet. Music nightly from nine.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a nifty four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL,** a nifty hard-bop soloist, leads a trio here through Sunday, Nov. 8. Mondays belong to saxophonist Turk Mauro. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Thursday, Nov. 5, swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN** and soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, **SONNY ROLLINS;** Tuesday, Nov. 10, SVT and the Metros; Wednesday, Nov. 11, **NRBQ** and guitarist **DANNY KALB;** Thursday, Nov. 12, Crystal Ship; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. Pianist **STANLEY COWELL** works with bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** through Saturday, Nov. 7; on Monday, Nov. 9, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** will take over with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, performs, as always, with grace and ease in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays,

SEA
FOOD
FLORIST
LOBSTER
FISH MONTAUK
SYKES

at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS**, a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Nov. 4, Chris Moffa & the Competition, the Camaros, the Listeners, and the Jammies; Thursday, Nov. 5, Philip D'Arrow, Kid Blue, and the Shmoozebusters; Friday, Nov. 6, the Outsets and Konk; and Saturday, Nov. 7, the Same and Roustabouts. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 8-10, Sandra Reaves-Phillips, who appears in the musical "One Mo' Time," will sing a tribute to Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, Ethel Waters, and others. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 4, Charles O'Hegarty and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 5, a jam session; Saturday, Nov. 7, the Tony Trischka band; Sunday, Nov. 8, guitarists Tucker Smallwood, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Nov. 11, Father Charlie Coen and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 12, the Valley Partners; and Saturday, Nov. 14, the Chicken Chokers String Band. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 8, trumpeter **TED CURSON** will lead a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his Latin-jazz band are here through Sunday, Nov. 8; on Tuesday, Nov. 10, **AHMAD JAMAL**, a popular, controversial pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—will come in. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music from their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—collectively, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—perform from nine-thirty on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 4, blues singer Paula Lockheart; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, singer Lee Genesis; Monday, Nov. 9, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, with singers Ernie Byrd and Melvin Sparks; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 10-12, **JOE LEE WILSON**, a scorching, all-out, gutbucket improvising singer; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, singer Miles Jaye. Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings Brazilian-jazz standards. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

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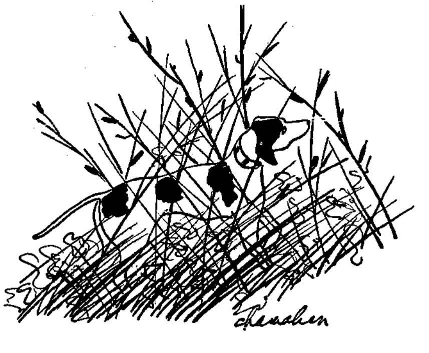
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Sundays, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** takes over the place from five until ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this restaurant and hangs, one story up, over Third Avenue. The inside is pleasant and modern. Pianist Norman Simmons and his bassist perform through Saturday, Nov. 7; on Tuesday, Nov. 10, the energetic **PATTI BOWN** will take over the piano and sing a bit in English and a bit in Swahili. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DON EWELL** takes his listeners through New Orleans, Chicago, and Harlem piano styles until Saturday, Nov. 7; on Tuesday, Nov. 10, pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** will move in. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, bebopper **JOE ALBANY** claims the piano bench from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Wednesdays are claimed by **OLU DARA**, who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, and his occasionally out-there **OKRA ORCHESTRA**, which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Thursdays, bandleader, guitarist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides his ten-piece **AMAZON**, which features **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, organist **CHARLES EARLAND** will head a septet; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and flutist **JAMES NEWTON** will co-pilot a quartet. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz and live piano solos.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **LOU LEVY** and **BILL TAKAS** perform piano-bass duets; Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4-5, two ex-Flying Burrito Brothers—**CHRIS HILLMAN** and **RICK ROBERTS**; Monday, Nov. 9, reggae singer and songwriter **MAX ROMEO**; Tuesday, Nov. 10, country singer and songwriter **MEL TILLIS**; and Wednesday, Nov. 11, the **VENTURES**, who have been playing "Walk, Don't Run" for about twenty-one years. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden *and* of **MEL TORMÉ**. Mr. Tormé sings Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** works from a selected repertory of tunes by Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Neil Sedaka, and others Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell babas; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 4, guitarist Rodney Jones; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA**; Tuesday, Nov. 10, Nitesprite; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, Peter Gordon & French Toast; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, honey-toned R. & B. guitarist **ERIC GALE**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, jazz singer **MORGANA KING**; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY** and the Song Project; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, Strangers and Kent Kasper. Mondays are given over to a showcase, and Tuesdays, Grover Kemble & Za Zu Zaz play swing music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)

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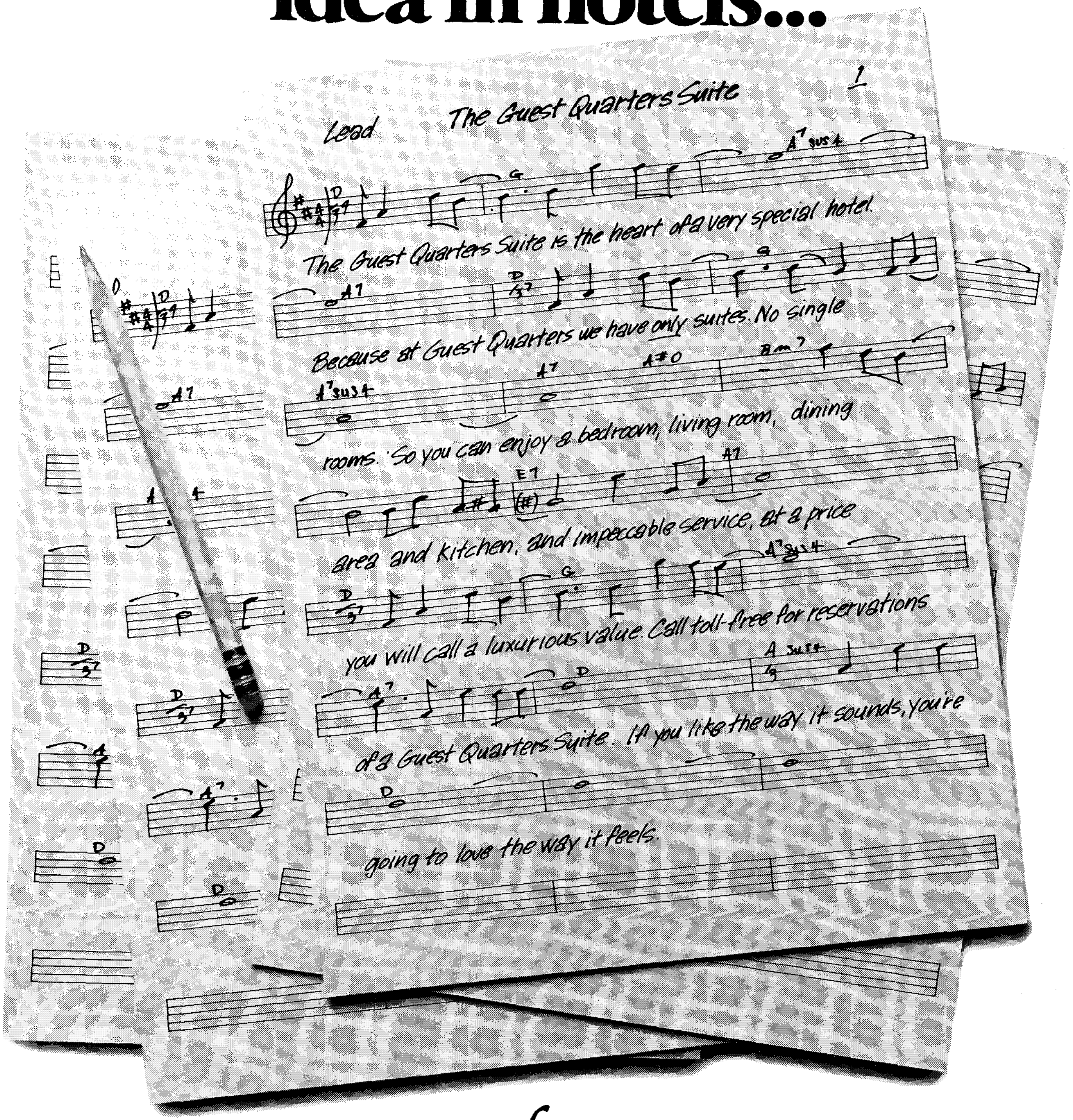
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—A big space, usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, Nov. 4, the Outsets, featuring Ivan Julian and Robert Quine; Thursday, Nov. 5, Comateens; Friday, Nov. 6, Girls at Our Best and the Drive-ins; Saturday, Nov. 7, the Raybeats. The music *could* begin before midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **SY OLIVER'S** bouncy dance orchestra is at work Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Friday, Nov. 6, the Shirts; Saturday, Nov. 7, Sylvain Sylvain; Tuesday, Nov. 10, Wha and Medium Medium; Thursday, Nov. 12, the Iron City Houserockers; and Friday, Nov. 13, **POLYROCK.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "They Say It's Wonderful," honors Irving Berlin and stars Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 4, Chuck Loeb; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and his quintet, which features bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT;** Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 7-8, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and their quartet; Monday, Nov. 9, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Nov. 10, Steve Tarshis; Wednesday, Nov. 11, Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 13-15, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the liveliest piano-bass duos in town, will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will lead a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **JAMES MOODY** plays tenor sax, plays flute, sings a little, and tells one-liners through Saturday, Nov. 7; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 8-9, saxophonist Pete Yellin will head a quintet; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 10, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing here. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: **BIG JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter and early rock-and-roll singer, is still in the city. You can hear him Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Nov. 8-9, Texas bluesman **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS—LIGHTNIN' SAM** to his admirers—will sing about prison, wimmin, hurricanes, bad luck, and trouble, and play a few of his favorite guitar chords. And if you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin some time after nine-thirty.

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Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 4, the Rudies, Phyllis McBride & the Bad Boys, and Roger Bartlett; Thursday, Nov. 5, True Romance, Phone Index, and Noise R Us; Friday, Nov. 6, Patty Scialfa; Saturday, Nov. 7, John Otway; Monday, Nov. 9, Pam Windo & the Shades and Nobody's Fool; and Tuesday, Nov. 10, Heaven and Sighs Five. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands perform from about nine-thirty for exuberant audiences; on Monday, Nov. 9, the Orchestra Harlow and Fajardo will be on hand along with flutist Dave Valentin. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet, which features **JOHN HICKS** on piano, winds up its visit on Sunday, Nov. 8; on Tuesday, Nov. 10, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, will bring in a quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Tony Regusis has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and his quartet can be heard through Sunday, Nov. 8; and on Wednesday, Nov. 11, pianist **JOE ALBANY** will arrive with his New Yorkers. Mondays are reserved for saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays for **JO JONES,** master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jemeel Moondoc Trio and **Saheb Sarbib Quartet**—Loeb Student Center, south lobby, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.

James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra—With Muhal Richard Abrams, Harold Vick, and Slide Hampton. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Friday, Nov. 6, at 11.)

Gallery
GALLERY

Doo-Wopp, Vol. III—With Frankie Lymon's Teenagers, Jive Five, Crystals, the Impalas, the Duprees, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 8.)

Joe Henderson Sextet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 10.

Big Apple String Band Festival—The John Herald Band, Lost in the Shuffle, Cannon's Foot & Fiddle Dance Company, and the "Cotton Patch Gospel" string band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

Jerry Garcia Band—With Peter Rowan. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 7 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Highlights in Jazz—The Red Norvo-Tal Farlow trio, Maxine Sullivan, and Mike Peters' String Fever. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Rolling Stones—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.

Mal Waldron—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

J. R. Mitchell Universal Ensemble—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Kirchner. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Charlie Rouse and Benny Bailey. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers, with Charlie Rouse and Benny Bailey. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: David Lahm octet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Michael Carvin quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 9: Don McLean and Nancy Parker. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8:30 and 11:30: King Crimson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 9: Mike Love and the Endless Summer Beach Band. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 10-11, at 9: Steve Hackett. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Isley Brothers. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Nov. 5: John Zorn. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6: Commitment. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7: Beaver Harris trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12: Marilyn Crispell and Dennis Charles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14: Butch Morris ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Ink drawings on maps and charts. For example, in a work called "L'Est de la France" drawings cover a map headed "Carte Routière pour Cyclistes & Automobiles de l'Est de la France." Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Tadashi Asoma / Kieff—Landscape paintings in broad areas of flat color. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. / Abstract sculptures in metal. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings and paper collages dated 1981. Through Saturday, Nov. 7.

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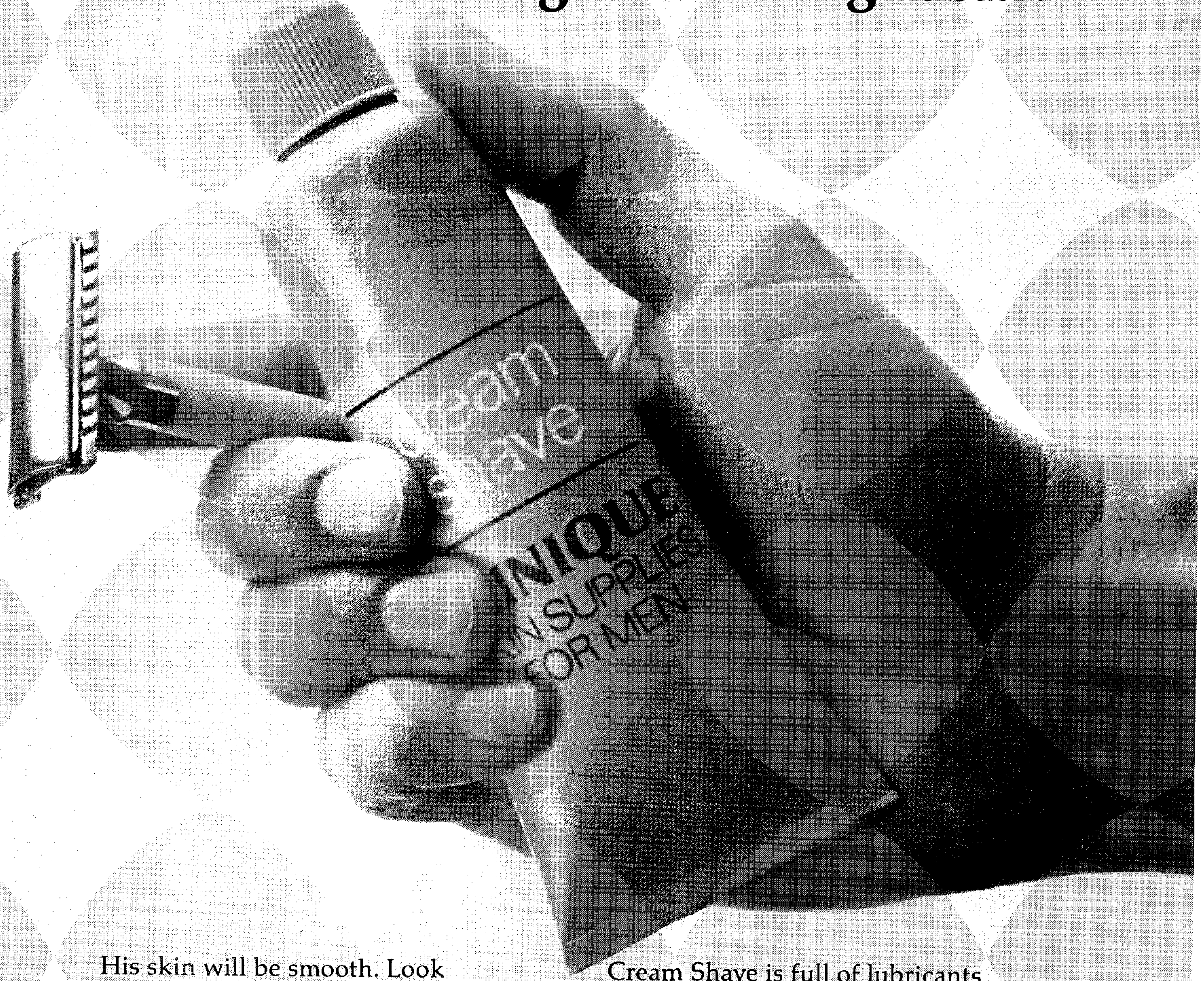

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. A selection of the artist's collages from the seventies is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

John Day—Recent abstract geometric paintings. Through Nov. 25. (Prohaska, 61 E. 77th St.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, portraits) and works on paper (nudes, figure studies). Through Nov. 28. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John R. Grabach (1880-1981)—Paintings and works on paper (urban scenes, landscapes, character studies) dating from about 1910 to 1945, a period during which the artist exhibited regularly in New York. Through Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hananiah Harari—Abstractions done during the thirties and forties, based on airplanes, locomotives, hot-air balloons. A number of anti-Fascist works are also included. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—"Windy Day, Tynemouth Beach" and "Weatherbeaten" are among the seventeen paintings on loan from the Portland, Maine, Museum of Art. Through Nov. 21. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Dec. 5. (Browne, a new gallery at 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Characteristic Expressionist watercolors and a few oils—landscapes, a bright poppy, a group of salamanders. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Joseph Piccillo—Large drawings, some on paper and some on canvas, of individual horses, with every vein and sinew standing out, and a few lesser drawings of people. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Raymond Saunders—Two related shows. Seventy watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 25. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 7; Wednesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Collage drawings, many of which have the same flowers as part of their motif. Through Nov. 22. (Mythology, 370 Columbus Ave., at 77th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Judith Shea—Fabric constructions (a vest, a jacket) by an artist and fashion designer. Through Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—Figure studies, portraits of friends, and self-portraits in oil, plus lusty drawings and watercolors by this venerable artist, now in his eighties. Through Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frank Stella—Metal relief paintings: mixed mediums on aluminum. Through Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Paintings of the Jersey skyline seen across the Hudson and of remembered vistas in Colombia. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Armando Villegas—Richly painted compositions by a Peruvian-born artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Fifteen wood or wood-and-metal sculptures and twenty watercolors, all recent. Most of them are on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Picasso Centenary—October twenty-fifth would have been the artist's hundredth birthday, and a number of galleries are taking note of that fact. The Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., has gathered together nearly forty works from 1901 to 1969—paintings, sculptures, and works on paper—many being shown here for the first time. Through Nov. 28. . . . A complementary show at the Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., embraces the same time span and includes some oils making their American début, works on paper, sculptures, and graphics. Through Dec. 5. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Janis, 110 W. 57th St., has mounted two hundred and fifty of David Douglas Duncan's photographs of Picasso at work and at play. Through Nov. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . And finally, at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St., Lucien Clergue's photographs of Picasso. Through Friday, Nov. 6.

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.. Paintings by sixteen nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans (including Degas, Pissarro, Renoir, Cassatt, Léger, and Kandinsky) and three Americans (Guston, Kline, and Tomlin). Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **noortman & brod**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.. Seventeenth-century Dutch paintings and nineteenth-century French works. More recent French drawings—as late as Raoul Dufy—are also present. Through Nov. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Selections from the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. John Graham is the central figure of the show, which also includes a number of works by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Arshile Gorky. Through Nov. 28. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Twentieth-century sculptures by, among others, Jean Arp, Aristide Maillol, and Henry Moore. Through Dec. 1.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Janice Biala—The Seine, the Mediterranean, Venice, and Cap Ferrat are the subjects of these large oils, painted in a leisurely, confident manner. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—New paintings—solid shapes (cubes, stars, curves) on contrasting grounds. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Brown wrapping paper and strips of masking tape convincingly depicted by a Swedish trompe-l'oeil artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—A retrospective of etchings and drypoints. Through Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

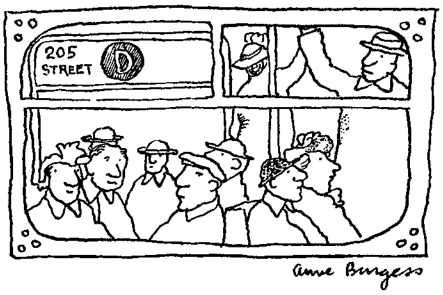
Vernon Fisher—Three installations, combining paintings and objects. Also paintings and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Edward C. Flood—Wall sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jean Hélion—Paintings and drawings from 1939, when his work was abstract, to 1960, when it had become representational. Forty in all. Through Nov. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Frank Keller—Recent Constructivist compositions. Through Nov. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Harry Koursaros—Pictographic-style paintings and works on paper depicting figures, animals, and plants. Through Nov 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)



Pat Lasch—Recent cut-paper constructions. Through Nov. 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent sculptures of a variety of unrelated objects (eggs, skeletons, cakes). Through Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A number of gallery shows are coinciding with his show at the Whitney Museum. Prints at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (through Saturday, Nov. 14) and at the Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. (through Nov. 25, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ New works, including landscapes and seascapes, at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Saturday, Nov. 7).

John Marin (1870-1953)—The excitement of a growing New York (skyscrapers going up, the Wall Street scene, the busy harbor) as it registered on the prismatic vision of this artist from 1910 to 1952. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Kyra Markham (1891-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs by an artist who did murals for night clubs and restaurants in the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ann McCoy—Fantastic colored-pencil drawings done on paper that is mounted on canvas. Through Nov. 28. (Alexander, 20 W 57th St.)

William Meyerowitz (1886-1981)—A retrospective show of twenty-five paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Jay Milder—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 21. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Frosted-looking paintings in which the large geometric forms one expects from this artist are present but done in black and white, instead of the sparkling colors he is noted for. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Plexiglas sculptures, some suggesting human figures, others distinctly architectural. Also large drawings on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Parsons, 24 W 57th St.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Aluminum-tube sculptures (models for larger works) and panoramic photographs of New York thoroughfares. Through Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Solow—Paintings of bar life, interiors, and landscapes, plus figure drawings, by a young artist who works in thin oil washes rich in color. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Sonfist—Twenty sculptures, all composed of twigs and other vegetation picked up from the forest floor, plus a bronze "edition" cast from each. Through Nov. 28. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Billy Sullivan—Loosely and expertly handled pastels of children dressed for Halloween, Tiepolo angels on skateboards, photographers and models at parties, people playing pinball. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscape paintings on panels. Through Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Forrest Moses—New oils: landscapes seen from windows in Maine and Long Island. / Monotypes. Through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Bright, cheerful landscapes, figures, and still-lifes done with a palette knife in thick layers of oil paint. Through Nov. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

The Zoning Game—An exhibit set up to unravel the tangle of New York's building regulations by matching various zoning laws with building models designed to comply with them. The models are constructed of dominoes, checkers, and similar lively devices. Spon-

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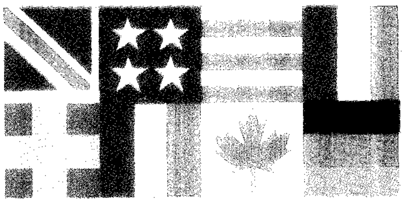

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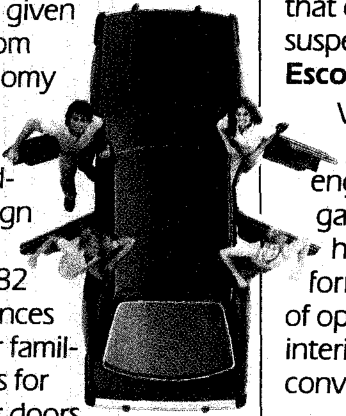

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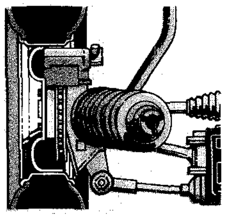

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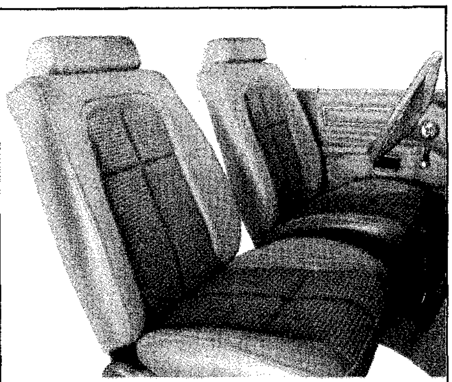

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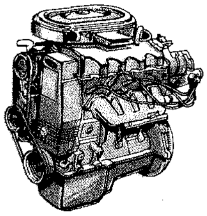

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sored by the Municipal Art Society. Through Nov. 27. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure drawings by six realists (Jack Beal, William Beckman, Paul Georges, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and James Valerio), most of them studies for finished paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by the gallery artists, among them Ruth Cobb, Ethel Magafan, Jason Schoener, and William Thon. Through Nov. 28. . . . **stefanotti,** 30 W. 57th St.: The First Energist Drawing Show: charcoal, pastel, and watercolor. Austé, Cynthia Gallagher, and Robin Tewes are among the artists. Through Nov. 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rita Baragona—Paintings of landscapes and still-lifes, and linoleum-block prints—all recent. Through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jared Bark—Shaped wall pieces, depicting the human figure in motion, made of bits of shattered glass inlaid in modelling paste. Through Nov. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Douglas Davis—Two related shows by Mr. Davis at the two Feldman galleries. A movie on three screens in homage to Abel Gance's "Napoleon" at 31-33 Mercer St. (through Nov. 28), and drawings from 1978 to the present at 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays; through Nov. 21).

Claire Falkenstein—Abstract paintings, one of them a large cluster of shaped canvases, fitted together, plus drawings. Through Nov. 18. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Charles Gaines—A conceptual work in photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Howard Goldstein—Hand-colored photocopies (of collages and montages) sandwiched between layers of glass. Through Nov. 21. (Inroads, 150 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Henry—Realist landscape paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Douglas Hofmann—Sleek representational works by an artist who specializes in pretty nudes and rich fabrics. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Mike Howard—Wall-size paintings in which classical Greco-Roman subjects are worked over in a loose, contemporary style, plus smaller works. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Concord, a new gallery at 451 Broome St.)

Dennis Kardon—Large works of New Imagery, crowded with figures and suggestions of figures. Some of the pieces are in acrylics, and some are of cut paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Ken Kiff—Paintings and drawings. First one-man show in New York by an artist who was included in last spring's Museum of Modern Art show "New Work on Paper." Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Martha Margulis—Panoramic landscapes that are neither wholly representational nor wholly abstract; several of them show the autumn foliage. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Mary Neumuth / Ilan Averbuch—Monochromatic realist paintings: leaves floating on water, bare corn fields, and other landscapes. / An arch of roughly cut granite and other sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Beatrice Riese—Oils and gouaches. Through Nov. 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ce Roser—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 18. (Ingber, in new quarters at 460 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Lithographs, drawings, and silk screens based on Mr. Schlossberg's poems, which are incorporated into some of the works. Through Nov. 28. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Andrew Watel—Painstaking studies of usually unrewarding subjects—automobile tires, oil barrels, a carton of nails—in oils, watercolors, or charcoal. Through Nov. 18. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

Gilberto Zorio—Large sculptures, combining metal and terra-cotta, and a few drawings on varnished paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Political and other message-bearing works: paintings by Jean Michel Basquiat and Bill Beckley, a wall work by Keith Haring, a series of photostats by Barbara Kruger. Through Nov. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Rosemarie Castoro—Black-and-white sculptures from the past decade, ranging from eight-foot specimens of her "Flasher" series, in sheet steel, to foot-tall folded-paperboard abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Robert Graham—Six bronzes from 1973-80. Through Nov. 20. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in 1956, plus memorabilia. Through Dec. 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Thirty photographs from the personal collection of Julien Levy, who died earlier this year. Several of the prints are on view for the first time. Through Nov. 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Another thirty can be seen—through Nov. 21—at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which (thanks to Mr. Levy and Berenice Abbott) has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Erwin Blumenfeld (1897-1969)—Work from throughout his career, including early noncommercial prints. The artist was in the forefront of European experimental photography but was best known here for his fashion work. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Lucien Clergue—Recent works. Through Nov. 17. (HMK, 112 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 7.) . . . ¶ Studies of the female nude from the past twenty-five years. Through Nov. 20. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.) . . . ¶ Photographs of Picasso in the last twenty years of his life. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

John Gruen—Found objects (bottles, machine parts) are the subjects for still-life photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Gutmann / Léo Rubinfien—Portraits and documentary photographs of women, from 1933 to 1949. / Recent portraits. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

William Larson / Joe Deal—Photographs of small-town back yards in Arizona. / Photographs of areas in Southern California with geological fault lines. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dianora Niccolini—Photographs of surgical procedures (and worse) taken by the artist in her capacity as a medical photographer for metropolitan hospitals. Through Monday, Nov. 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Arthur Rothstein / Jack Levine—Photographs of China before 1945 by a former U.S. Army photographer (scenes of famine in Hunan province; Jewish refugees in Shanghai). / Photographs recording the life of the inhabitants of the Red Star agricultural and industrial commune on the outskirts of Peking. Through Nov. 21. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Victor Schrager—Recent photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Forty-eight scenes of New York from 1939 to 1946, recently printed by Sid Kaplan. Through Nov. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Vision—About two hundred prints selected by a jury in a contest that attracted four thousand entries. Bonnie Grossman won first prize. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—A show of two hundred color photographs from the past ten years. Among the forty-seven artists are Harry Callahan, Jan Groover, and Lucas Samaras. . . . ¶ Jane Evelyn Atwood, the first recipient of the W. Eugene Smith Memorial Grant, is showing studies of blind children and other works. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; open Sundays.) Both shows through Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Group Shows—At Central Park's newly restored **dairy,** between the zoo and the carousel: Photographs of the Park by Lee Friedlander, Tod Papageorge, and Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **museum of the city of new york,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Some two hundred color prints of New York by sixty-five photographers (Ken Heyman's Chinese New Year parade, Serge Hambourg's shot of a dog-walker on Columbus Avenue, and Roy Morsch's Rockettes). Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract work of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. Complementary shows are at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. and at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Photo-Realists Robert Bechtle, Charles Bell, Tom Blackwell, Chuck Close, Richard Estes, Audrey Flack, and Ron Kleemann showing a total of thirty-five paintings and works on paper. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. Complementary shows are at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.; Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway (ending Saturday, Nov. 7); and at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. . . . ¶ A permanent exhibit has been established: Maurice Prendergast, Georgia O'Keeffe, Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Andy Warhol are among the more than sixty artists. The dates of these eighty-odd works range from 1913 (Prendergast's "The Promenade") to 1980 (Diebenkorn's "Ocean Park, #125"). Many were included in the permanent collection's first showing in 1931, many are recent acquisitions, and all have been installed on the third floor. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. A complementary show (ending Saturday, Nov. 7) is at Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays, except Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America, and who are said to "continue their way of life much as their ancestors did in Africa." Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY (formerly Asia House), 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—The collection of Asian art assembled by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd is being shown in specially designed galleries in the Society's new headquarters. The two hundred and fifty objects—bronze and stone images from India and Southeast Asia, ceramics from China and Japan, scrolls and paintings also from East Asia—will be displayed on a rotating basis, so that the entire collection can be seen within a two-year period. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements (styluses, quills, felt-tip pens), accessories (inkwells, pencil boxes), surfaces (papyrus, vellum), and even desks is explored, as are penmanship and the learning of one's ABC's. A section on book arts includes a fifteenth-century encyclopedia entitled "Nuremberg Chronicle," an original Beardsley drawing, and lithographs by Delacroix for an illustrated "Hamlet." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream" to "The Slough of Despond," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo and Novelli (poetry) and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also, twenty "presentation books"—commissioned volumes given by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A tribute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Veterans Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Rouen Museum. Watteau, Delacroix, Géricault, Poussin, Ingres, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A sixth-anniversary show featuring more than a hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Dotty Attie, Jay Maisel, Liliana Porter, and Stuart Diamond are among the seventy artists. Through Dec. 5.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A drawing directly on the wall by Glenys Johnson; a photographic installation by Meridel Rubenstein, a group show of paintings and sculptures by seven artists, including Bobby G, Ellen Cooper, and Kiki Smith. Through Nov. 21.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Dec. 12.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Matt Mullican (performance), Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; a video and music presentation, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 8:30; Earl Howard (music), Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Gerry Hemingway (music), Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Arnold Dreyblatt (music), Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Juan Lloveras; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinee, Nov. 7: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 9: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 10: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 11: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto

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and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Louis Quilico, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; *Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée,* Nov. 14: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, James Wagner, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Inga Nielsen, Perry Price, and Robert McFarland; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Carol Gutknecht, Susanne Marsee, Kathleen *Hegierski, John Stewart, and Ralph Bassett;* Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, James Wagner, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 10: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 11: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, James Wagner, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, RoseMarie Freni, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Carol Gutknecht, Susanne Marsee, Kathleen Hegierski, John Stewart, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 14: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Rigoletto," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, RoseMarie Freni, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Satyagraha—A new opera by Philip Glass based on Gandhi's years in South Africa. Christopher Keene will conduct the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with Douglas Perry, Claudia Cummings, Iris Hiskey, Linda Nichols, Bruce Hall, and Donald Miller. The text will be sung in Sanskrit, of course. Staged from the Netherlands Opera production, for which it was originally commissioned. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7; Thursday, Nov. 12, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chicagov conducting *performances of Bellini's "La Straniera,"* staged by Barbara L. Wilson. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Nov. 7 and 14, at 7:30, and Sundays, Nov. 8 and 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8: A Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky-Janaček program, with

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Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, all at 8: A Schubert-Prokofieff-Janaček program; no soloists.

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Horst Stein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8, a program of music by Honegger, Ravel, and Brahms, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8, the New York première of Swiss composer Rudolf Kelterborn's "Errinerungen an Orpheus," plus music by Dvořák and Sibelius. With Nathaniel Rosen, cello.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Mozart-Handel-David Diamond program, with Inga Nielsen, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30.)

Symphony Orchestra Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a Mendelssohn-Mozart-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Metropolitan Ensemble—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Kathleen Ashley, piano, and Julius Baker, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Alexander Schneider conducting the second in a series of four concerts of baroque music, this one with Syoko Aki, violin; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Thomas Nyfenger, piccolo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Giuseppe Patanè conducting a Richard Strauss-Sibelius-Prokofieff program, with Minoru Nojima, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—With Boris Bloch, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Manhattan Symphony—Vladimir Kin conducting a Schumann-Wagner program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

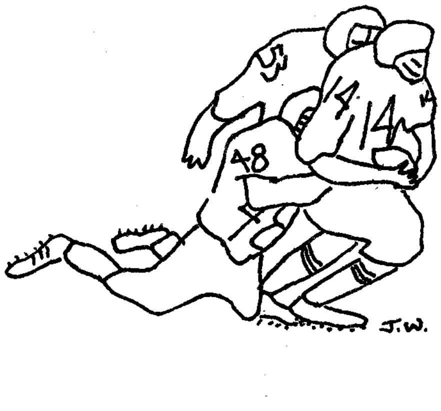
Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; Richard Anderson, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Esther Lamneck and Gary Steigerwalt—A program of English music for clarinet and piano. With the Mendelssohn String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)



New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

New Winds Quintet—A program of original compositions and improvisations. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Nina Lelchuk—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, Walter Trampler, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, viola, and cello, in an all-Haydn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first of four programs to be presented this season will be devoted to English baroque music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Theodore Arm and James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Osian Ellis, harp; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 5.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Leon Bates—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Jean Hakes and Jill Levis, sopranos; Charles Bressler and Frank Hoffmeister, tenors; Raymond Murcell, bass; and the Daniel Llords Marionettes. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

David Bradshaw and Cosimo Buono—Duo piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Consort of Musicke—Anthony Rooley, lute; Emma Kirby, soprano; and David Thomas, bass, in a program of songs and dialogues. (Fuentiduena Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 4.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in a Schumann-Chopin program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Moura Lympany—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Mahmud Mirza—Sitar. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Peter Oundjian—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Caryl Thomas—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Paul Jacobs—Piano, in a program that will include the New York première of Elliott Carter's "Night Fantasies." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Martha Anne Verbit—Piano. (Merkin Concert

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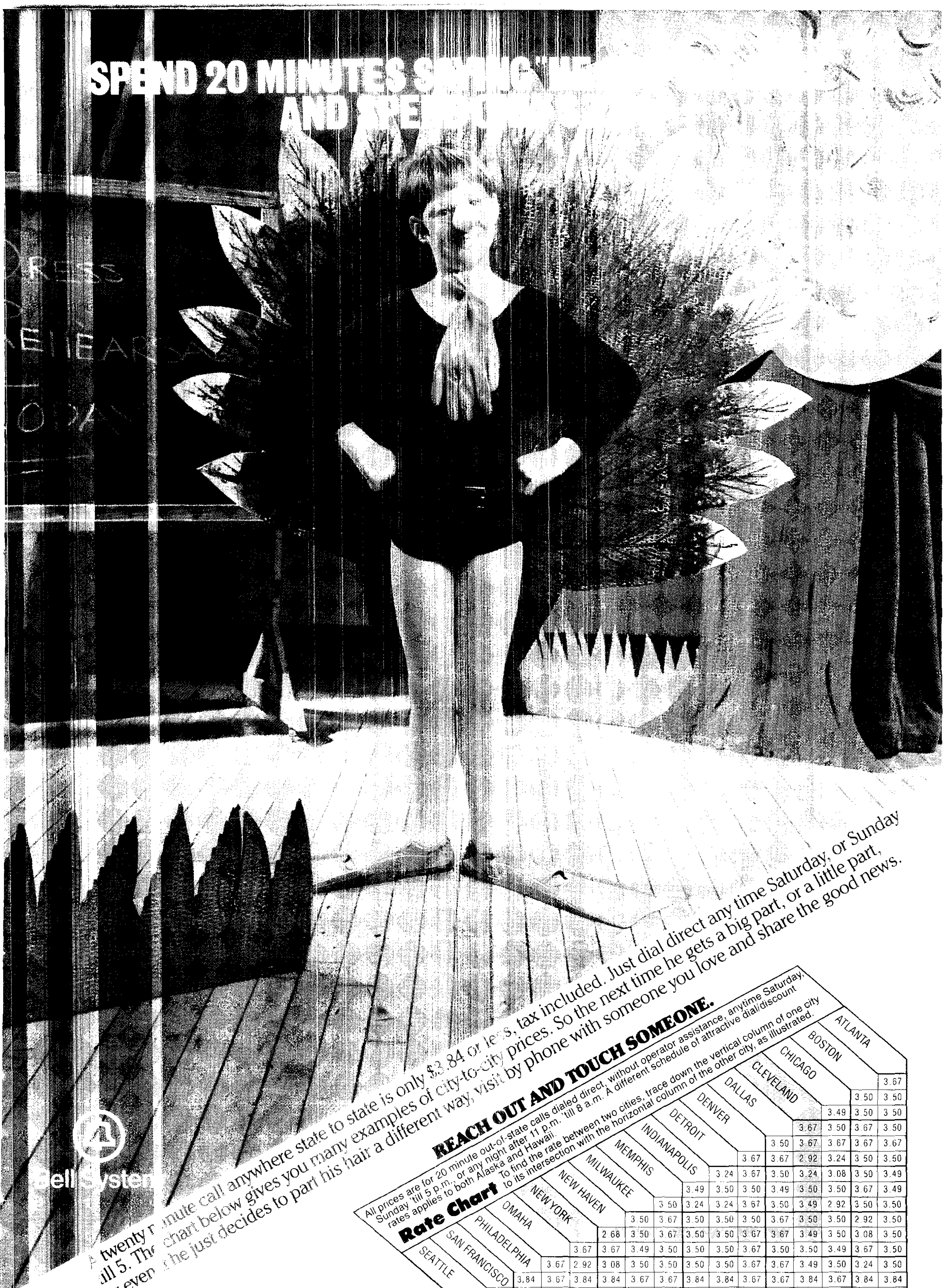

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CHICAGO														3.50	3.50
CLEVELAND													3.49	3.50	3.50
DALLAS												3.67	3.50	3.67	3.50
DENVER											3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.67
DETROIT										3.67	3.67	2.92	3.24	3.50	3.50
INDIANAPOLIS									3.24	3.67	3.50	3.24	3.08	3.50	3.49
MEMPHIS								3.49	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.49
MILWAUKEE							3.50	3.24	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.49	2.92	3.50	3.50
NEW HAVEN						3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	2.92	3.50
NEW YORK					2.68	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.08	3.50
OMAHA				3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50
PHILADELPHIA			3.67	2.92	3.08	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO		3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84
SEATTLE	3.50	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84

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For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.

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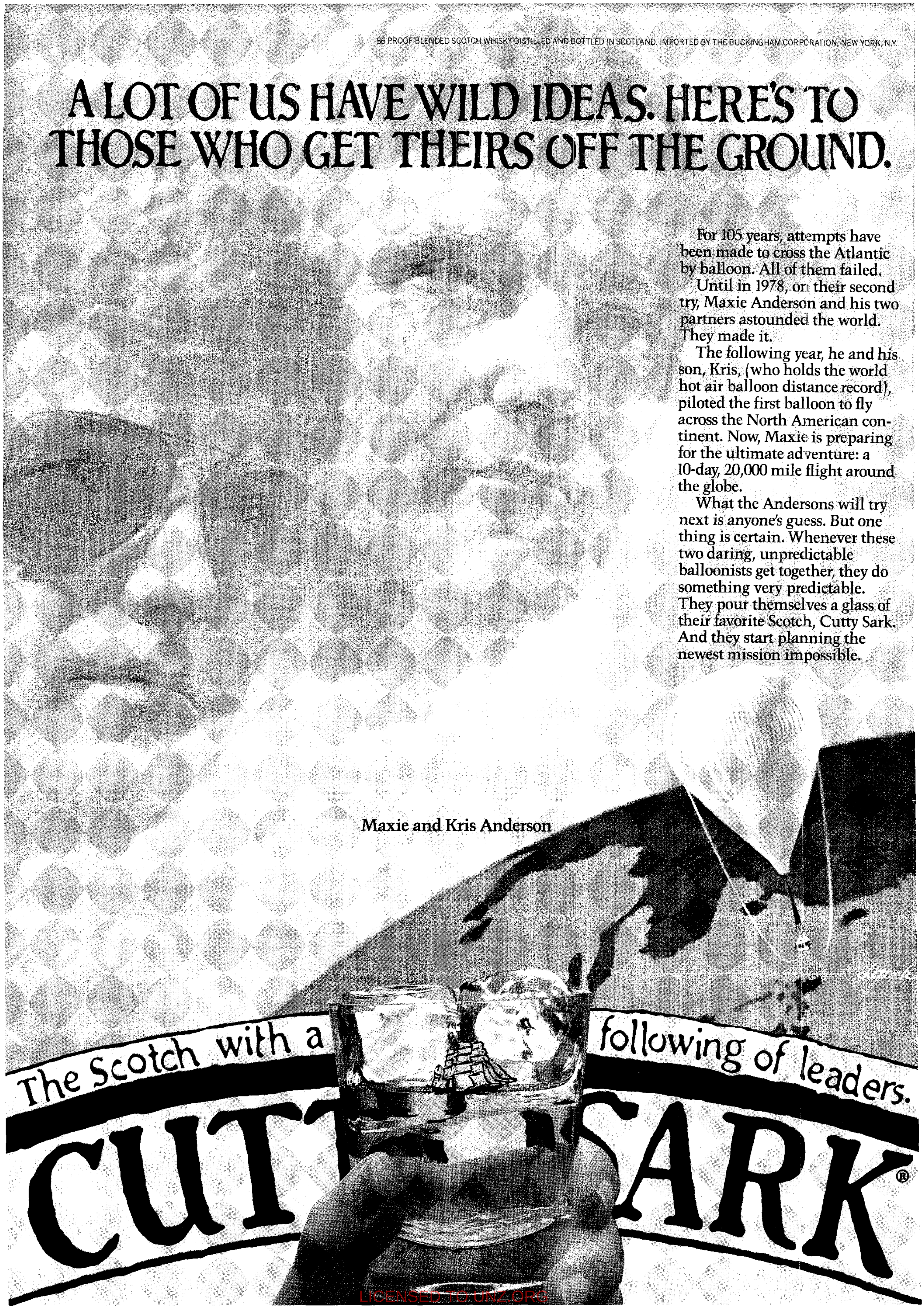
What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.



Maxie and Kris Anderson

The Scotch with a following of leaders.
CUTTY SARK®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Baroque Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute; Daniel Phillips, violin; Alexander Heller, bassoon; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music—With Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

New Repertory Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Virgil Thomson's 85th Birthday Celebration—Joel Thome conducting the Orchestra of Our Time in a performance of the Thomson-Stein opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," in concert form. With Gwendolyn Bradley and Clamma Dale, sopranos; Betty Allen and Florence Quivar, mezzo-sopranos; William Brown, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; and Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Gregory Hayes, harpsichord; Lois Martin, viola; Anne Chamberlain, piano; the Pierrot Consort; and others in a program of works by baroque and contemporary composers. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Nov. 14. (Games begin at 7:35.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 7** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Maine, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Pittsburgh, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . **sunday, nov. 8:** Manhattan vs. St. John Fischer, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . **saturday, nov. 14:** Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Rutgers-Newark, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 8: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Milwaukee, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:05 (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7; the First Flight Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 8; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8, except Veterans Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Nov. 14, there will be racing at both 1:30 and 8. The Young America, Thursday, Nov. 5, and the Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Nov. 12. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 7.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Nov. 9, through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Derek Walcott, Stanley Plumly, James Tate, Tobias Wolff, and Gail Godwin reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ W. S. Merwin reading from his own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ John Updike reading from his own novels, poems, and short stories. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Cage reading from his new book "Theme and Variations." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading his poem "Howl," in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its publication, and also presenting a selection of his new music and poetry. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

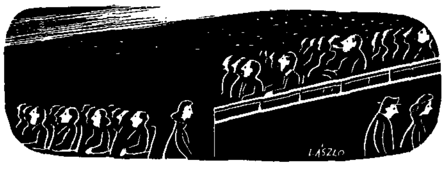
Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2: The Julien Levy Collection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. On Wednesday, admission is by card only; for information, call 472-3628. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Sam Salz and from other sources. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3628. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 10: Modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 12-14, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2: Chinese fan paintings, belonging to the estate of Chan Yee Pong. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture and decorations. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 9-10, at 10 and 2: Oriental works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 10 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, tapestries, and objects of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2: Oriental works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 9, at 10:30 and 2: Photographs. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 5.

THE GREAT AMERICAN COATS: MALCOLM KENNETH

The new shaping in wool velour. With pared-down body, snugger armhole, higher set lapel. Elegant fly-front styling with flap pockets and outside breast pocket. The "Stresa" at Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Perkins Shearer, Denver or for a store near you, write Malcolm Kenneth, a division of After Six, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A Nicholas Ray festival:
Nov. 4: At 6 and 10, "The Lusty Men" (1952), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy. At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).
Nov. 5-8: At 6 and 10, "The True Story of Jesse James" (1957), with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, and Hope Lange. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Nov. 10-11: At 6 and 10, "In a Lonely Place." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
From Nov. 12: At 6 and 10, "Bitter Victory" (1959), with Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A James Ivory-Ismail Merchant festival:
Through Nov. 5: "Bombay Talkie." (†)
Nov. 6-7: "Savages." (†)
Nov. 8-9: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey.
Nov. 10-12: "Roseland." (†)
From Nov. 13: "The Europeans." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 5: "So Fine" (†) and "10." (†)
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Heartland." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†)
From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "Mommie Dearest" (†). From Nov. 6: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 6: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Confessions." (†) No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 7: "Arthur." (†)
From Nov. 8: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 8: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Devils Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman. From Nov. 13: "Ticket to Heaven" (Ralph Thomas), with Nick Mancuso.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D.B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo. From Nov. 6: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 5: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
Nov. 6-12: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.
From Nov. 13 (tentative): "Body Heat." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 5: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
From Nov. 6: "Fantasies."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "Mommie Dearest" (†). From Nov. 6: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Nov. 6: "Fists of Fury" (1971) and "Kato and the Green Hornet" (1976), both films with Bruce Lee.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D.B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Lorang's Way" (1978; directed by David and Judith MacDougall; in African tribal dialects, with English subtitles. From Nov. 11: "Garlic Is as Good as 10 Mothers" (Les Blank), "Werner Herzog Eats his Shoe" (Les Blank), and "Stoney Knows How" (Alan Govenar and Bruce Lane).
Theatre 2: The final programs in a festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Through Nov. 5: "Gods of the Plague" (1969), with Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla. Nov. 6-7: "The American Soldier" (1970), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta. Nov. 8-9: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine. Nov. 10: "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970), with Kurt Rabb, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ The first program in a festival of Werner Herzog films (all in German): From Nov. 11: "Stroszek." (†)

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 2: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 5: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 6: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 12: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 13: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.
Theatre 3: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).
Theatre 2: "Pixote." (†)

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "The Troupe" (Ari Nesher; an Israeli film, in Hebrew). From Nov. 6: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Heartland." (†) From Nov. 6: "XXII Olympiad: Moscow 1980" (Yuri Ozerov), a documentary.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Looker." (†) From Nov. 6: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 12: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 13: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 12: "True Confessions." (†) From Nov. 13: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Arthur." (†) From Nov. 13: "...All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
Theatre 3: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 5: "So Fine." (†) From Nov. 6: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12:"Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 13: "Prowler."
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (directed by Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Mommie Dearest." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 5: "Stripes." (†) From Nov. 6: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 5: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James. From Nov. 6: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo. From Nov. 6: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Nov. 6: "Fists of Fury" (1971) and "Kato and the Green Hornet" (1976), both films with Bruce Lee.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†)
From Nov. 13: "Prince of the City." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 5: "...All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
From Nov. 6: "Fantasies."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "True Confessions." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

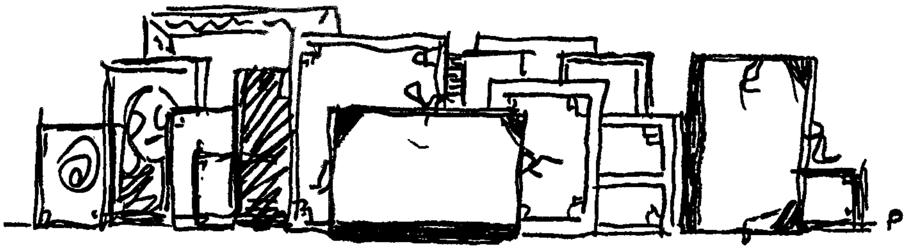
REVIVAL HOUSES

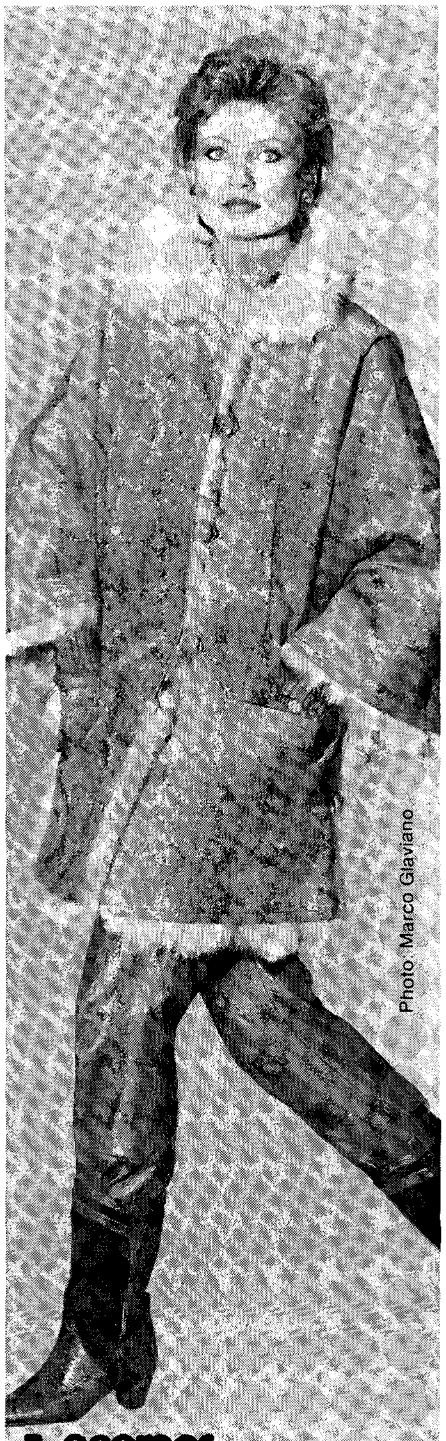
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 4: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Nov. 5: "Squeeze."
Nov. 6-7: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.
Nov. 8-9: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
Nov. 10: "The Hidden Fortress" (†); and "Young Swordsman" (1963; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Somegoro Ichikawa.
Nov. 11: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "The Go-Between" (Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.
Nov. 12: "Daughters of Darkness" (†); and "The Velvet Vampire" (1971; Stephanie Rothman), with Michael Blodgett.
Nov. 13-14: "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 4: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
Nov. 5: "Women in Love;" "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly;" and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
Nov. 6: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly;" "Raging Bull;" and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Nov. 7: "Raging Bull;" "That Obscure Object of Desire;" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Nov. 8: "That Obscure Object of Desire;" "The Diary of a Chambermaid;" "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "Nijinsky" (1980; Herbert Ross), with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña.
Nov. 9: "The Threepenny Opera;" "Nijinsky;" and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.
Nov. 10: "Nijinsky;" "Summertime;" "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.
Nov. 11: "Imitation of Life" (1959; Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; "Claire's Knee;" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Nov. 12: "Claire's Knee;" "Chloé in the Afternoon;" "Imitation of Life;" and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.
Nov. 13: "Imitation of Life;" "Ordinary People;" and "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 14: "Ordinary People;" and "1900."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 5: "Used Cars" (1980; Robert Zemeckis), with Kurt Russell, Jack Warden, and Gerrit Graham; and "Car Wash" (1976; Michael Schultz), with Franklyn Ajaye.
Nov. 6-7: "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie; and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
Nov. 8-10: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
Nov. 11-12: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979) and "Supervixens" (1975), both films directed by Russ Meyer.
Nov. 13-14: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-





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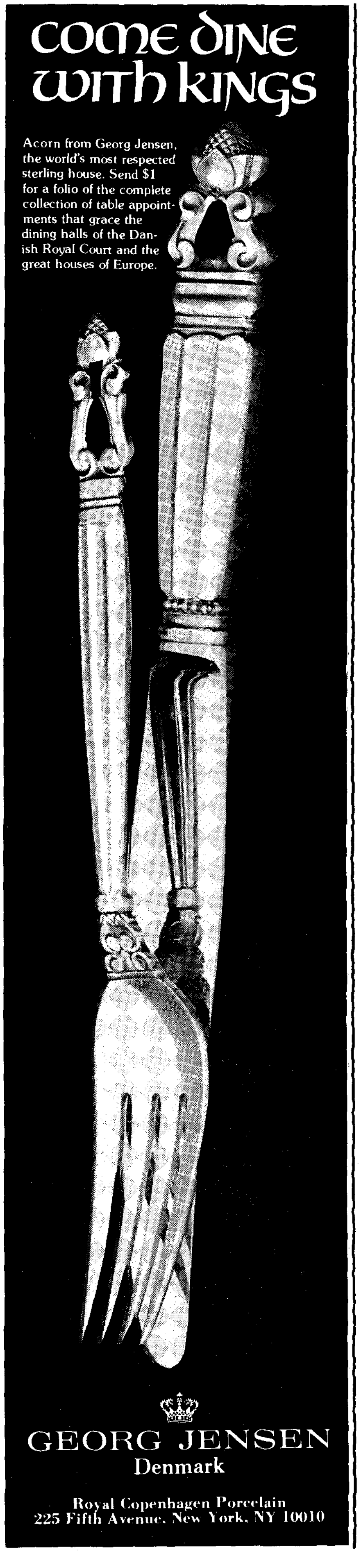
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days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 4: “The Age of the Medici” (1973; Roberto Rossellini).
Nov. 5-7: “Pather Panchali” (1954) and “Aparajito” (1957), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
Nov. 8-10: “The World of Apu” (1959) and “Devi” (1962), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
Nov. 11-12: “The Music Room” (1958; in Bengali) and “The Big City” (1964; in Bengali and English), both films directed by Satyajit Ray.
Nov. 13-14: “The Exterminating Angel” (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and “Viridiana” (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 7: “A Streetcar Named Desire” (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and “The Fugitive Kind” (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.
Nov. 8-10: “I'll Cry Tomorrow” (†); and “I Want to Live” (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward.
Nov. 11-14: “Top Hat” (1935; Mark Sandrich) and “Swing Time” (1936; George Stevens), both films with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

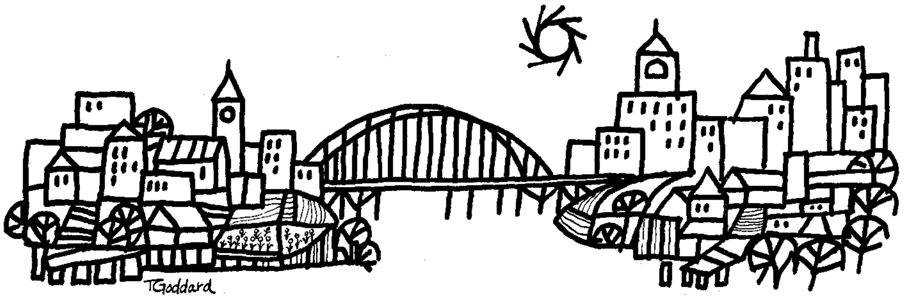
Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 7: “The Europeans” (†); and “The Go-Between” (Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.
Nov. 8-10: “McCabe & Mrs. Miller” (†) and “Little Big Man.” (†)
Nov. 11-14: “Blow Out” (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta and Nancy Allen; and “Dressed to Kill” (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 5: “Network” (1976; Sidney Lumet), with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; and “The Hospital” (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg.
Nov. 6-7: “Harold and Maude” (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and “Play It Again, Sam” (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Nov. 8-10: “La Dolce Vita” (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Nov. 11-12: “Casablanca” (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and “The Maltese Falcon” (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Nov. 13-14: “Atlantic City” (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and “Pretty Baby” (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 4: “Comrade X” (1940; King Vidor), with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr; and “Honky Tonk” (1941; Jack Conway), with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Frank Morgan, and Claire Trevor.
Nov. 5-7: “Footlight Parade” (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler; and “Dancing Lady” (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.
Nov. 8-9: “A Free Soul” (1931; Clarence Brown), with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, and Leslie Howard; and “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise.” (†)
Nov. 10-11: “Red Dust” (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and “Torrid Zone.” (†)
Nov. 12-14: “Boom Town” (1940; Jack Conway), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, and Spencer Tracy; and “Too Hot to Handle.” (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 4: “Two-Lane Blacktop” (1971; Monte Hellman), with James Taylor and Warren Oates; and “Born to Kill” (“The Cockfighter;” 1975; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates, Richard B. Shull, and Harry Dean Stanton.
Nov. 5: “The Boys in the Band” (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and “Something for Everyone” (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Nov. 6-7: “My Brilliant Career” (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and “Picnic at Hanging Rock” (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Nov. 8: “Eboli” (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte and Irene Papas; and “The Seduction of Mimi” (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.
Nov. 9: “Brewster McCloud” (1971; Robert Altman), with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and “That Cold Day in the Park.” (†)
Nov. 10: Two programs of erotic films.
Nov. 11: “2001: A Space Odyssey” (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Nov. 12: “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (†); and “Even Dwarfs Started Small” (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.
Nov. 13-14: “The Story of Adèle H.” (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and “Small Change” (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 4: “42nd Street” (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and “Dancing Lady” (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.
Nov. 5: “Conquest” (1937; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise.” (†)
Nov. 6-7: “Murder Ahoy” (1964) and “Murder at the Gallop” (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.
Nov. 8: “La Dolce Vita” (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Nov. 9: “Woman of the Year” (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and “Adam's Rib” (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.
Nov. 10-11: “The Petrified Forest” (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and “The Man Who Came to Dinner” (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan,



Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Nov. 12: "The Stranger" (†) and "Journey Into Fear." (†)

Nov. 13-14: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, all in French, with English subtitles: Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Les Disparus de Saint-Agil" (1938; directed by Christian-Jaque), with Erich von Stroheim and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 5 at 6: "Manèges" (1950; Yves Allégret), with Simone Signoret and Bernard Blier. M. Allégret will be present. . . . Nov. 5 at 8:30 and Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Jenny" (1936; Marcel Carné), with Françoise Rosay, Albert Préjean, and Charles Vanel. . . . Nov. 6 at 6: "Quatorze Juillet" (1932; René Clair), with Annabella, who will be present. . . . Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Gueule d'Amour" (1937; Jean Grémillion), with Jean Gabin and Mireille Balin. . . . Nov. 7 at 5: "Le Bonheur" (1935; Marcel L'Herbier), with Charles Boyer, Gaby Morlay, and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 8 at 2:30: "De Mayerling à Sarajevo" (1940; Max Ophuls), with Edwige Feuillère, John Lodge, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . Nov. 8 at 5: "La Nuit Fantastique" (1942; Marcel L'Herbier), with Fernand Gravey and Micheline Presle. . . . Nov. 9 at 2:30: "Manèges." . . . Nov. 9 at 6: "Le Ciel Est à Vous" (1944; Jean Grémillion), with Madeleine Renaud and Charles Vanel. . . . Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Gueule d'Amour." . . . Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Le Bonheur." . . . Nov. 12 at 6: "Les Rendez-Vous de Juillet" (1949; Jacques Becker), with Daniel Gélin and Nicole Courcel. . . . Nov. 12 at 8:30: "Les Perles de la Couronne" (1937; Sacha Guitry and Christian-Jaque), with Sacha Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, Arletty, and Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . Nov. 13 at 2:30: "De Mayerling à Sarajevo." . . . Nov. 13 at 6: "Angèle" (1934; Marcel Pagnol), with Orane Demazis and Fernandel. . . . Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Quatorze Juillet." . . . Nov. 14 at 5: "Juliette ou la Clef des Songes" (1951; Marcel Carné), with Gérard Philipe. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Nov. 7-8 at noon: "Robin Hood" (1922; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Beery, and Alan Hale. . . . Nov. 9-10 at noon: A program of three Indian short films—"Kathakali: The Dance of Kerala" (1976; Mohan Wadhwani), "Man in Search of Man" (1974; Prem Waidya), and "Akbar" (1967; J. S. Bhownagary and S. S. Varma). . . . Nov. 10 at 6: "Fit to Be UnTied" (1975; S. Agosti, M. Bellocchio, S. Petraglia, and S. Rulli), a documentary. . . . Nov. 14 at noon: "The Iron Mask" (1929; Allan Dwan), with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Nov. 7: "Denman's Col (Geometry)" (1979-81; Mary Lucier), a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Miss Lucier will be present on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 4 at 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2: A video program by Mitchell Kriegman, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: Three films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8: A program by, and about, James Broughton in celebration of his sixty-eighth birthday. Mr. Broughton will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: Three other films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 13-14 at 8: Two programs of new films acquired by the Anthology. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: A video program by Dara Birnbaum, who will be present.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Nov. 8.)

Body Heat—With William Hurt and Kathleen Turner, directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, Waverly, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 13, tentative.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—A James Ivory film about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodrama for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. Screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Ivory; cinematography by Subrata Mitra. Produced by Ismail Merchant. (Art; through Nov. 5.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. One good scene: a charming flirtation between Abrahams and a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, played by Alice Krige, whose cooing, artificial style is a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Night Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema.)

Daughters of Darkness (1971)—Delphine Seyrig as an aged vampire who has discovered that blood-sucking is a beauty secret to keep you young. Her fellow-vampire is the first vampire we have seen in a miniskirt. Directed by Harry Kümel. Agreeable junk. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 12.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13-14.)

The Europeans (1979)—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Art; starting Nov. 13.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Bay Cinema, Festival, and Little Carnegie.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 5.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—This maudlin M-G-M bio-pic, based on Lillian Roth's book (written with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank) about how she rose to fame as a singer-actress and then drank her way to shame, has a low-grade, sordid, masochistic appeal. Susan Hayward was close to forty when she played the part, and her scenes as the teen-age Lillian lack the necessary eagerness and vividness. Though it is said that she did her own singing, the big, low, rather toneless voice doesn't seem to emanate from her, and when she stands with her chest pushed out and imitates the movements Roth made when she sang, there's no drive behind what she's doing—nothing to suggest what made

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Lillian Roth a headliner. There's very little left to suggest what made Hayward a star, either; she falls back on tired technique and flaccid, self-pitying nobility. (You have to see her in something like "Deadline at Dawn" of 1946 to get an idea of how much she'd slipped.) Eddie Albert gives the booby-prize performance, as the Alcoholics Anonymous man who brings about Lillian's spiritual rebirth; he keeps his square jaw tilted upward—humility lifts his every thought to heaven. Considering the feeble script (by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy), it's surprising that the director, Daniel Mann, managed to hold viewers at all. The only scenes that have any energy are those with Richard Conte as Lillian's sadistic husband. There's a classic pulp ending: the heroine walks forward to the stage for a "This Is Your Life" show, her face bathed in celestial light. With Jo Van Fleet as Lillian's monomaniacal stage mother, Ray Danton, Don Taylor, Margo, Virginia Gregg, and Don Barry; the little girl who plays Lillian at eight is uncannily like both Roth *and* Hayward. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 8-10.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast— Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hedda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 10-11.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—This labyrinthine spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey is loaded down with terror hocus-pocus and high-toned conversations. It's a halfhearted—almost fey—film, with a lot of dark atmosphere and unusual camera angles that don't amount to much; the pacing is uncertain, and the suspense doesn't build. Orson Welles, who appears as the Turkish police chief Colonel Haki, is credited, along with Joseph Cotten, for the rather eccentric adaptation of the Eric Ambler novel. Welles also supervised the making of this Mercury Production, though it was at least partly directed by Norman Foster. The cast includes Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, Edgar Barrier, Jack Moss, Ruth Warrick, Richard Bennett as the ship's captain, and Hans Conried as the magician. Cinematography by Karl Struss; editing by Mark Robson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 8-10.)

Looker—With Albert Finney and James Coburn, directed by Michael Crichton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Gemini, R.K.O. 86th St., and Movieland; through Nov. 12.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 8-10.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Waverly, Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum; through Nov. 5.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre (1979)—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Thalia; Nov. 12.)

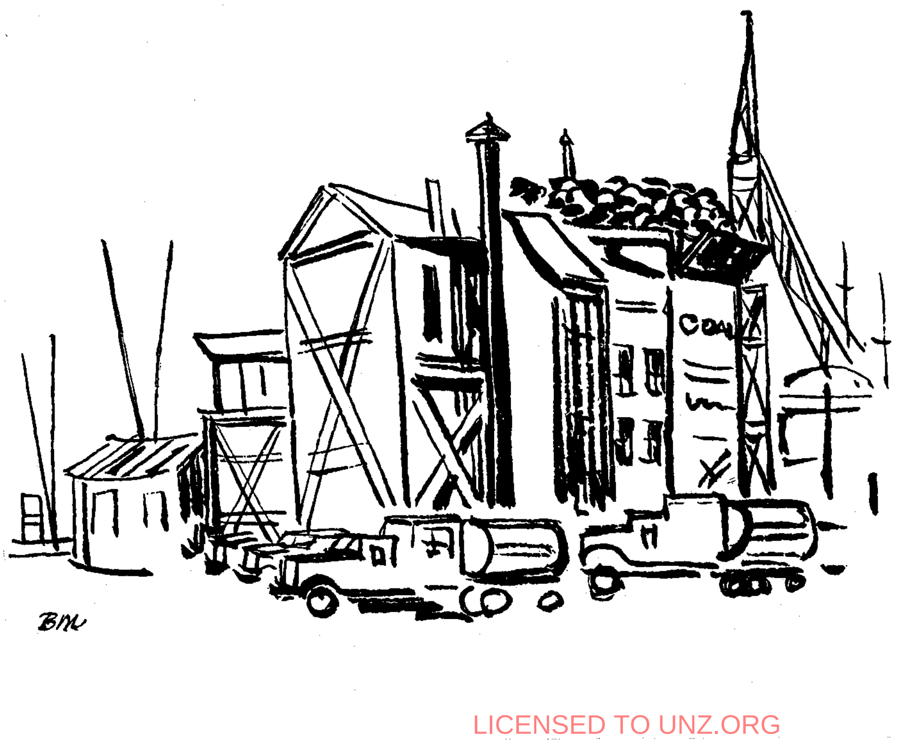
Pixote—A Brazilian film, directed by Hector Babenco. In Portuguese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin from Helen Jerome's play. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, E. E. Clive, Bruce Lester, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villain (Edward Ashley) and a villainess (Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice). Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Those dresses, which are plastered with ribbons and bows, look as if they were designed for an operetta.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8-9.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Nov. 13.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could.



This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Loews New York, Greenwich Playhouse, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Nov. 5.)

Roseland (1977)—Three stories set inside the famous dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (Art; Nov. 10-12.)

Savages (1972)—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Art; Nov. 6-7.)

So Fine—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife; she's an erotic imp. (10/12/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 5.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. He undertook it, apparently, in order to prove that he could stay on a schedule and make the same sort of movies that other directors did; he has said that there is nothing of himself in it, and that it's his "worst" picture. What he meant, probably, was that it's impersonal—that it has little of the specific Wellesian moviemaking excitement. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller, handsomely shot (by Russell Metty), with some showy long takes. It's quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and, though uncredited, John Huston, from a story by Victor Trivas and Decla Dunning) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. The small-town details are fairly entertaining, especially the scenes involving Billy House as the canny, fat drugstore owner, and Welles introduces some baroque touches and a garish finale, in which he's impaled on a sword at the top of a clock tower. His performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard

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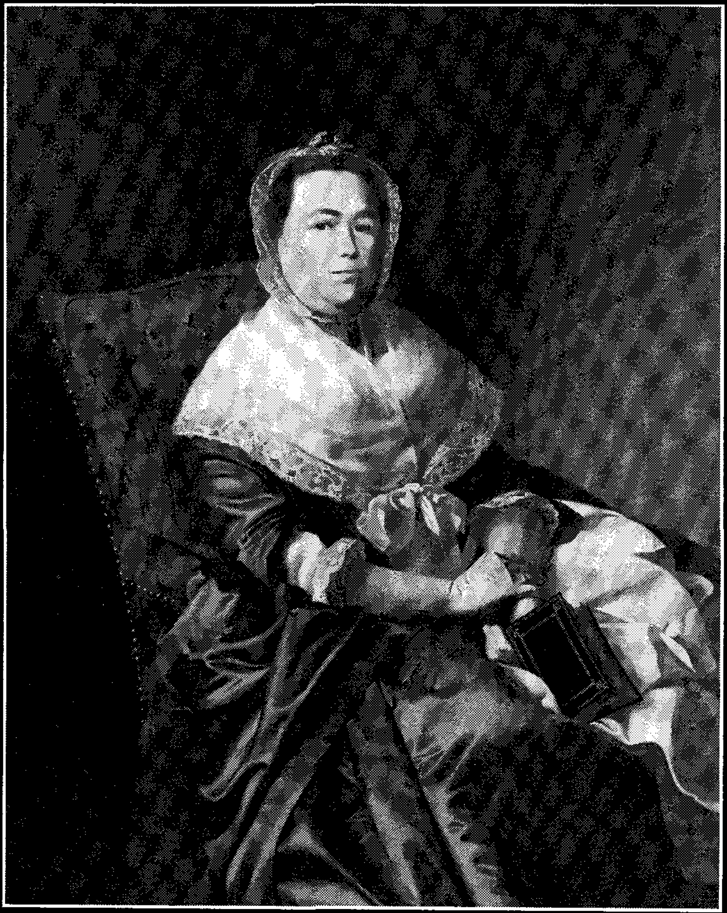

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, **Portrait of Mrs. James Russell**
Former Collections: Mrs. John Lowell (Rebecca Russell)
daughter of the sitter and her heirs. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

John Singleton Copley (1738-1815) is one of the towering names in American painting. By the time he was twenty-one Copley was the finest portraitist in the Colonies. The portrait of Mrs. James Russell conveys a sense of the woman's intelligence and cultivated life. The tooled leather binding, the rich brocade of the chair and the sumptuousness of the dress are rendered with bravura brushwork.

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Long, and Brian Keith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

STRIPES—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy; through Nov. 5.)

STROSZEK (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Film Forum; starting Nov. 11.)

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. They were both at M-G-M, but Gable's rough, right-out-there physical appeal didn't quite fit Garbo's pictures—it didn't allow for the spirituality that was a key element in the passion that she awakened in her other screen lovers. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford movies. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Their love scenes in the cabin redeem a lot of bad writing and bad acting. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Edith Fitzgerald. (Yes, those are their names.) With Ian Keith, Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, Cecil Cunningham, Theodore von Eltz, and Russell Simpson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Regency; Nov. 8-9.)

10 (1979)—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

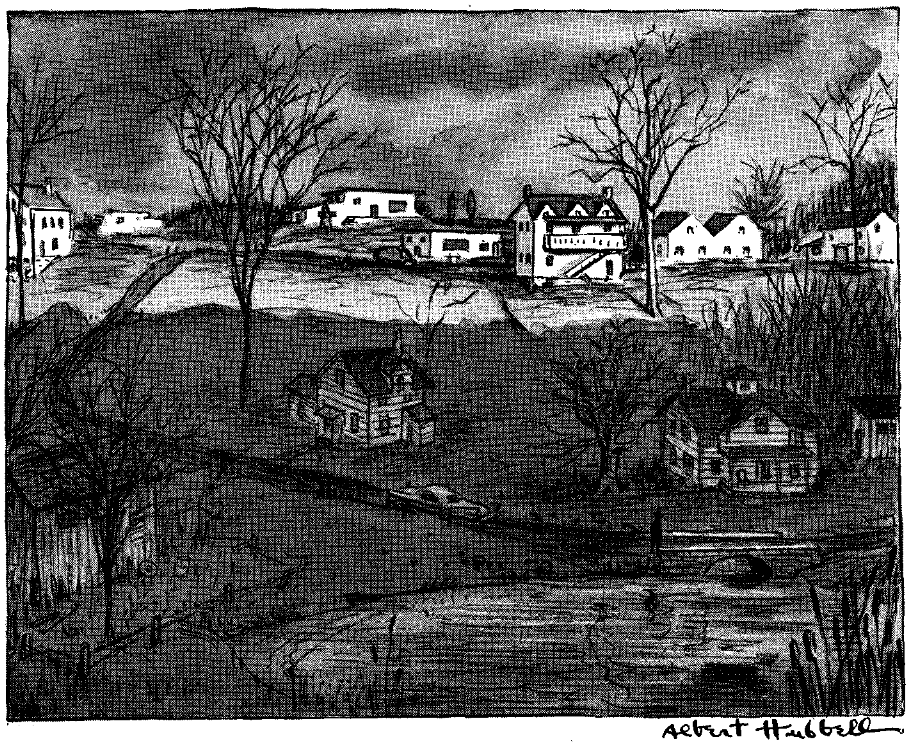
THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK (1969)—It is certainly well directed (by Robert Altman), it's well written (by Gillian Freeman), and it is beautifully shot (by Laslo Kovacs). But does anybody want to see a movie about a desperately lonely spinster (Sandy Dennis) who traps a young man (Michael Burns) and walls him up in her home? There may be something in the film medium itself that works against these stories of obsessional incarceration ("The Collector" also failed): we in the audience are trapped along with the prisoner, and we long to get away. One can admire this film for its craftsmanship; it has a cold brilliance. But that's all. With Luana Anders, John Garfield, Jr., Suzanne Benton, and Michael Murphy. From a novel by Richard Miles; music by Johnny Mandel; art direction by Leon Erickson. A Canadian production, filmed in Vancouver. (Thalia; Nov. 9.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (1938)—A busy, forgettable Clark Gable-Myrna Loy screwball melodrama. He's a daredevil newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop, and she's a celebrated "aviatrix." One of his dirty tricks wrecks her reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. The director, Jack Conway, flails about trying for laughs, and he settles for facetiousness. The movie looks as if it were made up of odds and ends of scrap footage, and it's crudely racist, in a casual, dumb-jokey way; in the jungle Gable projects a reel of disaster footage in order to frighten the natives, and he jeers at their response—he refers to them as "jitterbugs" and calls the medicine men "monkeys." This hero's cockiness and unscrupulousness seem intended to be likable, but Gable can't bring it off, though Myrna Loy, who is simply dressed and fairly quiet, manages to be very charming, despite the idiotic things she has to do. With Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Walter Connolly (in perhaps his worst performance—as Gable's expostulating, dyspeptic boss), Marjorie Main (who has a nice, dry way with her few lines), Virginia Weidler, Willie Fung, Johnny Hines, Al Shean, Henry Kolker, Frank Faylen, and a couple of accomplished black actors whose names are not easy to come by. Lawrence Stallings and John Lee Mahin wrote the script. (Regency; Nov. 12-14.)

TORRID ZONE (1940)—Steamy hot and very funny. This tropical comedy-adventure, set in a Warners mockup of a plantation in Honduras, has James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, and Pat O'Brien shouting double-entendres at breakneck speed. Sheridan is sultry and rowdy as a vagrant night-club entertainer wandering through the jungle night-club circuit and taking the natives' minds off banana picking. O'Brien plays the tough plantation manager, and Cagney, with a mustache, is the breezy, belligerent foreman who deals with a crisis a minute, including George Tobias as a revolutionary, Andy Devine as a hopelessly incompetent No. 1 Boy, and cucumber-cool Helen Vinson, always a troublemaker. The picture borders on satirical farce; the target is the typical Hollywood treatment of South American bandits and tropical passions. William Keighley directed, from a script by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Regency; Nov. 10-11.)

TRUE CONFESSIONS—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Sutton. No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama; through Nov. 12.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. It suggests rich men's worst suspicions and fantasies of what women want (money) and what they're like when they're together (clawing beasties). With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, Virginia Weidler, Ruth Hussey, Phyllis Povah, Lucile Watson, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed—surprisingly coarsely; it's a kicking, screaming low comedy, with a quiet character such as Joan Fontaine coming across as a female wimp. Goddard is a stand-out—she's fun. And audiences at the time loved Russell's all-out burlesque of women as jealous bitches. Adapted by Anita Loos and Jane Murfin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13-14.)



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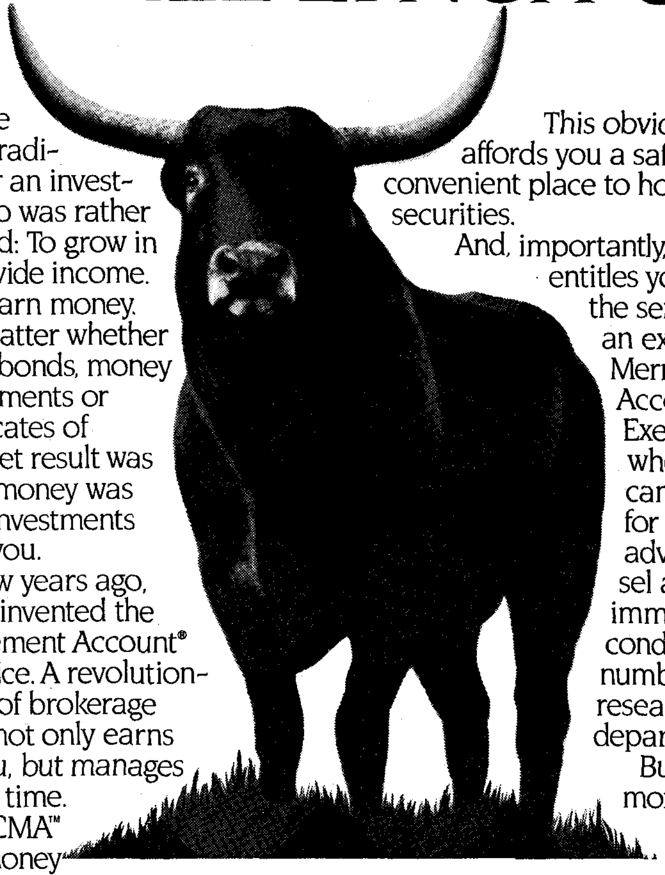

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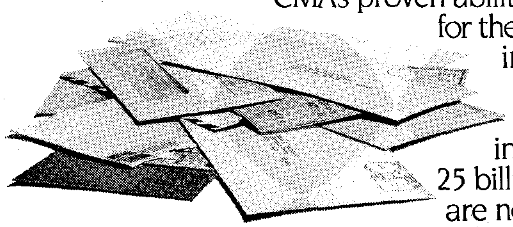

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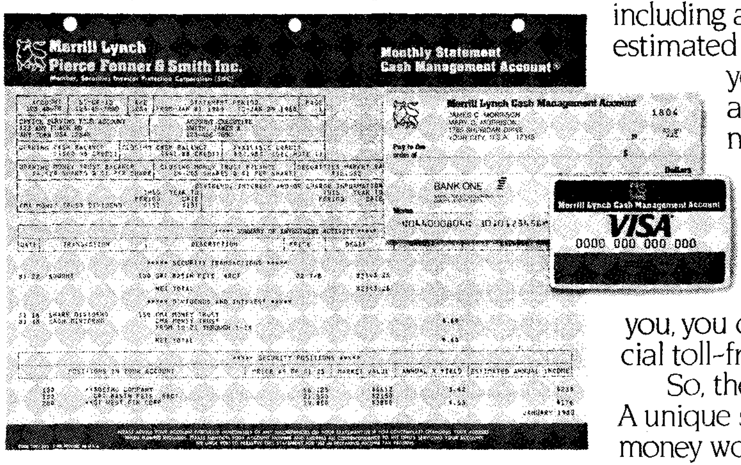
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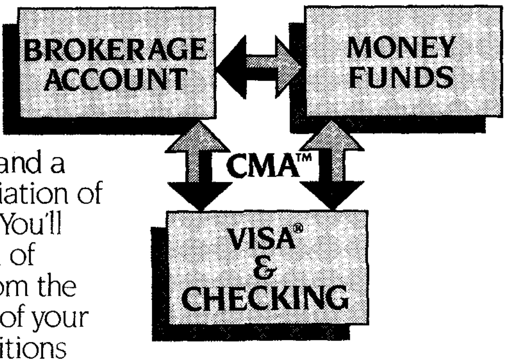

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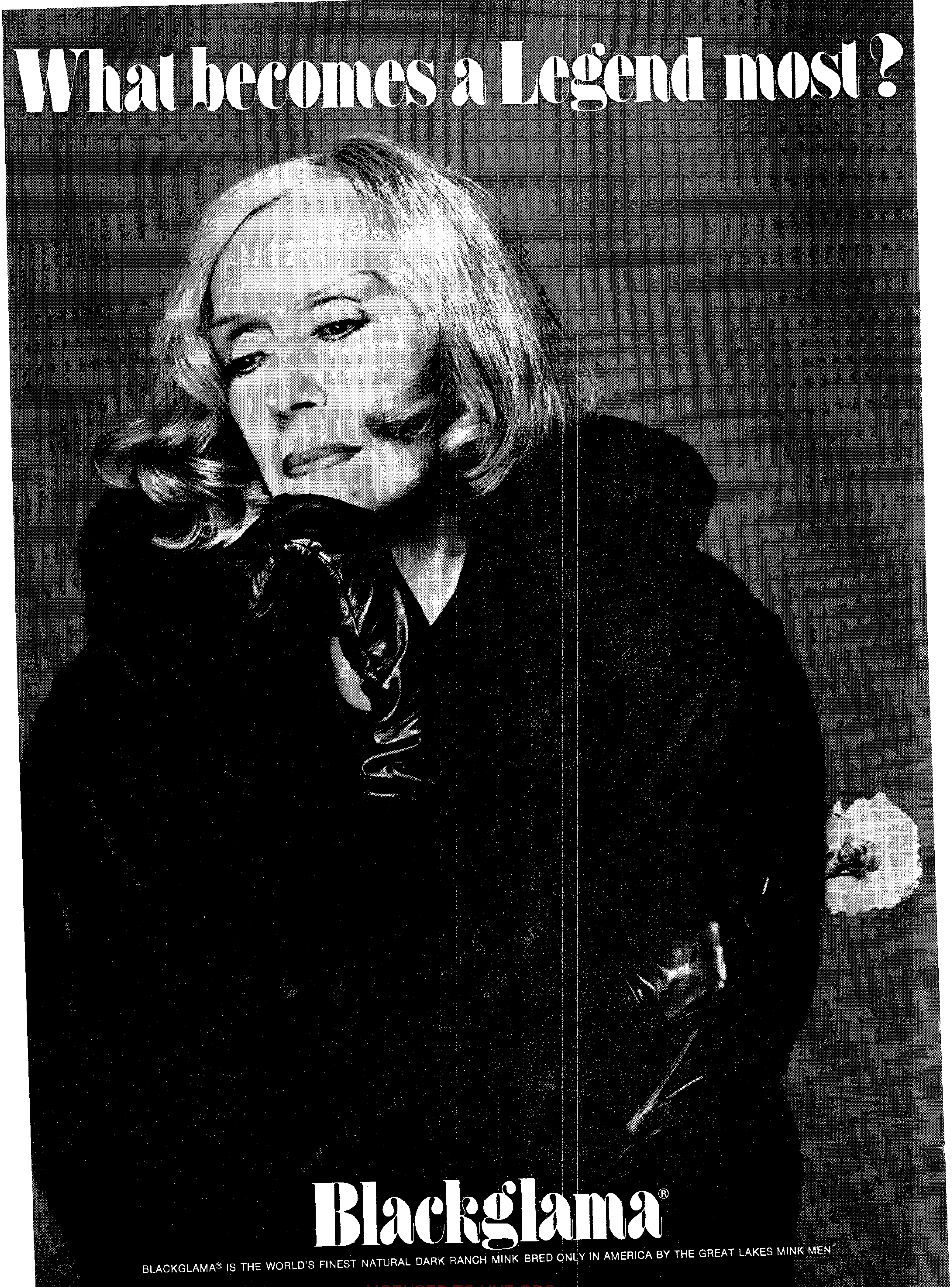
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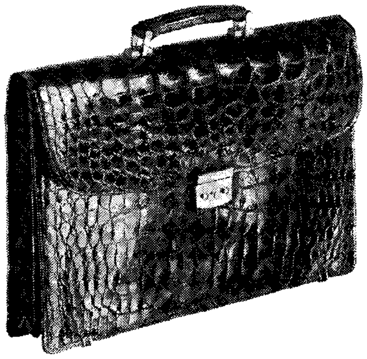
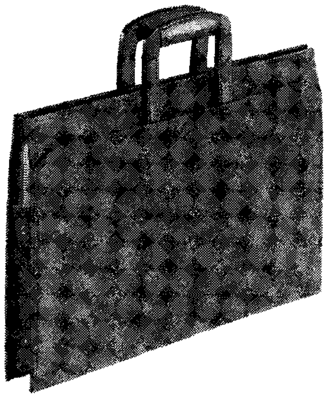
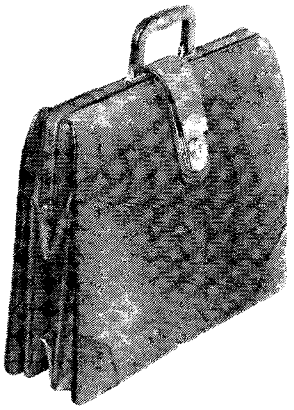


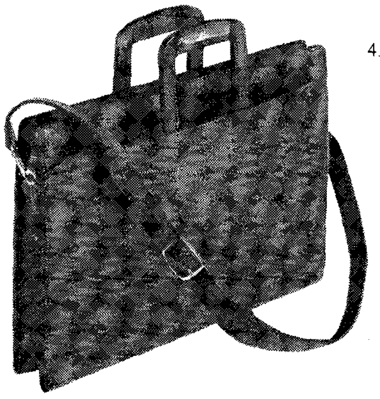
1. Rare and exotic crocodile briefcase. The skins are tanned in France and hand cut to insure the large grain is in the center. It features two expandable legal-size pockets, padded handle, imported hardware. By Schlesinger in Black or Brown. $2,750.



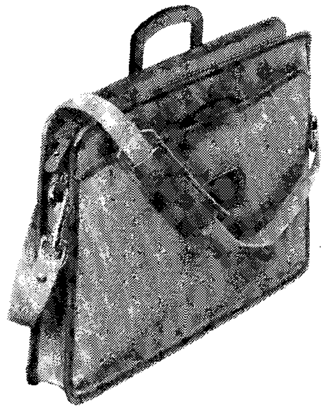
2. Elegant envelope by Louis Vuitton. Has zippered center compartment, two outside pockets and disappearing handles. $275.



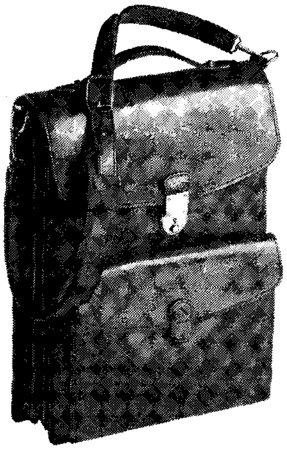
3. Supple cowhide 18" brief bag. Three expandable pockets, reinforced corners, solid leather handle. Suntan or Black. $147.50. Also available in belting leather. $190.



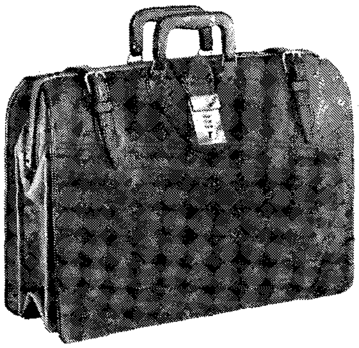
4. Top zipper envelope in California saddle leather. Has two outside pockets, removable shoulder strap and disappearing handles. By Schlesinger. In Black, Brown, Chestnut or Burgundy. 17" x 11." $155. Also available without shoulder strap. $140.



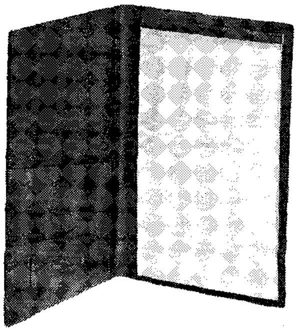
5. Legal-size canvas envelope with zippered center compartment, two outside pockets, disappearing handles, removable shoulder strap. By Schlesinger. Natural or Olive, both trimmed in Suntan. $75.



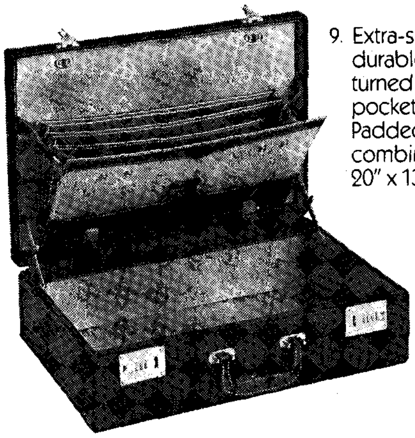
6. Versatile men's shoulder bag. Has three expandable pockets inside, gusseted outside pocket and removable shoulder strap. Made of durable belting leather by Schlesinger. 15½" x 12" x 4." $225.



7. Select cowhide jumbo brief bag, 20" long. Three expandable pockets, securing outside straps, combination lock. Suntan or Black. $225. Also available in belting leather. $260.



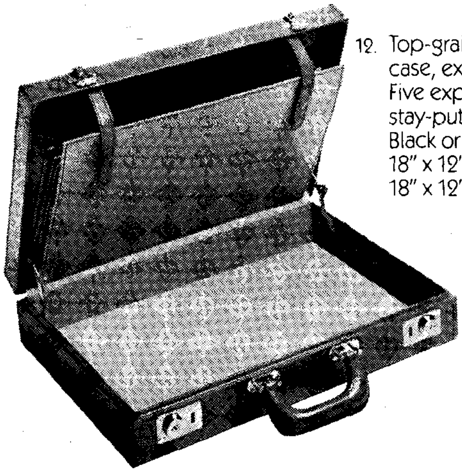
8. Legal-size writing case with a convenient inside flap pocket and a business card pocket. Made of steerhide. In Black, Brown or Burgundy. By Renwick of Canada. 15" x 10." $60.



9. Extra-size attaché case in durable belting leather with turned leather corners. Five pocket removable file. Padded handle. Double combination locks. 20" x 13½" x 6." $185.

10. Uniquely designed briefcase made of natural belting leather. Has a two pocket file inside, plus an outside flap pocket on lid. Combination lock. By Schlesinger. $375.

11. Attaché case made of handsome Verona oxhide. Durable full length piano hinge. Closes with two combination locks. Inside are three roomy file compartments. In Brown only. By Renwick of Canada.
18" x 13" x 3." $290.
18" x 13" x 4." $300.
18" x 13" x 5." $310.

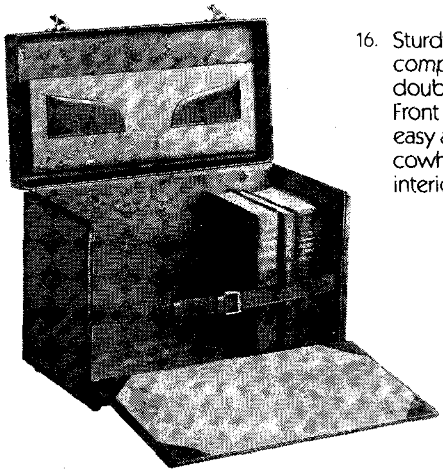


12. Top-grain cowhide attaché case, exceptionally priced. Five expanding file pockets, stay-put hinges. Suntan, Black or Brown.
18" x 12" x 4." $49.50.
18" x 12" x 5." $70.

13. The ultimate in luxury. Exquisite ostrich briefcase, fully lined in doeskin suede. Has solid brass combination locks. The outside pocket holds removable zippered ostrich envelope. Available in Black, Tan or Brown. $1,500.

14. Belting leather bellows case with expanding gusseted lid. Twin leather securing straps. Five file pockets. Combination lock. Two side catches. $285. Also available in cowhide, in Suntan, Black or Brown. $195.

15. Exquisite attaché case in genuine alligator. Two brass combination locks. Fully leather lined interior.
17¼" x 12¾" x 3¼." $2,000.
17¾" x 13¾" x 4¼." $2,300.



16. Sturdy book case. Has top lid compartment, securing strap, double combination locks. Front drops open for easy access. Made of fine cowhide with all leather interior. Brown or Black. $375.

17 Legal-size top zipper envelope made of California saddle leather. Has disappearing handles, outside gusseted pocket with locking flap and removable shoulder strap. In Chestnut, Black, Brown, Burgundy. By Schlesinger. $172.50. Available without shoulder strap for $157.50.

18. All-around zippered envelope in California saddle leather. Disappearing handles. Gusseted pockets. By Schlesinger. Chestnut, Black or Brown.

Leather-lined		Vinyl-lined
16" x 12"	$190.	$125.
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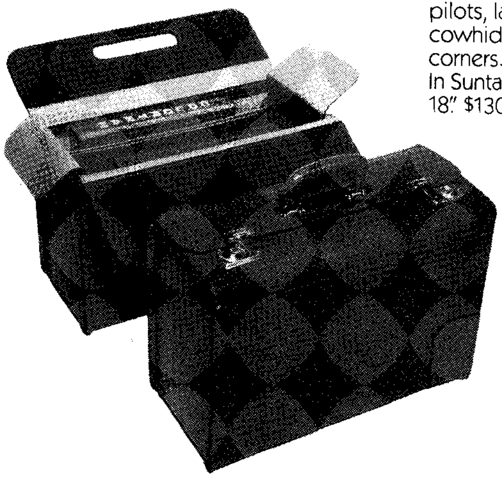
19. Rugged belting leather briefcase. Has two expandable inside pockets, one open back pocket, two outside securing straps, reinforced corners and a solid brass lock. 17⅜" x 12" $285.

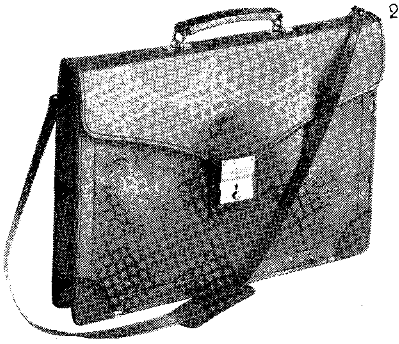


20. Jumbo catalog case, indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers. Top-grain cowhide. Reinforced leather corners. Two brass locks. In Suntan or Black. 18" $130 20" $135.

21. Accountant's case. Belting leather inside and out. Four roomy sections. All-around straps. Solid brass swivel graduating closure. $360.

22. Roomy top zipper case made of durable belting leather. Has two expandable pockets inside, zippered outside pocket, removable shoulder strap, reinforced corners. By Renwick of Canada. 17" x 12" x 4" $200.

23. Sturdy expanding briefcase made of natural belting leather. Three inside pockets, open back pocket, solid brass hardware. By Schlesinger. 17" x 11" $235.



24. Trimly styled, extra durable belting leather briefcase, with removable shoulder strap and reinforced corners. By Renwick of Canada 17" x 12" x 2" $168.

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If you don't want the American dream of retirement to be permanently retired, use *your* influence with the powers that be—as we are trying to use ours.

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[1] America is crossing over to what's been called "the other side of the baby boom." The median age is shifting upwards, and with it the proportion of over-65's to the general population. In 1979 there were 5.4 workers to every retiree, as opposed to 7.5 to 1 in 1950, and by 2030 the ratio will be about 3 to 1.

[2] Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply *...reduce benefits in general!*

[3] Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

[4] Our real estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.

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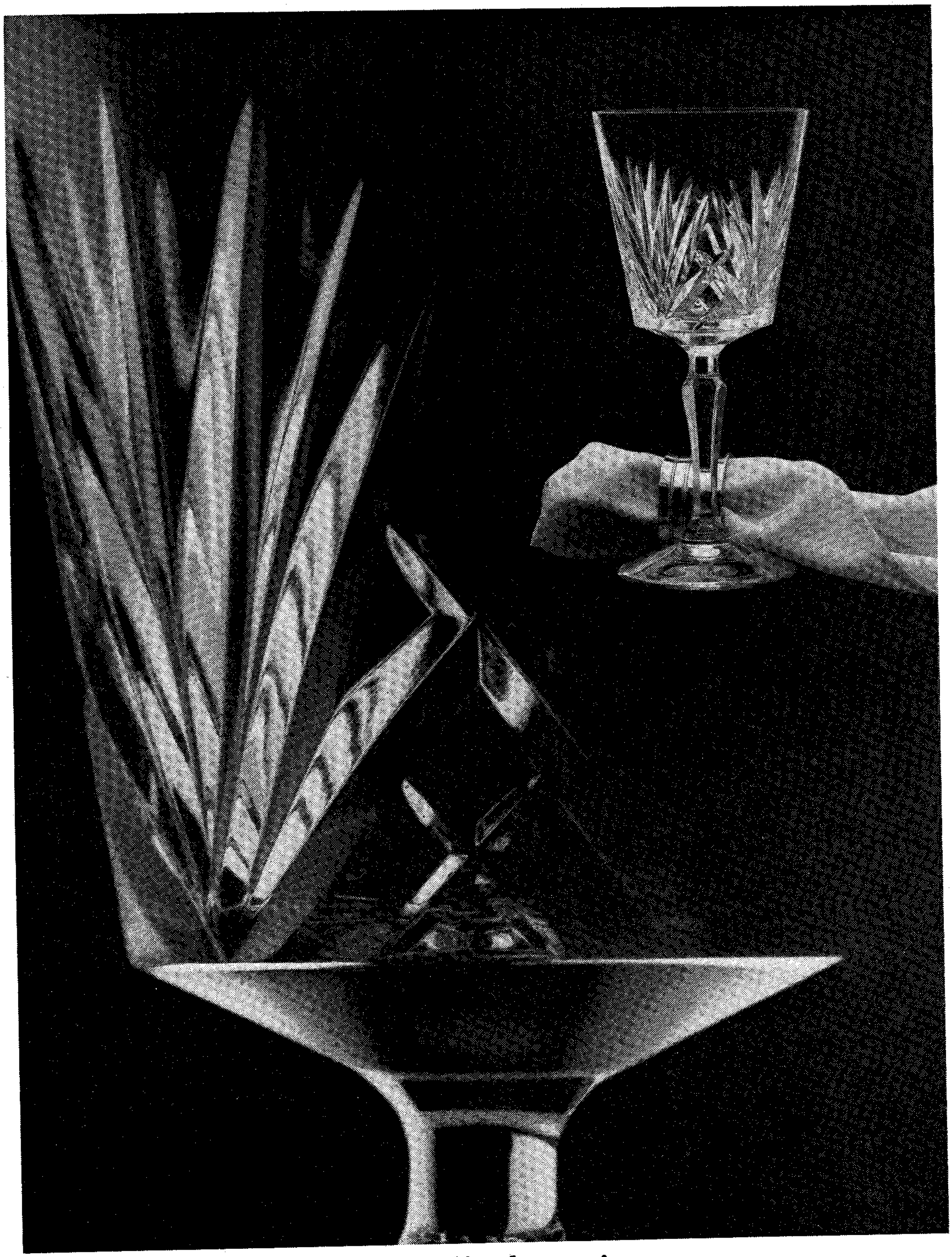

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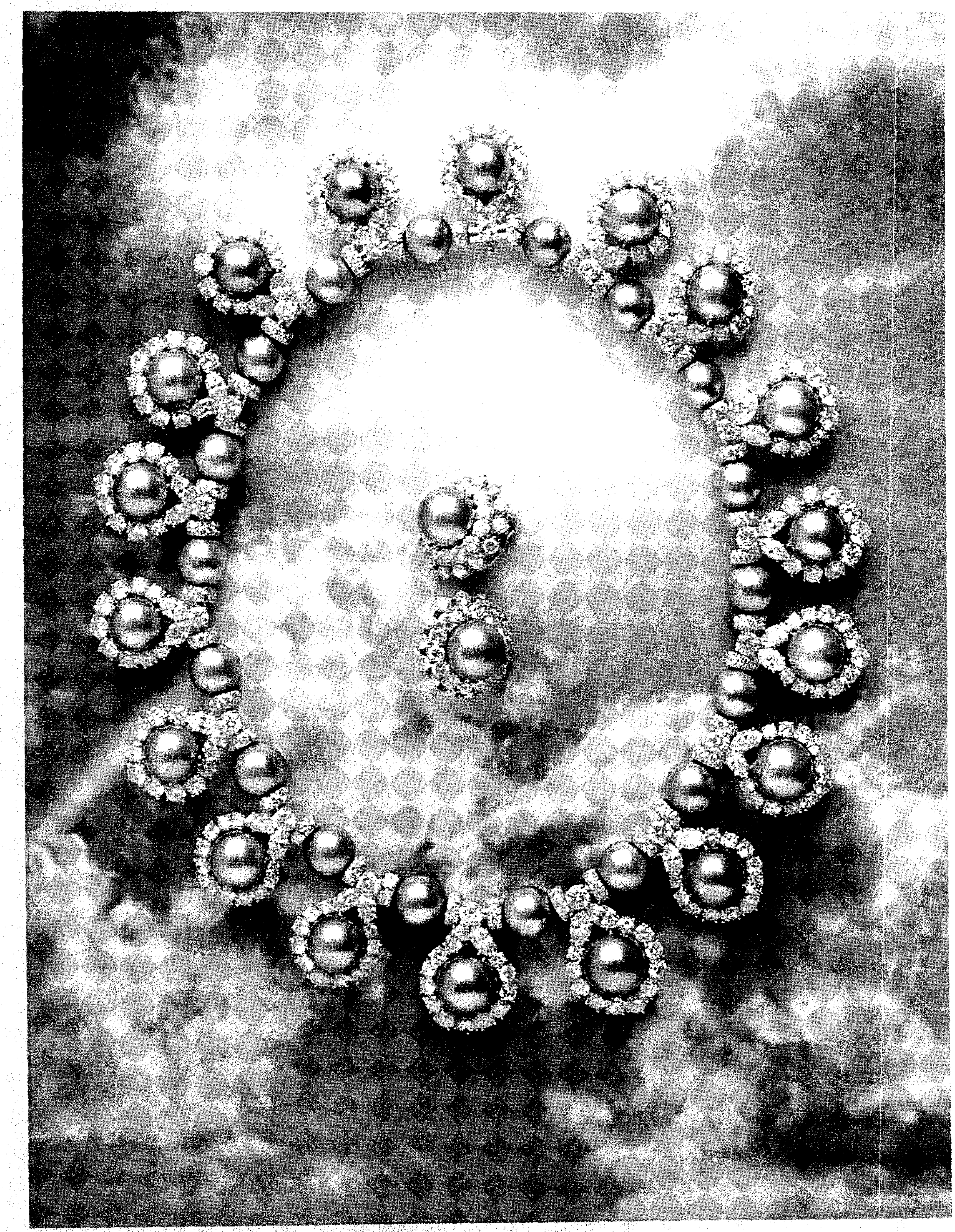

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THE NEW YORKER

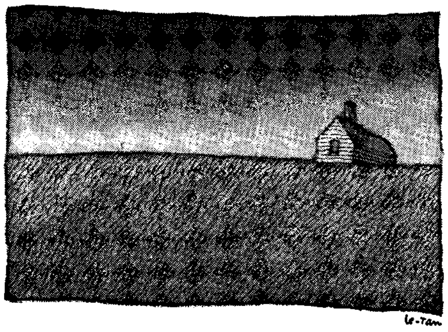
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE received a note from a friend of ours who lives on the upper West Side:

The Marathon was terrific, as usual—galvanizing the whole city, making you think about the thousands of runners starting out like a wave and then attenuating until they were like a long string tying all the boroughs together. I went to the same station I took last year—the East Drive in Central Park, near Fifth Avenue at about Eighty-sixth Street. I don't like the finish, because it's so mobbed. Along the East Drive, tension begins to build about two hours after the race starts, twenty-five miles or so away. Helicopters wheel like predators overhead, press trucks and police cars speed down the course, and you can almost *feel* the runners coming, as if their footfalls were pounding up through the earth into the soles of your own feet. (Another good thing about standing along the East Drive rather than at the finish is that you're seeing the race, not the end of it.) At last, here comes Salazar, on his way to a world's record. He ran by much faster than I could run to catch a train that was pulling out of a station, and, as usual, I was astounded that someone of my species could do what he was doing. His footsteps were loud and definite—"take that, take that, take that, take that"—even over the cheering. The two minutes or so between Salazar and the next runner were a long and impressive two minutes; every ten seconds, someone in the crowd would exclaim anew over the length of Salazar's lead. I mean, you could have had *lunch* in those two minutes. Even after the rest of the front-runners showed up, I stayed, because, like everyone else, I wanted to cheer the first woman to go by, and then the first person with unmistakably gray hair, the first youngster, etc. And I always like to read the words on the runners' shirts: "New Balance," "Gerry from Derry," "Milky Way," "Coastal," "King Oscar," "Footstop," "No Nukes," "N.Y.P.D.," "Fleet-Foot," "Now Is the Time," "Human Energy," "London Transport," "Supreme Court," "Solidarność," "Happy Birthday Dad," "Rodale Press," "Scarsdale Antiques," "I Love Brooklyn," "Law Student: If Found, Please Return to Library," "Here Comes Smokin' Dick," "Collect British Stamps," "Amazing Feet," "Cheer Me On."

Also as usual, I'm glad it's over—but only because the stretch where I take my minimalist evening run, on the upper promenade of Riverside Park between 103rd and 123rd Streets, has now gone back to normal. Every year, during the week before the Marathon my strip is invaded by Serious Runners. They dress in clothes of a skimpy, Space Age-looking nature, and they seem to breathe only about every thirty seconds. I'm just plodding along when some leaves rustle behind me and—whoosh—one of these borzois has passed me. Sometimes they pass me, slow down, and then, when I've almost caught up with them at my Reasonable Pace, draw away again, no doubt testing their aerobic reserves, or something like that. But now they've gone, and the fat men in baggy pants have reasserted their eminence, along with the Barnard girls who run like springboks, the waddlers, the geezers, the street-clothes runners, the street-*shoes* runners, the people running with their dogs. And I get passed fewer times than I pass. Not that I care about that, of course.



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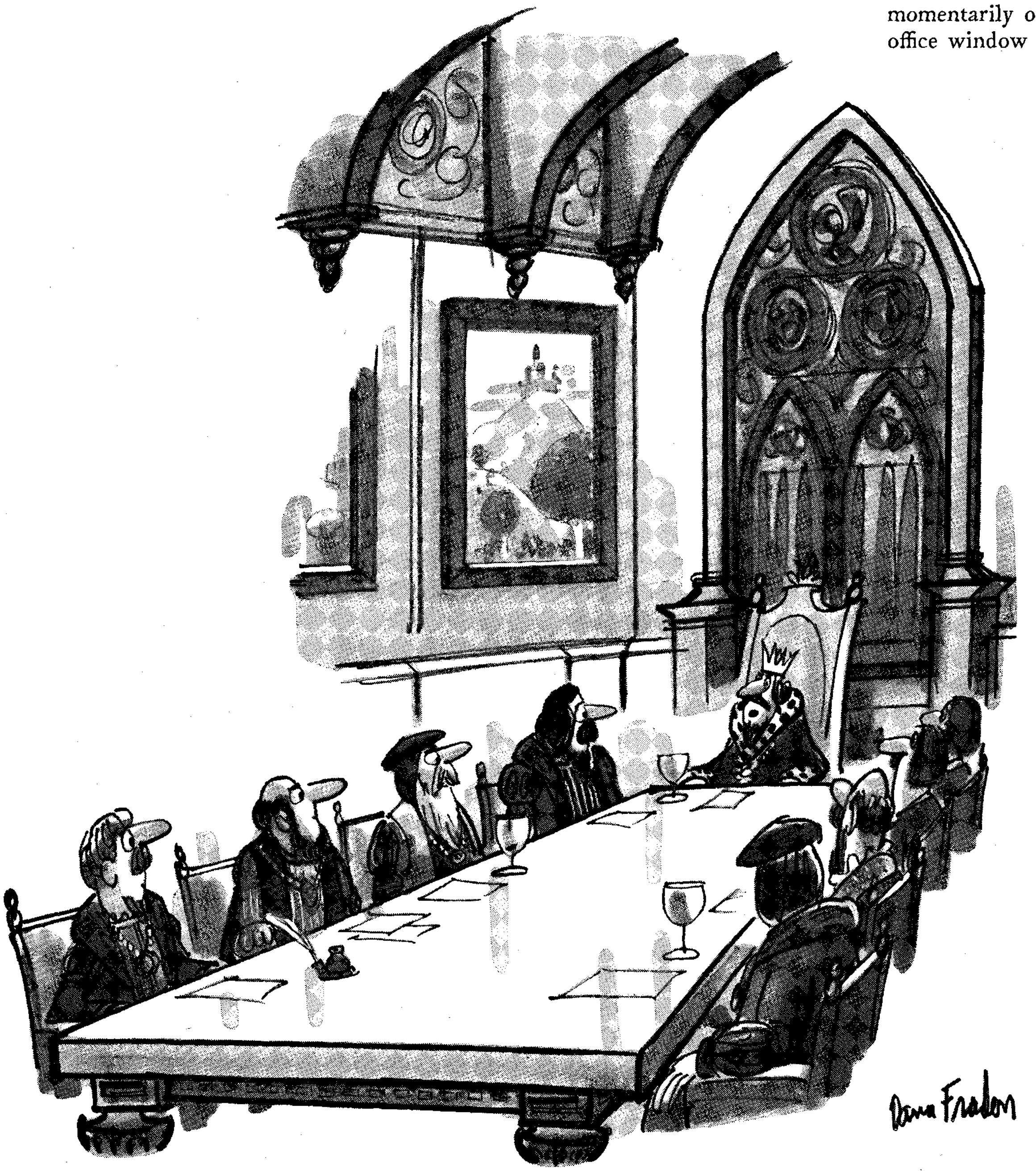
Piggybacking, Shoehorning, and ULURP

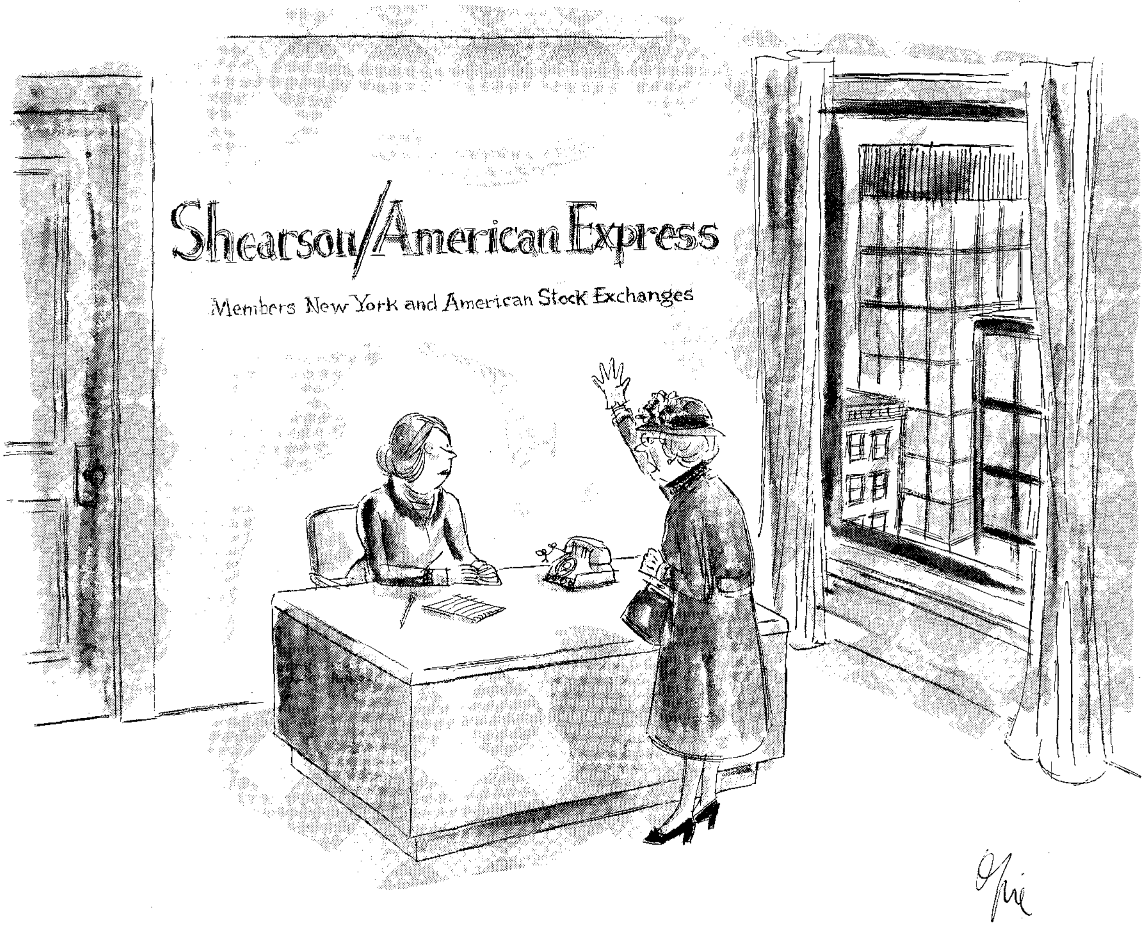
LAST week, we were exposed to the complicated rudiments of zoning—the invisible ordinance that governs the shape of our skyline—thanks to the Municipal Art Society, which makes them extremely intelligible in a gallant exhibit at its pristine headquarters, in the section of the Villard Houses that we think of as the old Random House building. We went around there while the exhibit was taking shape to talk with Shirley Secunda, who conceived and coördinated it. A clear-eyed, merry-faced woman, she at once caught us up in her own zest. "We wanted to put on some kind of citizens' primer, but we didn't want to be teachy," she told us. "I had only the vaguest understanding of zoning myself, but once I began to read about it, it seemed more and more like a game to me, with move and countermove, so I decided to lay out the exhibit along the lines of a game, and to involve the visitors as players—for zoning involves considerable gamesmanship between developers and the city. I found, too, that once I had learned the terminology, I could read the real-estate section of the *Times* with much more comprehension."

She turned us loose in the exhibit, where two workmen were carrying in a wobbling model of a chunk of the East Side on a scale suitable for small insects. As we read our way slowly around the walls, we gleaned the elements of a zoning vocabulary: a building's ground-floor plan is its *footprint*, and the ultimate shape of a building is the result of juggling *bulk*, *height*, and *setback; daylighting* is a measure of how much sky is not usurped by a construction; *piggybacking* is the building of a new structure on top of an old, to claim unused air space; and *shoehorning* is slipping a building into the space between two standing ones. Although the variables are clearly considerable, the zoning regulations restrain new construction, and also generate ingenuity. FAR, or Floor Area Ratio, determines just how much floor area can be built on a zoning lot; but developers, by dint of providing an *amenity* (an arcade, a plaza, a vest-pocket park) can gain a *bonus* of additional floor area—good gamesmanship indeed.

The first comprehensive zoning legislation, we learned halfway around the room, was adopted in New York in 1916, when the city was beginning to creep noticeably upward. The current Zoning Resolution dates from 1961, and both the buildings and the stakes have been going higher all the time. If the zoning regulations have not kept Manhattan entirely under control, they have at least prevented it from growing more snaggletoothed than it is. One wall of the exhibit carried a variety of quotations from the *Times* of yesteryear grumbling about skyscrapers' "robbing light" and "casting a gloom over the street," and muttering about "cliff dwellers" and "sunless canyons," and we ourself were startled to learn that the Equitable Building at 120 Broadway cast a seven-acre shadow when it was built, in 1915. It reminded us momentarily of looking out from our office window during the 1965 blackout and seeing, for the first and only time, the long black shadows lying across the unlit city. The zoning regulations exist to safeguard light and air for us, and to safeguard our health, safety, and welfare, while the developers' wits are directed toward maximum returns from their use of the available air space, and so the game is on—the game of ULURP (Uniform Land Use Review Procedure), whereby, under a New York City Charter revision of 1976, development proposals that do not conform to the zoning regulations are submitted to a six-month review by a series of city-planning boards, empowered to hold public hearings on proposals. Zoning procedures suggest a kind of living Monopoly, played with real money, but in this game "Home," the point of arrival, is a completed new building. The gaming analogy extended to the exhibits—a jigsaw puzzle of a city zoning map, building-block skyscrapers, small Tinkertoy sets for em-



"All right, then, all those who think there's something rotten in Denmark signify by raising their right hand."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"What have you done with Loeb and Rhoades?"

bryo developers. We had a sudden vision of the towers of Manhattan as ornate chessmen—kings, queens, bishops, castles—from fanciful, unmatched sets.

We returned the evening the exhibit opened officially, at the end of the clearest of fall days, when every small angle of the city seemed sharpened. Under the chandeliers, the models stood in their polished places, guests resting glasses or King Kong elbows on their plastic enclosures. We greeted Shirley Secunda, who beamed at her own gamesmanship, for the visitors were reading the walls and walking about with the proper gape of attention. We wandered into the courtyard for a look at the blown-up models outside. The sky was thick dark-blue carpet, and every light was needle-clear, paling the stars. As we gazed along the *sky-exposure plane*, the towers seemed to us like floating fortresses, jewelled hallucinations, even visions. But the city at night gets away with more than the daylight city. On such a night, zoning violations must seem easily forgivable. Under the lights in the courtyard, the four potted linden trees carried such a perfectly disposed array of newly yellowed leaves that we at once suspected them to be decorator trees. A leaf fell, however, and we caught it, relieved to find it real.

• •

Magic

Nineteenth-Century Romantic opera consists of a stageful of improbabilities that are transformed into theatrical reality by the emotional impact of a compelling musical score. When such an opera turns up in a twentieth-century production, the audience must be persuaded to suspend disbelief for three hours and accept such conventions as supernatural forces and magic spells. These thoughts came to mind as we watched a new production of Carl Maria von Weber's "Der Freischütz" take shape at the New York City Opera recently, under the aegis of John Copley, a gifted English director, who had taken on the difficult assignment of making an archaic plot believable to a contemporary audience. "Der Freischütz," which is the ancestor of all German Romantic operas, has always been prized for its fresh, lyrical score, but the plot, which involves magic bullets, a live eagle, a hermit who has second sight, and a huntsman who collaborates with a wood-demon and almost shoots his own saintly bride-to-be, has brought directors a lot of grief. We arrived at a fifth-floor rehearsal room one morning to find Mr. Copley, a short, trim, energetic man with brown hair and gray eyes, blocking out the famous Wolf's Glen scene, in which Caspar, a villainous ex-soldier, and Max, a stolid young huntsman, meet in a remote valley to cast seven magic bullets with the aid of Samiel, a Middle European wood-demon. The set consisted of several groups of folding metal chairs (representing clumps of trees), a series of red and yellow chalk marks (rocks), and a low table in the center of the room (a hearth) on which rested a white Styrofoam head (a human skull).

As the rehearsal pianist began the sinister Wolf's Glen music, Caspar, played by a bearded baritone named David Cumberland, circled the hearth, placing four white chunks of Styrofoam (animal skulls) on the floor to control the evil spirits. Then he lifted the human skull toward an imaginary moon and plunged a knife into it.

"David," Mr. Copley said briskly, "you must be in front of the hearth when you do that and call out to Samiel, because when he answers you there's a big, amplified bang that knocks you over. Then you get up and use the eagle wing to fan the fire—you'll have some flash paper to make it flare—while you're waiting for Max to show up."

Mr. Cumberland repeated the action, to Mr. Copley's satisfaction, and the rehearsal proceeded with the entrance of Max, the hero, who is warned away from his collaboration with the wood-demon by visions of his mother and his fiancée.

"Do I turn away when Mother comes toward me?" inquired Jacque Trussel, the tenor who was playing Max.

"Look back at her as you start to climb down the rocks," replied Mr. Copley. "You're terrified, but you're going to go through with casting the bullets, because you need them if you're going to marry Agathe."

"Is there a special moment when I enter the magic circle?" Mr. Trussel asked, moving in gingerly fashion through the chairs.

"David hands you the flask for a drink," said Mr. Copley, "and as you pass it back to him he grabs your arm and pulls you into the circle, to make sure you're both in this thing together. Then you take another drink and get rid of the bottle somehow as he starts to cast the bullets. We have some nice effects for the casting. There are rolls of thunder and flashes of lightning. Trees move, there's an eclipse of the moon, we release a flock of white doves, and there are visions behind the rocks of a transparent coach and a stag hunt. And, finally, when you cast the seventh bullet, Samiel himself appears."

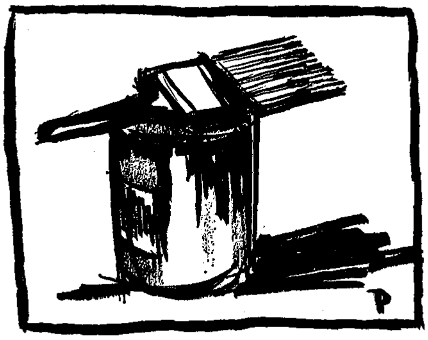
The two men pantomimed casting the bullets, using coffee containers, a ladle, and a stainless-steel mixing bowl.

When they had finished the scene, we asked Mr. Copley how he had approached the problem of making "Der Freischütz" interesting to a modern audience.

"It's a marvellous work," he said, "but it comes at an awkward moment in the operatic canon, because Weber was trying to break away from the classical eighteenth-century form and create a new kind of German *Singspiel*—which is a combination of music and spoken dialogue. So 'Freischütz' is such an early Romantic work—it was written in 1820—that it represents a style that had not completely settled. For us, it is such an exaggeration of the Romantic style that it's hard to remember that it was always done with absolute seriousness until fairly recently. It was, after all, loosely based on a true story—about a man named Georg Schmid, who was tried a century or so earlier for casting magic bullets and was convicted. My approach, too, is to take it absolutely seriously, and to try to create a realistic seventeenth-century world, inhabited by credible characters. At the same time, there is an invisible, supernatural world that invades this real world and threatens to destroy it; we use a lot of theatrical tricks to make this seem possible. On another level, the opera deals with the fundamental conflict between good and evil, between Christianity and the Devil. We're describing a society that had just emerged from a terrible war, and for the people of that time the kind of perfect faith in God that Agathe, the heroine, displays was very important."

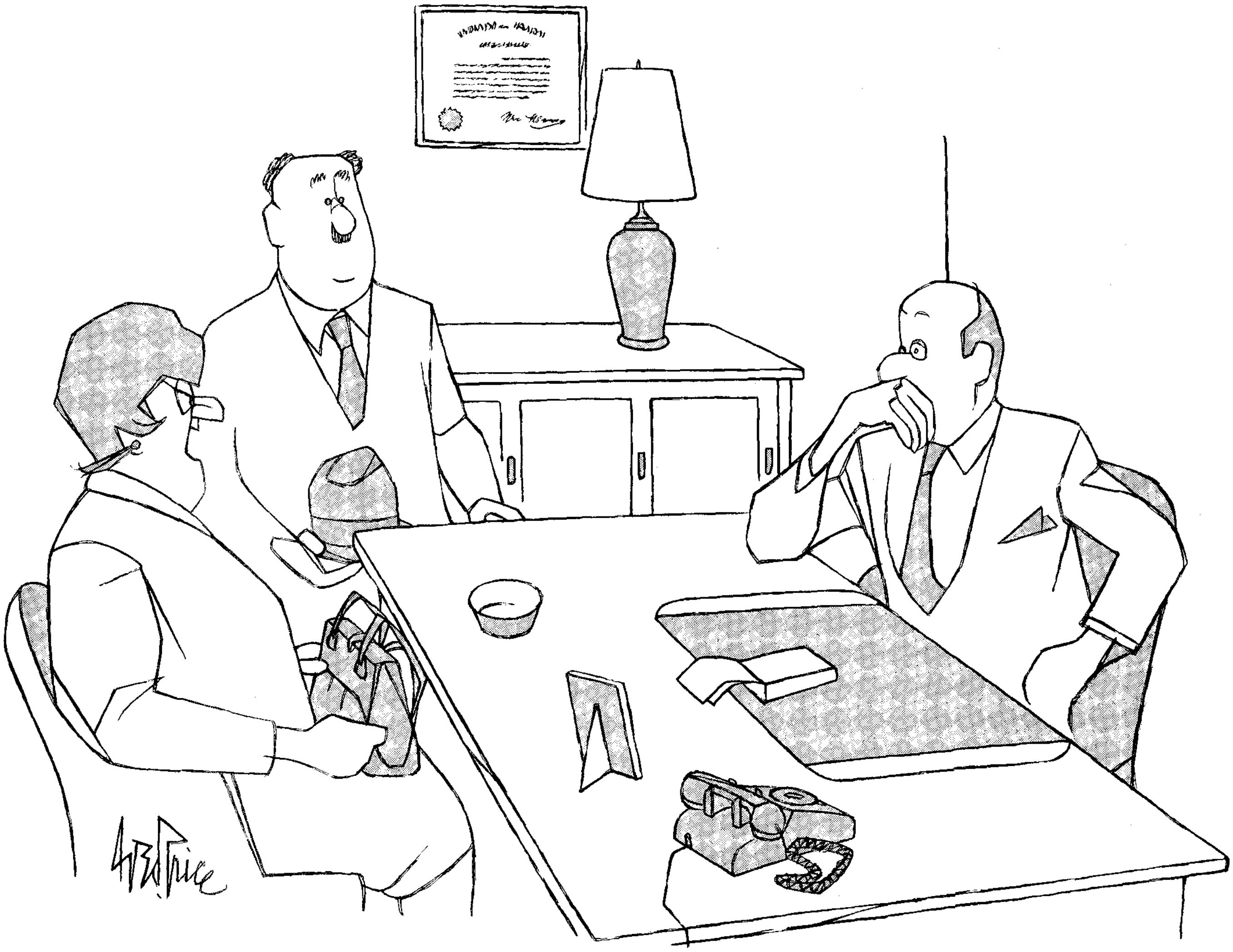
We returned to the theatre a week later for the dress rehearsal, to find a small army of stagehands setting up a complicated series of special effects that had been designed to heighten the mood of the opera. There were three kinds of smoke—one that lay flat on the ground, one that rose in the air, and one that hovered in the middle of the stage—and there were two waterfalls (gauze over shiny plastic lit from the side with special projectors); a real fire under the bullet-casting caldron; a transparent coach; a fourteen-foot dummy who sprang up as Samiel; a flock of white pigeons for the Wolf's Glen scene; and a cluster of brilliant strobe lights that were flashed on a darkened stage whenever the hero fired one of his magic bullets.

In a backstage corner, we found, perched in a cardboard box, a fierce-looking hawk—named Harry, we were told by his trainer, Dr. Heinz Meng. Dr. Meng went on to tell us that Harry had been hired to play the eagle that Max shoots down with a magic bullet in the first act. "Harry's a little small to play an eagle, but he's so fast that I don't think the audience will notice," Dr. Meng said. "I launch him from my glove, and he flies straight across to another glove at the other side of the stage, where he gets a reward of pigeon meat. I had originally planned to use Prince Albert, my peregrine falcon, but when we tried him out a couple of days ago he hung on to the front scrim when he was halfway across. A lot of strange things happen in this opera, but that's not one of them."



Reagan Genealogy

WE'VE been looking into President Reagan's ancestors, with the assistance of Dr. Hugh Peskett, the Senior Genealogist of *Debrett's Peerage*, and can report that our chief executive is half Irish (on his father's side) and one-quarter Scots and one-quarter English (on his mother's side), and may be distantly related to the O'Regans, of County Limerick, who trace their lineage back to Riagan, an eleventh-century chieftain and a nephew of the celebrated High King Brian Boru. (Although in modern times the Irish have spelled the name Regan and pronounced it with a long "e," some of the clan who left Ireland in the last century added an "a" to the first syllable and began pronouncing the name "Raygan.") Working with nineteenth-century church and census records, the *Debrett's* researchers tracked down the President's earliest recorded ancestor—an illiterate, landless laborer named Thomas O'Regan, who lived in the late seventeen-hundreds and early eighteen-hundreds at Doolis, a townland two miles west of the village of Ballyporeen, in County Tipperary. (Ballyporeen, present population two hundred and fifty, is a few miles from the Limerick border, and it has been suggested that the Limerick O'Regan clan spilled southeast as it multiplied.) In 1841, when Thomas O'Regan was still alive, Doolis contained twelve sod-and-stone houses; by 1901, there were only four left—a decline reflecting the extensive depopulation that took place during the mid-century famine. Today, the houses have been replaced by a prosperous dairy farm, and the only signs of former habitation are a ruined church and an overgrown cemetery (no O'Regans are interred there), which were abandoned back in the eighteenth century, during the repression that resulted from the anti-Catholic Penal Laws. Thomas O'Regan married Margaret Murphy around 1817, and their children—three sons and three daughters—were baptized in the church at Ballyporeen and the names of all but one (who was born before 1817) were entered in the Parish Register. All three sons of this marriage ultimately left Ireland, and genealogists are currently hunting for descendants of the three daughters—Elena, Margaret, and Elizabeth—all



"And the strings of my heart haven't gone zing from that day to this."

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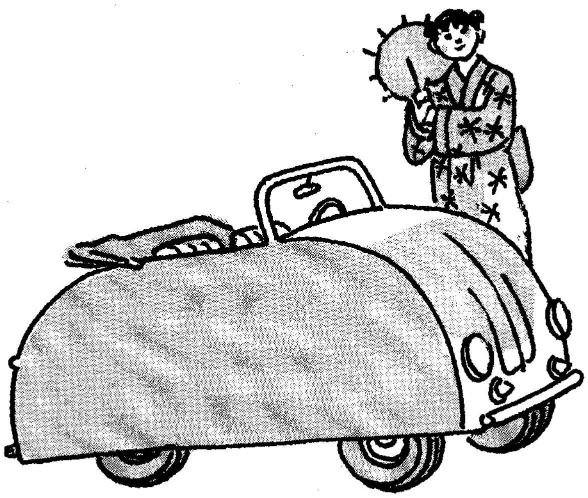
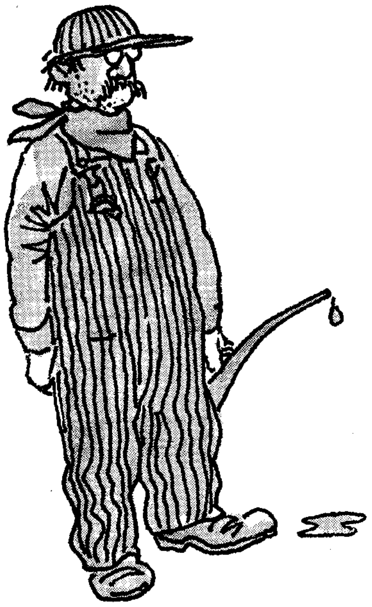
of whom are believed to have married local farmers.

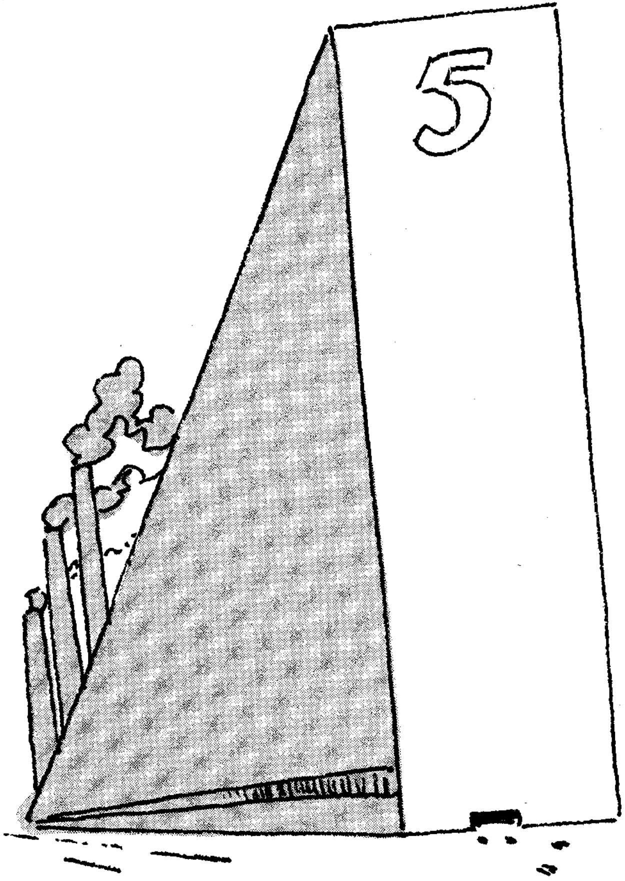
Michael O'Regan, the President's great-grandfather, was baptized in Ballyporeen on September 3, 1829, and he appears to have been the first literate O'Regan. He signed his own name at his wedding (dropping the "O" and adding an "a" to his surname), while his bride and his older brother Nicholas marked "X"es and had their names written in by the priest. Michael had emigrated to London during the Irish famine of 1846-49 and was listed there in the British Census of 1851 along with Catherine Mulcahy, a twenty-eight-year-old spinster, who also came from Tipperary. On October 31, 1852, Michael and Catherine were married at St. George's Catholic Church in Southwark, a borough of London. Their five-and-a-half-month-old son, Thomas, who had been baptized in that church on May 16, 1852, may have been present at the ceremony. A year and a half later, John Reagan, the President's grandfather, was born at Peckham (South London), the center of a considerable Irish community, and was baptized in the same church. In 1858, Michael, Catherine, their children, and Michael's two older brothers, Nicholas and John, emigrated to Illinois, most probably by way of Montreal and the Great Lakes—a standard route for British subjects. They settled in Fairhaven, a farming community in northwestern Illinois, where Michael, who seems to have been the linchpin of the family, established a farm and employed his two brothers as laborers. In the United States Census of 1860, Michael was listed as a twenty-five-year-old farmer (he was actually thirty-one at the time), owning real estate worth eleven hundred and twenty dollars—a considerable sum in those days. In 1878, his son John M. Reagan, a grain-elevator worker who lived in nearby Fulton and was then twenty-four, married Jennie Cusick, the Canadian-born daughter of an Irish neighbor. John and Jennie died young, in 1889 (John probably of tuberculosis), and their orphaned son, six-year-old John Edward Reagan, was raised in Bennett, Iowa, by John's sister Margaret Baldwin, the wife of a drygoods merchant. In 1904, John Edward Reagan, an itinerant salesman who apparently fought a losing battle with alcohol all his life, married Nellie Wilson, the hard-headed daughter of a Scot named Thomas Wilson and an Englishwoman named Mary Ann Elsey, who was the daughter of Robert Elsey, of Essex County, England. Although Nellie was married in the Catholic church at Fulton, Illinois, she raised her two sons—Neil and Ronald—as Protestants, and they seem to be the first Protestant Reagans in the history of this particular family. The younger son, Ronald, is the fortieth President of the United States and the ninth chief executive of Irish descent.



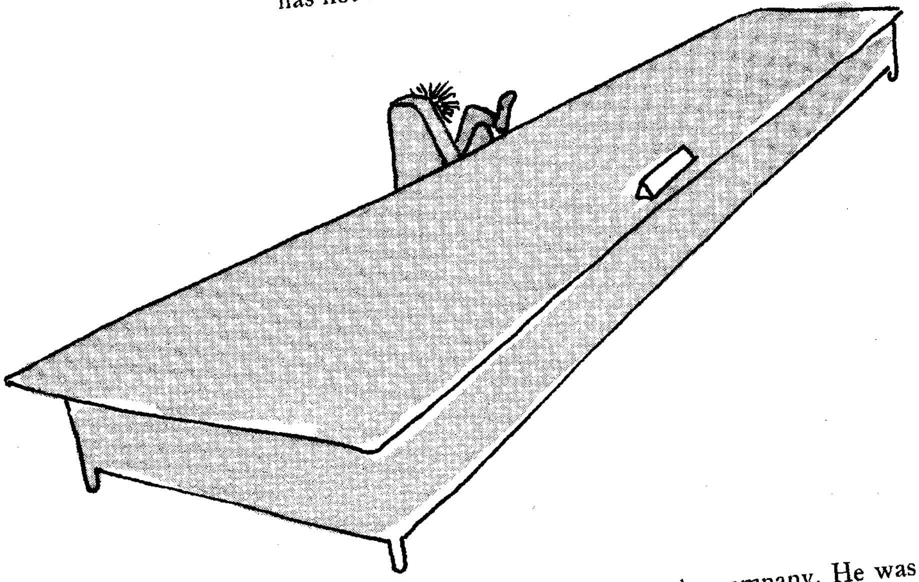
1. Admit that in U.S. buyers' minds a Korean-made small car is *not* the same as a Japanese-made small car—at least, not yet—and face the probability that the $399 price tag may have been a marketing boomerang all along. Stop selling imported Ichigongs, in short. And start developing a small *four*-wheeled Matterhorn.



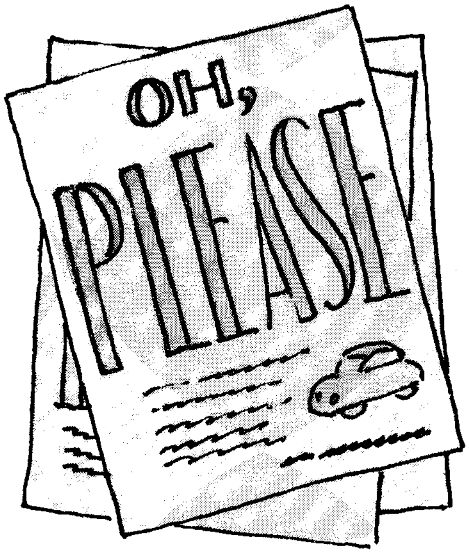
2. Recognize that things have changed since old F. F. Matterhorn and a few cronies were building cars one by one in the shed out near Vaporsville. A whole new definition of Chief Engineer is needed in the automotive world of today. If Ned has to take early retirement—so be it.



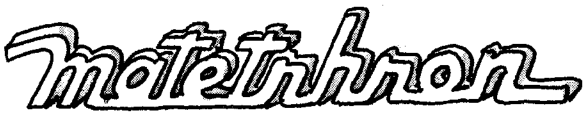
3. Matterhorn can't afford to operate plants working at 5% of capacity; shut down Mudburg No. 5. The future that was envisioned when this plant was built, back in '46, has not arrived and probably never will, because—face it—the flying-car boom has not arrived and probably never will.



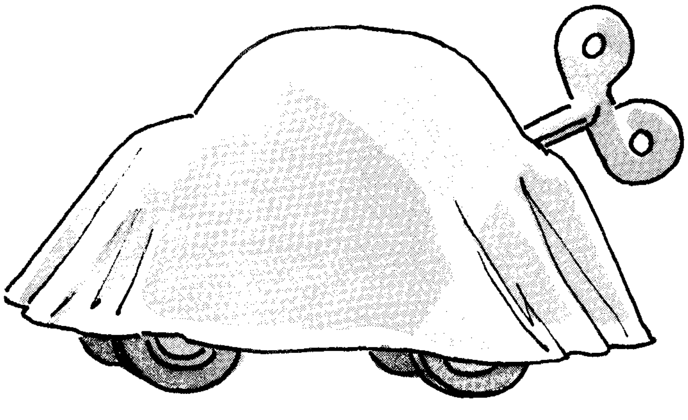
4. Find Freddie III a more meaningful niche in the company. He was probably brought back from New Zealand too soon; a year or two of troubleshooting in, say, the Finnish Parts & Service organization might help balance his operational overview and give him a better feel for just how the divisional structures work.



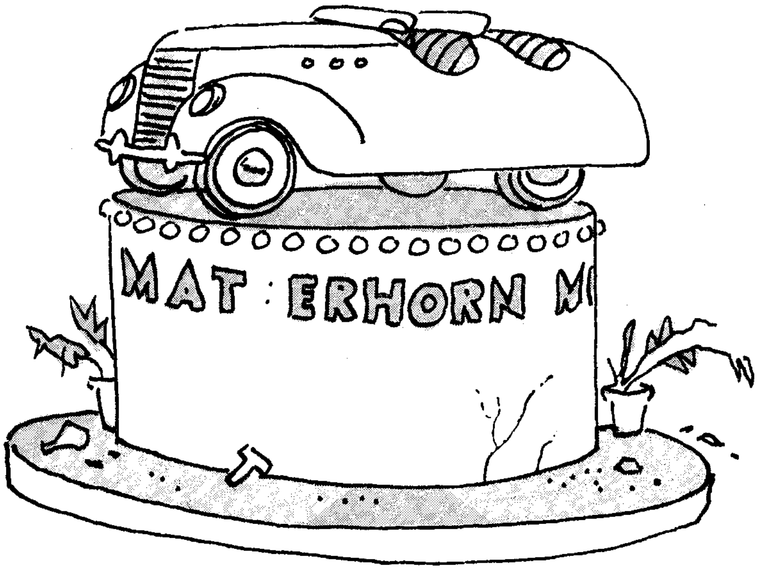
5. Scrap the current ad campaign and get cracking on a more aggressive approach. Buffoon & Lazenby has taken the underdog thing about as far as it can go without risking consumer backlash.



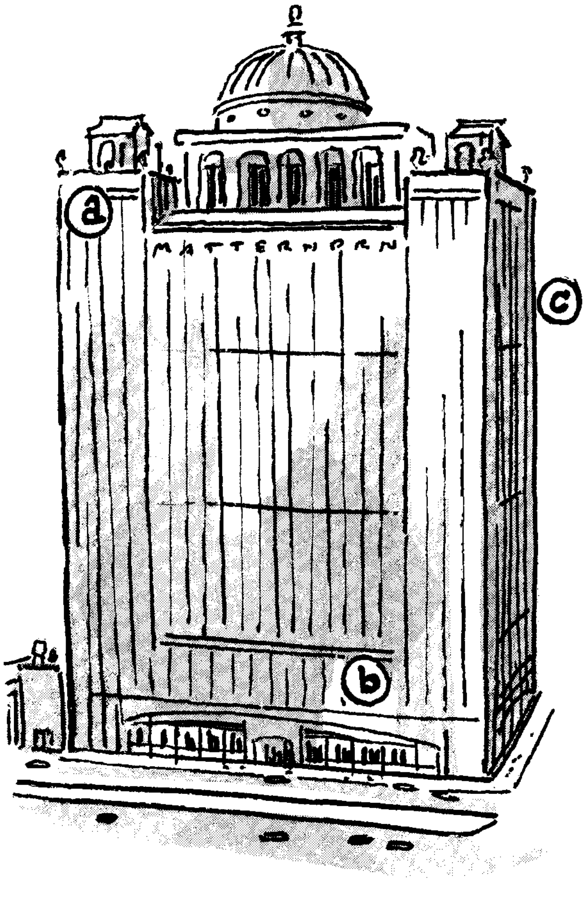
6. Get a better grip on quality control. Yes, 55 m.p.h. is sane on the highway, but isn't it a bit brisk for an assembly line? See what a difference electric light would make in the plants. Learn about blueprints. Understand that when Engineering calculates that every Matterhorn consists of 12,386 parts, Engineering means not some Matterhorns, or most Matterhorns, but *every* damn Matterhorn that comes off the line.



7. Junk the Q-Car project—*now*.



8. Wanting to amortize the brutal cost of a handmade show car is understandable—but speaking of brutal, what about those boos and catcalls at this year's Chicago Auto Show? Accept that the law of diminishing returns has set in and pull the whole "Dream-o-Rama" display off the auto-show circuit *forthwith*.



9. Centralize top management, pronto. Get people in this weekend to shift the offices of the Chairman (a), President (b), and Comptroller (c) to the same wing, if not to the same floor. Admission that top Matterhorn management had never actually met face to face prior to the Senate committee hearings was damaging to hopes for the loan.

—Bruce McCall

SISTER IMELDA

Sister Imelda did not take classes on her first day back in the convent, but we spied her in the grounds after the evening Rosary. All we could be certain of was that she was tall and limber, and that she prayed while she walked. No looking at nature for her, no curiosity about the seventy boarders in gabardine coats and black shoes and stockings.

We had returned from our long summer holiday and we were wretched. The convent, with its high stone wall and green iron gates, was more of a prison than ever after our spell in the outside world. My friend Baba and I were dreaming of our final escape, which would be in a year. And so on that damp autumn evening when I saw the chrysanthemums and saw the new nun intent on prayer I pitied her and thought how alone she must be, cut off from all friends and conversation, with only God as her spouse.

The next day she came into our classroom to teach geometry. Her pale long face I saw as formidable, but her eyes were blue-black and full of verve. Her lips were very purple, as if she had put puce pencil on them. They were the lips of a woman who might sing in a cabaret, and she had formed the habit of turning them inward as if she, too, was aware of their provocativeness. She had spent the last four years—the same span that Baba and I had spent in the convent—at the university in Dublin, where she studied languages. We couldn't understand how she had resisted the temptations of the hectic world and willingly come back to this. She was different from the other nuns: there was more bounce in her walk, more excitement in the way she tackled teaching. She began the day's class by reading from Cardinal Newman, who was a favorite of hers. She read how God dwelt in light unapproachable, and how with him there was neither change nor alteration. Yet it was amazing how her looks changed. When her eyes were flashing, she looked almost profane. She might have been a girl going to a dance except for her habit.

"Hasn't she wonderful eyes?" I said to Baba. That particular day, they were like blackberries, large and soft and shiny.

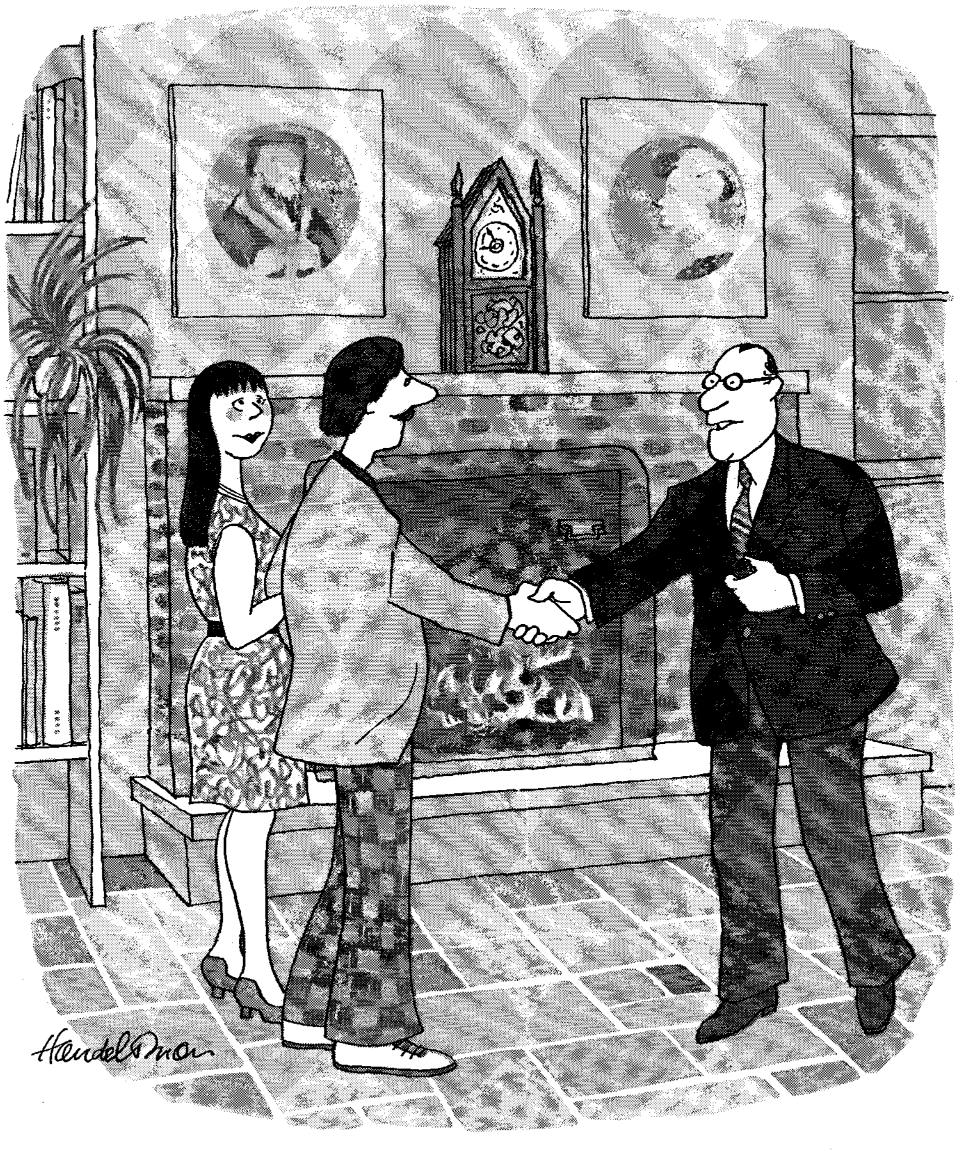
"Something wrong in her upstairs department," Baba said, and added that with makeup Imelda would be a cinch.

"Still, she has a vocation!" I said, and I aired the idiotic view that I might have one.

At certain moments it did seem enticing to become a nun, to lead a life unspotted by sin, never to have to have babies, to wear a ring that singled one out as the bride of Christ. But there was the other side to it: the silence, the gravity, having to genuflect and pray, having to get up two or three times a night, and, above all, having no opportunity of leaving the confines of the convent except for a funeral. For boarders it was torture, but for the nuns it was nothing short of doom. We could complain to each other, and we did—food being the source of the greatest grumbles. Lunch was bacon-and-cabbage or a stringy meat followed by tapioca pudding; tea consisted of bread dolloped with lard or occasionally, as a treat, green rhubarb jam that did not have enough sugar. Through the convent's long, curtainless windows we saw the conifer trees and a sky that was scarcely ever without the promise of rain.

Imelda was a right lunatic, Baba said, having gone to university for four years and willingly come back to poverty, chastity, and obedience.

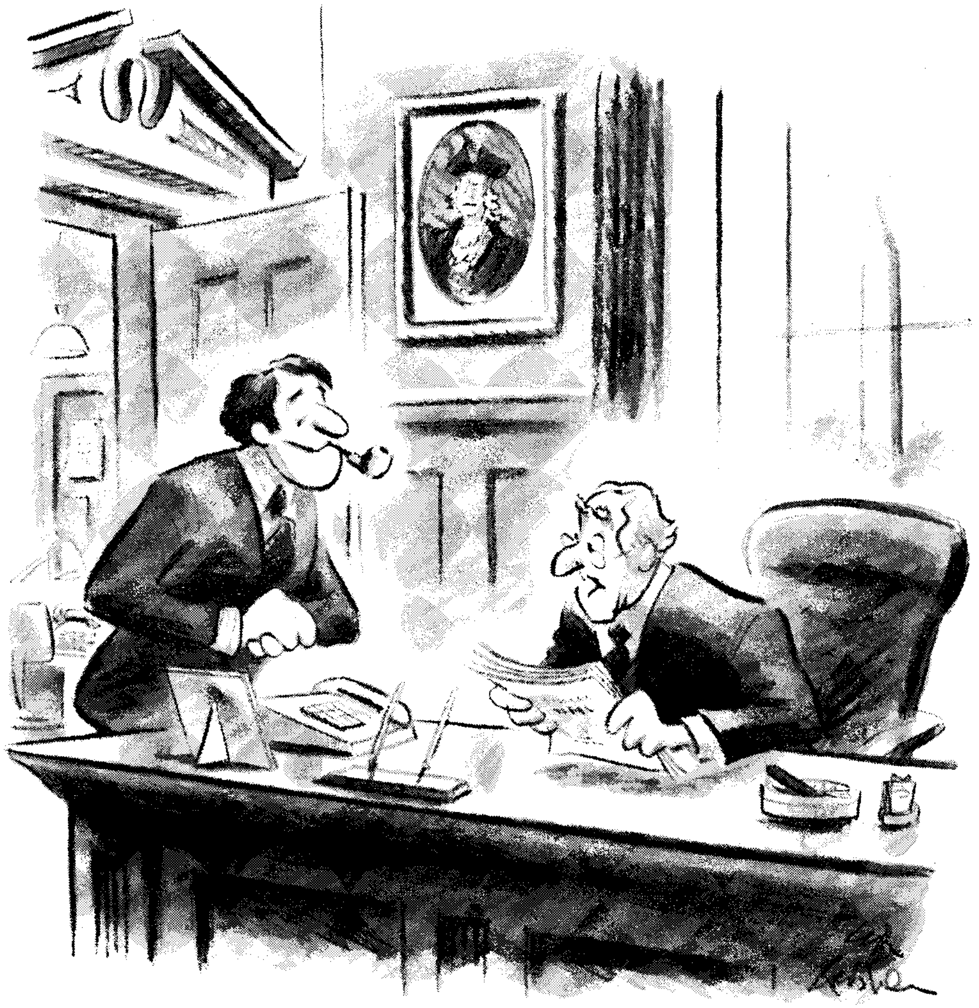
We concocted a scene of agony in some Dublin hostel, while a young man stood beneath her bedroom window throwing up chunks of clay as a supplication. In our version he was slightly older than Imelda, and possibly a medical student. His advances were inflamed and rose intermittently to overwhelm her, and would rack her with memories that she would never conquer. It was rumored that she possessed a fierce temper—that while a



"Well, young fellow, my daughter tells me you're a survivor. I'm not sure I like that."

postulant she had hit a girl so badly with a leather strap that the girl had to be put to bed. Her brother Ambrose, it was said, had been sued by a nurse for breach of promise.

The first morning Sister Imelda came into our classroom, she modestly introduced herself. She talked in a low voice, as if she did not want her words to go beyond the bounds of the walls, and constantly she stressed the value of work both to enlarge the mind and to discipline thought. One of her eyelids was red and swollen, as if she was getting a sty. I guessed that she overmortified herself by not eating. I saw in her some premonition of terrible sacrifice that I would have to emulate. But when she absently held the stick of chalk between her first and second finger, the very same as if it were a cigarette, Baba whispered to me that in Dublin she must have been a chain smoker. Sister Imelda looked sharply at me and asked what was the secret and would I like to share it since it seemed so comical. I said, "Nothing, Sister, nothing," and I prayed she would never have occasion to punish me.



"What's this? A just completed staff study proposing that I introduce a bill to broaden eligibility for increased social-welfare programs? My God, Bigelow, where have you been?"

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NOVEMBER came, and the tiled walls of the recreation hall oozed moisture and gloom. Girls who had sore throats were told to mortify themselves in order to lend a glorious hand in that communion of spirit that linked the living with the dead. It was the month of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory. Some girls gave up sweets, and some gave up talking and at recreation period were like dummies, making signs with thumb and finger to merely say "How are you?" Baba said that saner people were locked in the lunatic asylum a mile away.

Yet in the thick of all this sacrifice I found myself becoming dreadfully happy. I had met Sister Imelda outside of class a few times. Once, it was on the lawn, and she did a reckless thing. She broke off a chrysanthemum and offered it to me to smell. The chrysanthemum had no smell, or at the most only something faint that suggested autumn. Another time we met on the chapel porch, and as she drew her shawl more tightly around her body I felt how human she was, prey to the cold. In the classroom things were not so congenial between us. Geometry was my worst subject. One day she called me up to the blackboard to draw a triangle and work out a theorem. I could scarcely hold the chalk, so awkward did I feel, and, as for working out the theorem, that was an impossibility. "Think," she said. "Think." I hung my head at her words, and all of a sudden, in her rage, she picked up the blackboard eraser and hurled it at me, showering me with chalk dust. Girls gasped at the savagery of her temper. I felt a fool, but I also felt in imminent danger of sneezing as I inhaled the chalk. Suddenly she fled the room, leaving us ten minutes free until the next class. One girl said it was a disgrace, said I should write home and say I had been assaulted. "We could get her defrocked," Baba said, and urged me to in God's name sit down. But all I wanted was to run after Sister Imelda and to say that I was sorry, and I think I must have known that her anger had as much to do with liking as it did with dislike.

That evening, at Benediction, the choir nuns were in full soaring form and the rows of candles were like so many little ladders to the golden chalice, which glittered all the more because of the beams of fitful flames. A new holy picture had been put in my prayer book, and before I dared look at the back to see who had given it to me I felt and guessed that this was no ordinary picture from an ordinary girl friend, that this was a talisman and a peace offering from Sister Imelda. It was a pale-blue picture, so pale that it was almost gray, like the down of a pigeon, and it showed a Mother beholding an Infant Child. On the back, in her beautiful ornate handwriting, she had written a verse:

Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee,
Trust Him when thy faith is small.
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all.

This was her atonement. She had located the compartment in the chapel where I kept my prayer book—and to think that she had gone so far as to write in it and give me a chance to boast about it and to show it to other girls! When I thanked her next day, she bowed but she did not speak. The nuns were on silence and only permitted to talk during class.

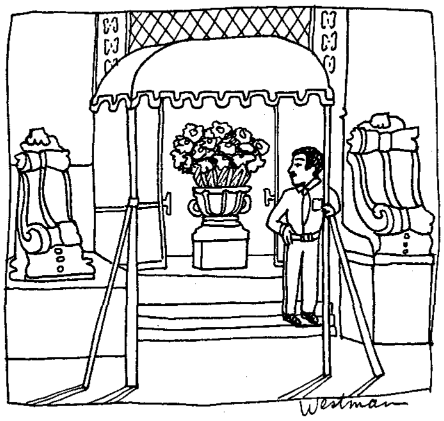
In no time I had received another present—a miniature prayer book with a leather cover and gold edging. The prayers were in French and the letters so minute it was as if a tiny insect had fashioned them. Soon I was publicly known as Sister Imelda's pet. I opened doors for her, raised the blackboard two pegs higher (she was taller than other nuns), and handed out the exercise books that she had corrected. In the margins of my geometry proofs I would find "Good," or "Excellent," when in the past she used to splash "Disgraceful." Baba said it was treacherous to be a nun's pet and that any girl who sucked up to a nun could not be trusted.

IN December, Sister Imelda asked me to carry her books up four flights of stairs to the school's kitchen. She taught cookery to a junior class. As she walked ahead of me, I thought how supple she was, and when she paused on the landing to look out through the long curtainless windows I, too, paused. Down below, in the street, two women in suède boots were chatting and smoking. Nearby a lay nun was on her knees scrubbing the granite steps, and the cold air was full of the smell of raw Jeyes Fluid. There was a potted plant on the landing, and Sister Imelda put her fingers in the earth and shook her head, saying it needed water. I said I would water it later. I was happy in my prison then, happy to be near her, happy to walk behind her as she twirled her beads and bowed to the lay nun. I no longer counted the days, on a pocket calendar, until the Christmas holidays.

"Come back at five," Sister Imelda said as she stood on the threshold of the kitchen. Girls in white coveralls stood around the long wooden table waiting for her. It was as if every girl was in love with her. As she entered, their faces broke into smiles. She must have liked cookery class; she called to someone—anyone—to get up a blazing fire. Then she went across to the wrought-iron stove and spat on it to test its temperature. It was hot, and her spit rose up and sizzled.

When I returned later, she was sitting on the edge of the table, swinging her legs. There was something reckless about her pose, something defiant. It seemed as if any minute she would take out a cigarette case, snap it open, and then offer me a cigarette. The wonderful smell of baking made me realize how hungry I was, but it also brought memories of my own home, my mother testing orange cakes with a knitting needle and letting me lick the half-baked dough down the length of the needle.

"I bet you have a sweet tooth," Sister Imelda said, and she jumped down, crossed to a counter, and from under a wonderful shining silver cloche produced two jam tarts with a crisscross design, where the pastry latticed the dark jam. The tarts were still warm.



"What will I do with them?" I asked.

"Eat them, you goose," she said, and she watched as if she herself derived pleasure from my eating.

I was embarrassed by the pastry's crumbling and the bits of blackberry jam staining my lips. Inherent in the pleasure was the terrible sense of danger. She had a white coverall over her black habit, and this made her warmer, freer, and caused me to think of the happiness that would be ours if she and I were away from the convent, in an ordinary kitchen. But we weren't. It was clear to me then that my pleasure was inextricable from pain and that they existed side by side.

"Had you a friend when you were in Dublin at university?" I asked daringly.

"I shared a desk with a sister from Howth and stayed in the same hostel," she said.

GATHERING KINDLING

I pick up the fallen branches,
receive pleasure from their rising
stack on our front porch. We're short
of wood this year, and a little
else. Like time for our affections,
though we hardly speak of them.

The ash tree seems to suffer less
its loss; its name assumes
its purpose then: to burn and yet
return to bloom. I can't decide
how we're alike or not in what we need,
though we're joined longer than we remember,

and most others. In the wedding photos
we're drunk with pleasure and a little fear.
We suspected the future, etched in our faces,
would not be known. Where we were born the trees
were small enough to step on, few enough
to count. We've arrived at a different place.

The November countryside's not pastoral,
nor is it barren yet. The grass, shades
of brown and green, the leafless trees
sway and breathe with wind. So we gather
by the wood stove, warm our hands on logs
I started up with twigs. I'm a little too proud

of them and us, and not sure enough our store
will keep us from those storms Maine winters bring.

—IRA SADOFF

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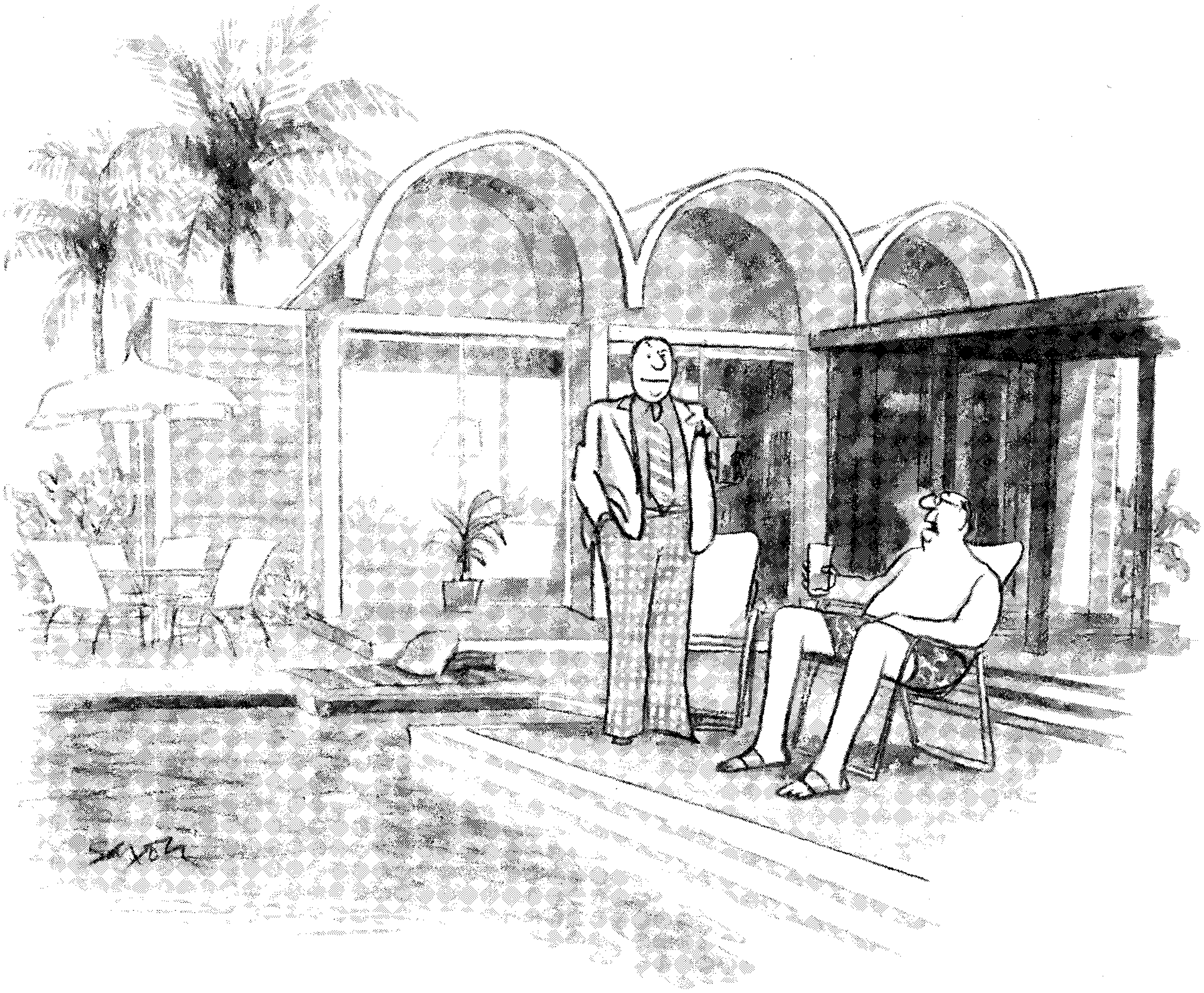

"I'll tell you what I call it, Jenson. I call it the art of living."

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But what about boys, I thought. And what of your life now, and do you long to go out into the world? But I could not say it. I knew something of the nuns' routine: the itchy wool underwear, the dry bread for breakfast, the hours of strict silence, the constant vigil on their thoughts. They slept on hard beds, with no sheets and with horsehair blankets. At four o'clock in the morning, while we slept, each nun got out of bed in her habit—which would one day be her death habit—and, chanting, they flocked down the wooden stairs to fling themselves on the tiled floor of the cold, unlit chapel. Each nun—even the Mother Superior—lay in total submission, saying her prayers in Latin, offering up her thoughts to God. Then silently she returned to her cell for one more hour of rest. It was not difficult to imagine Sister Imelda face downward, arms outstretched, prostrate on the tiled floor. I had heard the chanting when I wakened suddenly from a nightmare, because, although we slept in a different building, the dormitories adjoined. I heard that monotonous Latin chanting long before the birds began, long before our own bell summoned us to rise at six.

"Do you eat nice food?" I asked.

"Of course," she said, and smiled. She sometimes broke into a merry smile, which she tried to conceal.

"Have you ever thought of what you will be?" she asked.

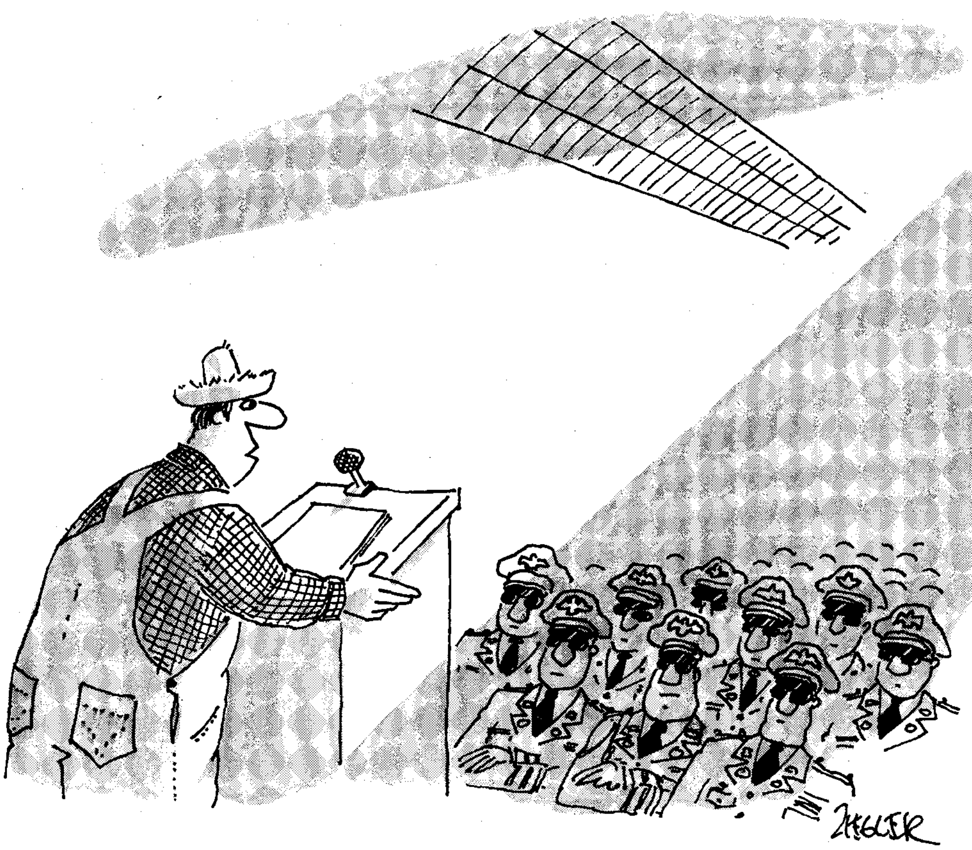
I shook my head. My hopes changed from day to day.

She looked at her man's silver pocket watch and closed the damper of the range. She made sure that all the wall presses were locked by running her hand over them.

"Sister," I called, gathering courage at last. "What color hair have you?"

"You shouldn't ask such a thing," she said, pink in the face, and then she whispered, "I'll tell you on your last day here, provided your geometry has improved." With that she left the room.

She had scarcely gone when Baba, who must have been lurking behind some pillar, stuck her head in the door and said, "Christ sake, save me a bit." She finished the second pastry, then went around, looking in the drawers. She found some sugar in a china shaker. She ate a little and threw the remainder into the dying fire, so that it



"I am here tonight, gentlemen, to speak to you not of guns but of, God help me, butter."

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flared up for a minute with a yellow spluttering flame.

I DID not speak to Sister Imelda again in private until the evening of our Christmas theatricals. She came to help us put on makeup and get into our costumes and fancy headgear. The costumes were kept in a trunk from one year to the next, and, though sumptuous and strewn with braiding and gold, they smelled of camphor. Yet as we donned them we felt different, and as we sponged pancake makeup onto our faces we became saucy, adding dark pencil to the eyes, and bright orange lipstick. There was only one tube of lipstick, and each girl clamored for it. The evening's entertainment was to consist of scenes from Shakespeare and humorous skits. I had been chosen to recite Mark Antony's lament over Caesar's body, and for this I was to wear a purple toga, white knee socks, and patent-leather shoes with buckles. The shoes were too big, and I moved in them as if in clogs. Sister Imelda said to take them off, to go barefoot. In my efforts to memorize my speech the words were getting all askew, flying about in my head like the separate pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Sister Imelda must have sensed my panic. Very slowly she put her hand to my cheek and enjoined me to look at her. Her eyes seemed fathomless as she willed me to be calm. The lights were being lowered out in the recreation hall; all the nuns had arrived, had settled themselves, and were eagerly awaiting this annual entertainment. There was a fearsome hush as the hall went dark and the spotlights turned on. Sister Imelda kissed her crucifix, and I realized that she was praying for me.

Baba said afterward that I bawled like a bloody bull, but Sister Imelda, who stood in the wings, said that she had felt the streets of Rome and seen the corpse of Caesar as I delivered those poignant, distempered lines. When I came offstage, she put her arms around me and I was encased in a shower of silent kisses. Later, when we had taken down the decorations and put the fancy clothes back in the trunk, I gave her two half-pound boxes of chocolates—bought for me illicitly by one of the day girls—and she gave me a casket made from the insides of matchboxes and covered over with gilt paint and gold dust. It was like holding moths and finding that their powder adhered to your fingers.

"What will you do on Christmas Day, Sister?" I said.

"I'll pray for you," she said.

It was useless to say "Will you have turkey?" or "Will you have plum pudding?" or "Will you loll in bed?," because I believed that her Christmas Day would be as bleak and deprived as any other day in her life. Yet she was radiant, as if such austerity were manna.

ON a cold snowy afternoon three weeks later, when we returned from our holidays, Sister Imelda came up to the dormitory to welcome me back. All the other girls had gone down to the recreation hall to dance reels, and I could hear someone banging on the piano. I did not want to go down and clump around with sixty-nine other girls, having nothing to look forward to, only tea and the Rosary and early bed. The beds were damp after our stay at home, and when I put my hand between the sheets it was like feeling dew but did not have the sweetness of outdoors. What depressed me further was that I had seen a mouse in one of the cupboards, seen its tail curl with terror as it slipped away into a crevice. If there was one mouse, there were God knows how many, and the cakes we hid in secret would not be safe. I was still unpacking as she came down the narrow passage between the rows of iron beds, and I saw in her walk some purpose.

"You've curled your hair," she said, offended.

For a second I remembered the scalding pain as the trickles of ammonia dribbled down my forehead and then the joy as the hairdresser said that she would make me look like Movita, a Mexican film star. Now, suddenly, I wanted to take a brush and straighten my hair and revert to the gawky sombre girl that I had been. I offered Sister Imelda iced queen cakes that my mother had made, but she refused them and said she could only stay a second. She was lending me a notebook she had had as a pupil, into which she had copied favorite quotations—some religious, some not. I read at random:

> Twice or thrice had I loved thee
> Before I knew thy face or name.
> So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame
> Angels affect us oft.

"Are you well?" I asked.

She looked pale. It may have been the day, which was wretched and gray with sleet, or it may have been the white bedspreads, but she appeared to be ailing.

"I missed you," she said.

"Me, too," I said.

At home, gorging, eating trifle at all hours, even for breakfast, having little ratafias to dip in cups of tea, fitting on new shoes and tan stockings, I had wished that she could be with us, enjoying the fire and the freedom.

"You know it is not proper," she said.

"It's not wrong," I said.

I dreaded that she might turn away from me. I dreaded it and knew it was going to happen.

"We must not become attached," she said, and I could not say we already were, any more than I could remind her of the day of the Christmas revels. Convents were dungeons, and no doubt about it.

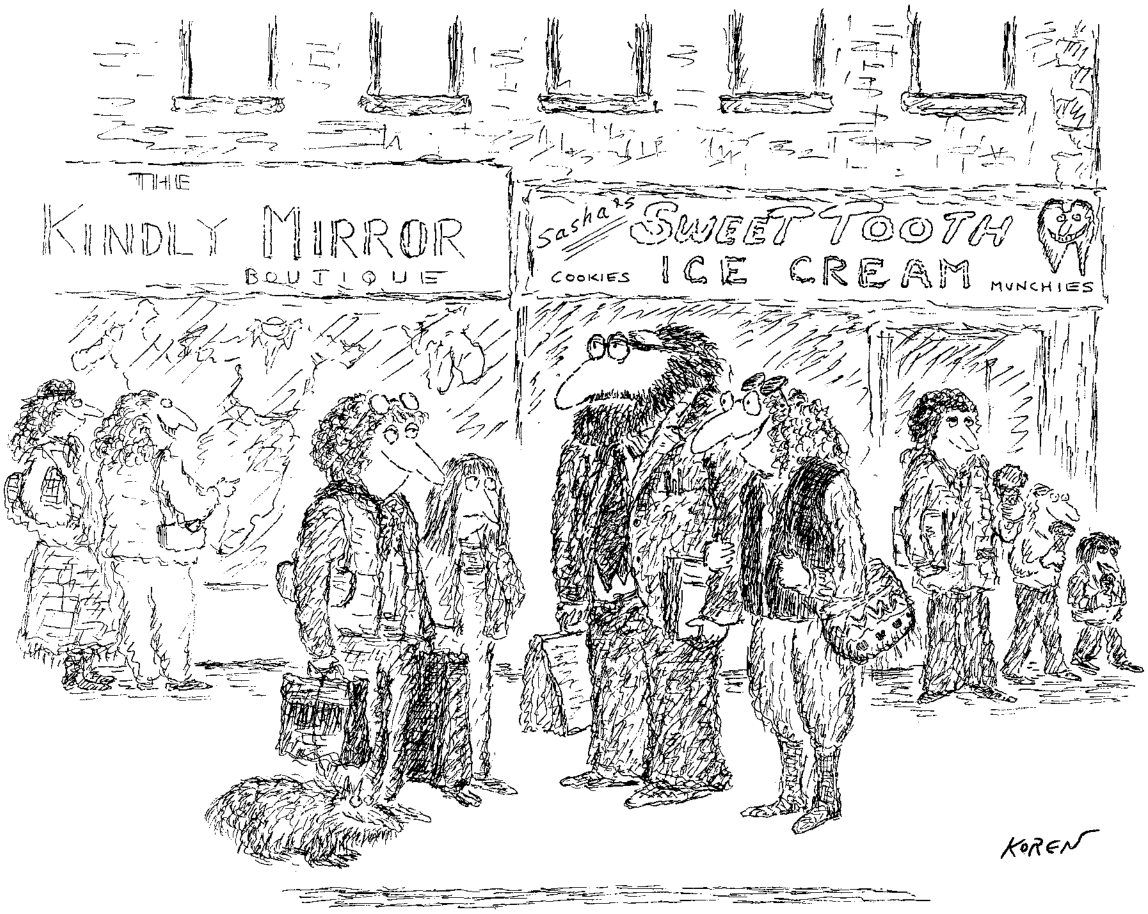
FROM then on, Sister Imelda said my name sharply in class, and once she said that if I must cough could I wait until her class had finished. Baba was delighted. Yet I knew that this was part of her love, because no matter how callously she looked at me, she would occasionally melt. Reading her notebook helped me, and I copied out her quotations into my own book, trying as accurately as possible to imitate her handwriting.

But then in February, when she came to supervise our study hall one evening, I got a smile from Sister Imelda as she sat on the rostrum looking down at us all. I continued to look up at her, and by slightly frowning I indicated that I had a problem with my geometry. She beckoned to me and I went up, bringing my copybook and pen, and stood close to her. Because her guimpe was crooked, I saw one of her eyebrows for the first time. She saw that I noticed it and said did that satisfy my curiosity. I said not really. She said what else did I want to see—her swan's neck perhaps?—and I went scarlet at her impropriety. I was so close to her that a rumble in her stomach seemed to be taking place in my own, and she laughed. It occurred to me for one terrible moment that she had decided to leave the convent—to jump over the wall. Having done my theorem for me, she marked it "One hundred out of one hundred" and then asked if I had any other problems. My eyes filled with tears. Her recent coolness had wrought havoc with my nerves.

"What is it?" she said.

I could cry and I could tremble, but I could not tell her. As if on cue, the Mother Superior came into the study hall. She frowned as she approached the rostrum. "Would you please go back to your desk," she said, "and in future kindly allow Sister Imelda to get on with her duties."

FOR weeks I tried to see Sister Imelda in private, and I lurked outside doors to classes where I knew she was due, only to be rebuffed again and again. I suspected that the Reverend Mother had warned her against me. But I still clung to a belief that a bond existed between us and that her coldness was a charade, a mask. I would wonder how she felt alone in bed and what way she slept and if she thought of me, or, refusing to think of me, if she dreamed of me, as I did of her. Alas, Sister Imelda grew thinner, and her nun's silver ring slipped easily



"I spent most of my time this summer gardening and cooking, and Charles answered his mail."

and sometimes unavoidably off her finger.

One day in March the sun came out, the radiators were turned off, and, though there was a lashing wind, we were told that spring had arrived. We all put on our gym suits and trooped up to the playing field, and to my amazement I saw that Sister Imelda was already there, waiting for us. The daffodils in the field tossed and turned, and they were a very glaring yellow compared to the little timid snowdrops that swooned in the wind. We played rounders, and when my turn came to hit the ball with the long wooden paddle I crumpled and missed, fearing that the ball would hit me.

"Champion, champion," said Baba, jeering.

After three such failures, Sister Imelda suggested that if I liked I could sit and watch.

I was sitting in the greenhouse swallowing my shame when she came in and said that I must not give way to tears—humiliation was the greatest test of Christ's love, or, indeed, any love. "When you are a nun you will know that," Sister Imelda said, and instantly I made up my mind that I would be a nun and that though we might never be free to express our feelings we would be under the same roof, in the same cloister.

"Is it very hard at first?" I asked.

"It's awful," she said, and she slipped a little medal into my gym-suit pocket. The medal was warm from being in her pocket, and I knew that once again we were near and that in fact we had never been severed.

Walking down from the playing field to our Sunday lunch of mutton and cabbage, everyone chattered to Sister Imelda. Girls milled around her, linking her, trying to hold her hand, counting the various keys on her bunch of keys, and asking impudent questions:

"Sister, did you ever ride a motor bicycle?"

"Sister, did you ever wear seamless stockings?"

"Sister, who's your favorite film star—male!"

"Sister, what's your favorite food?"

"Sister, if you had a wish, what would it be?"

"Sister, what do you do when you want to scratch your head?"

Yes, she had ridden a motor bicycle, and she had worn silk stockings but they were seamed. She liked bananas best, and if she had a wish it would be to go home for a few hours to see her parents and her brother.

DAWN: WHAT I MIGHT HAVE DREAMED

It always has to begin
With sky, with whatever light
There is, a skirl of clouds—
Morning is there
And I have to care about it.
It is a letter someone sends

To a lover who never answers.
Out the window, past
The field I live at the edge of,
A farmer's wife
Is crying in her sleep.
The bedroom lightens,

Her husband wakes, sees
The tears again.
They pool in her closed eyes.
What can he do? It is the dream
She has had since childhood,
The one she will never

Speak of except to say,
No, you were not in it.
It was not you.
He turns away, knows
She will not wake till it ends.
Everything in this light

Is far away—the cattle
In the field, the farmhouse on the hill—
But the light is very clear.
I see the door
Of the farmhouse darken,
See the small shape

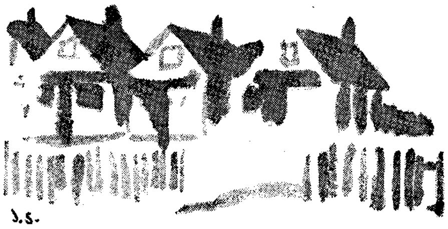
Of the farmer come out.
He walks toward the barn
But stops in the open, stands
Still, raises both arms
Toward the sky where,
In the illusion of great distances,

Two small planes, sunbursts,
Approach, collide.

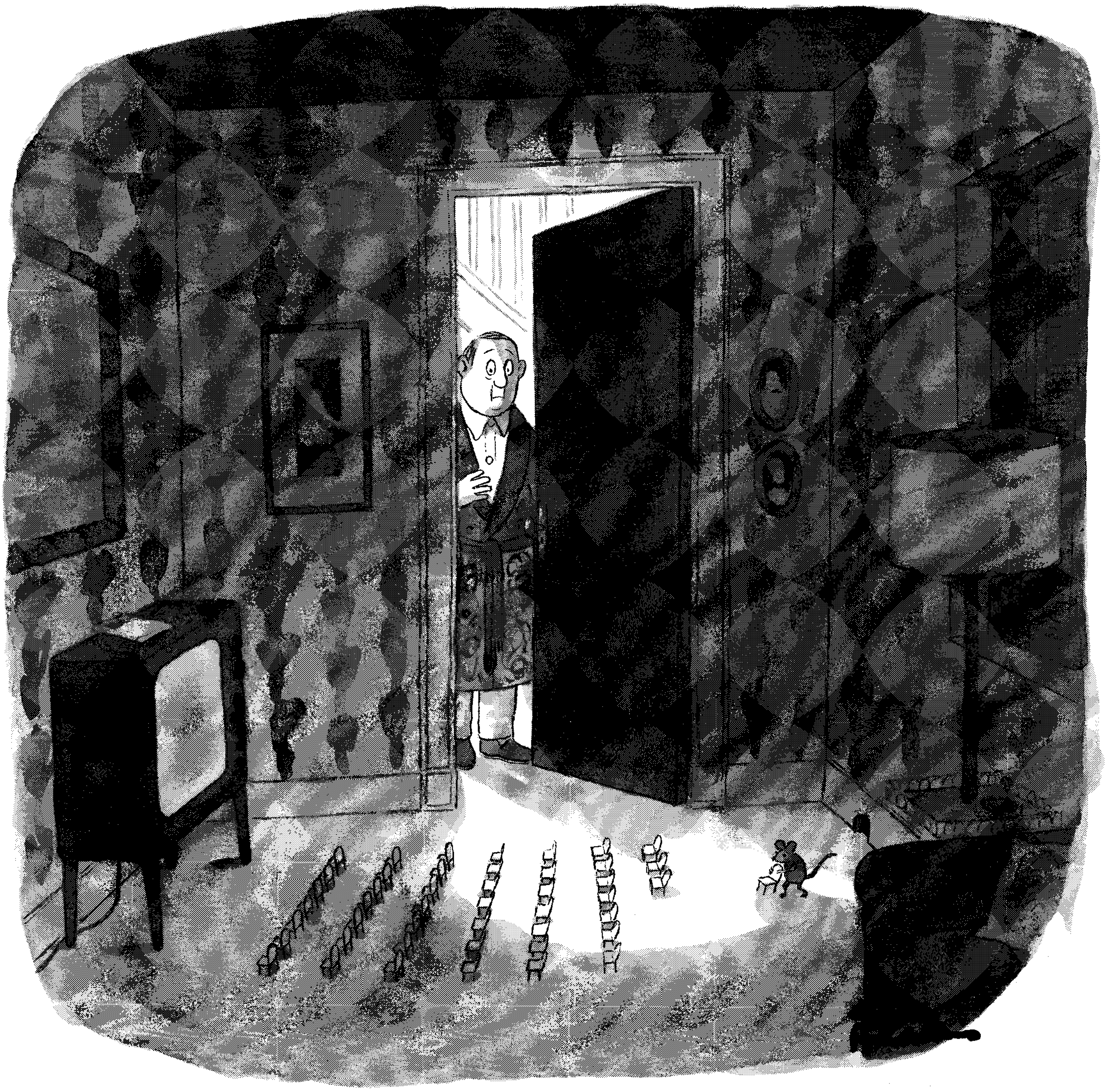
—T. R. Hummer

• •

THAT afternoon, as we walked through the town, the sight of closed shops with porter barrels outside and mongrel dogs did not dispel my refound ecstasy. The medal was in my pocket, and every other second I would touch it for confirmation. Baba saw a Swiss roll in a confectioner's window which was laid on a doily and dusted with powdered sugar, and it made her cry out with hunger and rail against being in a bloody reformatory, surrounded by drips and mopes. On impulse she took her nail file out of her pocket and dashed across to the window to see if she could cut the glass. The prefect rushed up from the back of the line and asked Baba if she wanted to be locked up.



"I am anyhow," Baba said, and sawed at one of her nails, to maintain her independence and vent her spleen.



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Baba was the only girl who could stand up to a prefect. When she felt like it, she dropped out of a walk, sat on a stone wall, and waited until we all came back. She said that if there was one thing more boring than studying it was walking. She would roll down her stockings and examine her calves and say that she could see varicose veins coming from this bloody daily walk. Her legs, like all our legs, were black from the dye of the stockings, and we were forbidden to bathe, because baths were immoral. We washed each night from an enamel basin beside our beds. When girls splashed cold water onto their chests, they let out cries of shock, though this was forbidden.

After the walk we wrote home. We were allowed to write home once a week; our letters were always censored. I told my mother that I had made up my mind to be a nun, and asked if she could send me bananas when a batch arrived at our local grocery shop. That evening, perhaps as I wrote my mother on ruled white paper, a telegram arrived: Sister Imelda's brother had been killed in a van, on his way home from a hurling match. Before evening devotions the Mother Superior announced the death, and asked us to pray for his soul and to write letters of sympathy to Sister Imelda's parents. We all wrote identical letters; in our first year at school we had been given specimen letters for various occasions, and we all referred back to our specimen letter of sympathy.

Next day the town hired car drove up to the convent and Sister Imelda, accompanied by another nun, went home for the funeral. Her eyes were swollen, and she wore a heavy knitted shawl over her shoulders. Although she came back that same night (I stayed awake to hear the car), we did not see her for a whole week, except to catch a glimpse of her back in the chapel. When she resumed class, she was peaky and distant, making no reference at all to her recent tragedy.

THE day the bananas came, I waited outside the door after class and gave her a bunch wrapped in tissue paper. Some were still a little green, and she said that she would give them to Mother Superior to put in the greenhouse to ripen. I foresaw that Sister Imelda would never taste them; they would be kept for a visiting priest or bishop.

"Oh, Sister, I'm sorry about your brother," I said, in a burst.

"It will come to us all, sooner or later," Sister Imelda said dolefully.

I dared to touch her wrist. She walked away quickly, being on the verge of tears.

In class she was often irritable after that, and she had a boil on her cheek. She missed some geometry classes and was replaced in the kitchen by a younger nun. Each time she came down a corridor toward me, I was obliged to turn the other way. Now Baba or some other girl moved the blackboard two pegs higher and spread her shawl, when wet, over the radiator to dry.

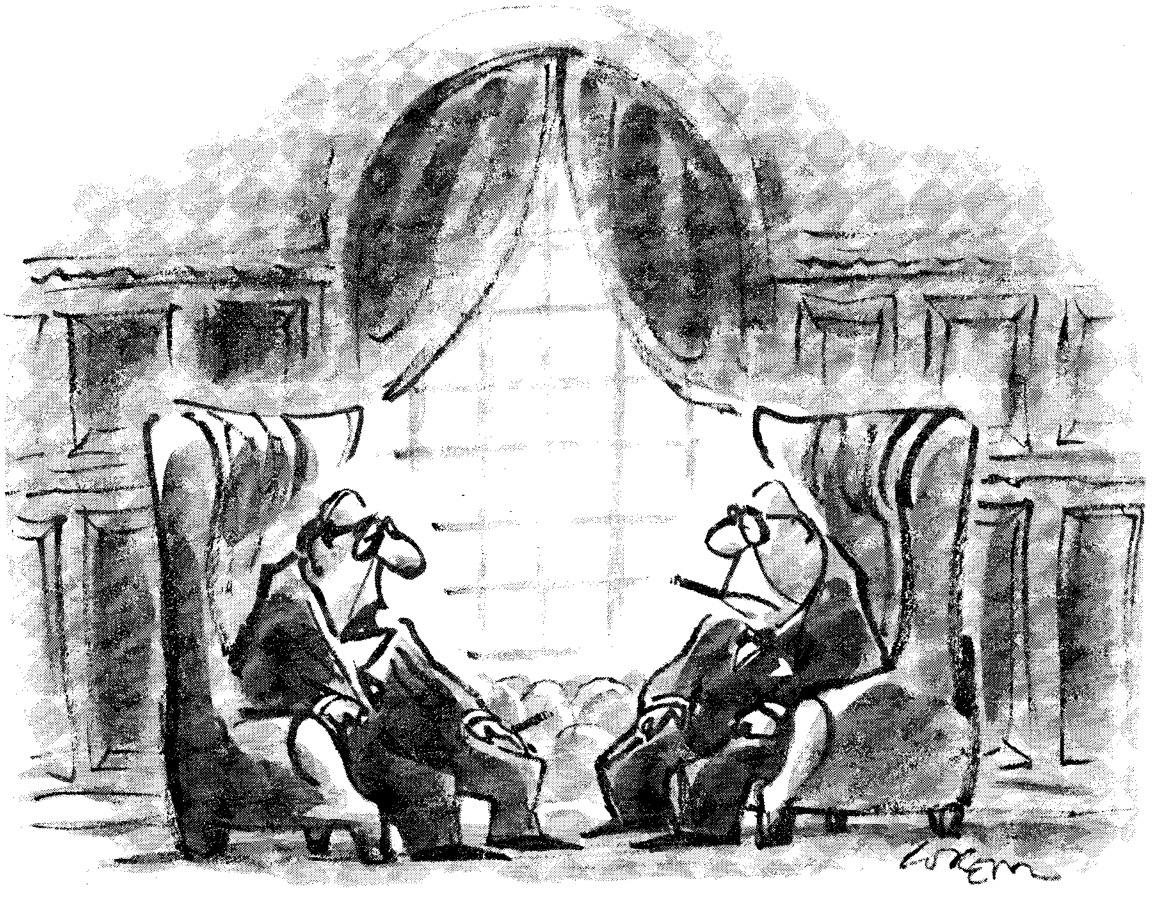
At the end of March I got flu and was put to bed. Sickness in the convent always took the same bleak course: a cup of hot senna delivered in person by the Reverend Mother, who stood there while I drank it; tea at lunchtime, with thin slices of brown bread; hours of just lying there surveying the empty dormitory, the empty iron beds with white counterpanes, the metal crucifixes laid on each white, frilled pillow slip. I knew that Sister Imelda would miss me and I hoped that Baba would tell her where I was. I counted the number of tiles from the ceiling to the head of my bed, thought of my mother at home on the farm mixing hen feed, thought of my father, losing his temper, perhaps, and stamping on the kitchen floor with nailed boots, and I recalled the money owing for my school fees and hoped that Sister Imelda would never get to hear of it. During Christmas holidays I had seen a bill sent by the Reverend Mother to my father which said, "Please remit this week without fail." I hated being in bed, causing extra trouble and reminding the Reverend Mother of my unpaid tuition. We had no clock in the dormitory, so there was no way of knowing the time, but the hours dragged.

That first afternoon, one of the lay sisters came to take off the counterpanes at five and brought me two gifts from Sister Imelda—an orange and a pencil sharpener. I kept the orange in my hand, smelling it, and planning how I would thank her. Thinking of her, I fell into a feverish sleep, and I was wakened when the girls came to bed at ten and switched on the various ceiling lights.

AT Easter, Sister Imelda warned me not to give her chocolates, so I got her a flashlight instead and two spare batteries. Pleased with such a useful gift (perhaps she read poems in bed), she put her arms round me and allowed one cheek to touch mine. As I drove down the convent drive with Baba, Sister Imelda waved to me from the window of her cell.

The last term at school, study intensified for the examinations that loomed at the end of June. Like all the other nuns, Sister Imelda thought only of these examinations. She crammed us with knowledge, lost her temper, and gritted her teeth whenever the blackboard was too greasy to take the imprint of the chalk. If ever I met her in the corridor, she would ask if I knew such-and-such a theorem, and coming down from Sunday games she would go over various problems with us.

The fateful examination days arrived, and we sat at single desks supervised by some woman from Dublin. Opening a locked trunk, she took out the pink examination papers and distributed them. Geometry was on



"Between us, Flaster, there are two things I never did understand—arbitrage and dames."

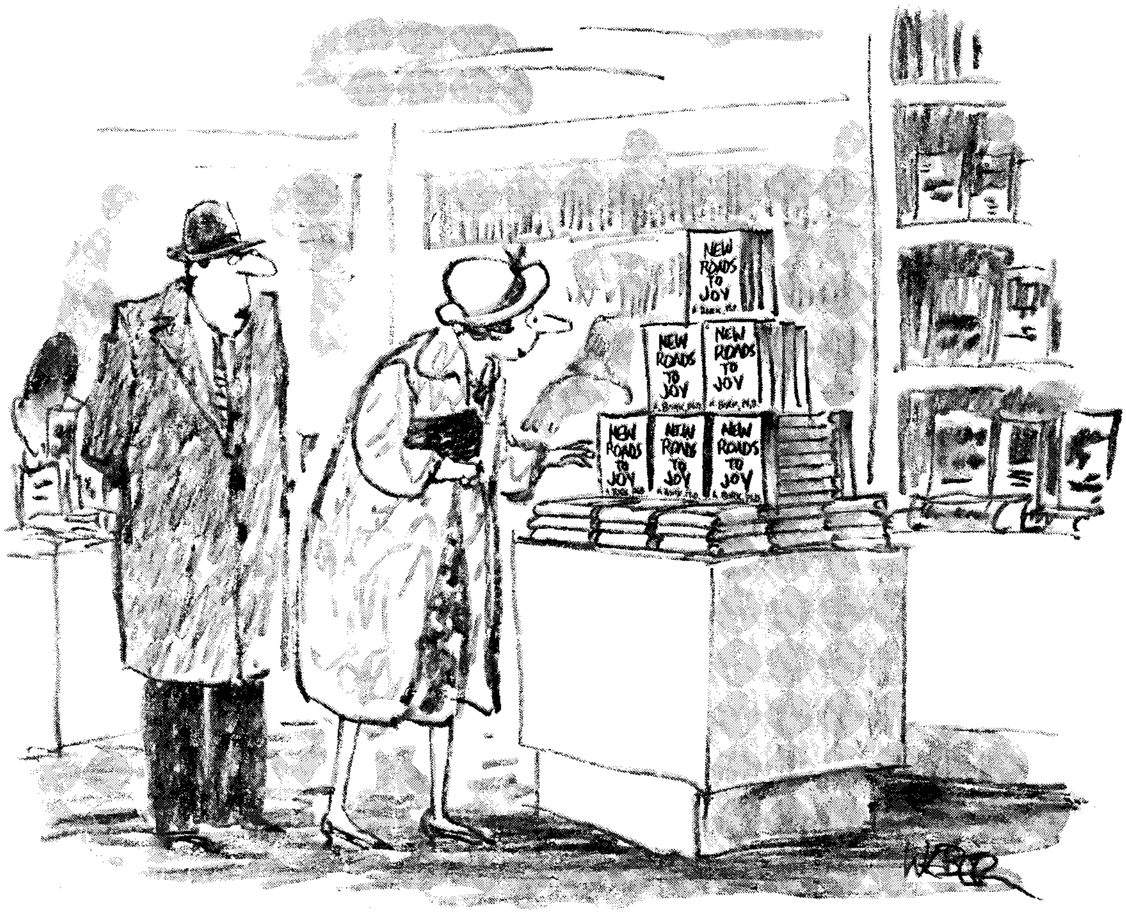
the fourth day. When we came out, Sister Imelda was in the hall with all the answers, eagerly asking each girl how she had done. Afterward, she called me aside and we went up toward the kitchen and sat on the stairs while she went over the examination with me, question for question. I knew that I had three right and two wrong, but I did not tell her.

"It is black," she said then, rather suddenly.

I thought she meant the dark light where we were sitting. "It's cool, though," I said.

Summer had come; our white skins baked under the heavy uniforms, and dark-violet pansies bloomed in the convent grounds. Sister Imelda looked well again and her pale skin was once more unblemished.

"My hair," she whispered, "is black." And she told me how she had spent her last night before entering the convent. She had gone cycling with a boy and ridden for miles, and they'd lost their way up a mountain and she was afraid she would be home so late that she would oversleep next morning. It was understood between us that I was to enter the convent in September and that I could have a last fling, too.



"You don't need another book about how to be happy. You are happy."

• •

TWO days later, we prepared to go home. There were farewells and outlandish promises, and autograph books to sign, and girls trudging up to the recreation hall, their cases bursting open with clothes and books. Baba scattered biscuit crumbs in the dormitory for the mice, and stuffed all her prayer books under a mattress. Her father had promised to collect us at four. I had arranged with Sister Imelda secretly that I would meet her on one of the walks, where we would spend our last half hour together. I expected that she would tell me something of what my life as a postulant would be like. But Baba's father came an hour early. He had something urgent to do and came at three. All I could do was ask a lay sister to take a note to Sister Imelda. I wrote:

Remembrance is all I ask,
But if remembrance should prove a task
Forget me.

I hated Baba, hated her busy father, hated the thought of my mother standing in the doorway in her good dress, welcoming me home at last.

I WROTE to Sister Imelda that night, and again next day, and then every week for a month. Her letters were censored, so I tried to convey my feelings indirectly. In one of her letters to me (they were allowed one letter a month) she said that she looked forward to seeing me in September. But by September Baba and I had left for the university in Dublin. I stopped writing to Sister Imelda then, reluctant to tell her that I no longer wished to be a nun.

In Dublin Baba and I enrolled at the same university that Sister Imelda had attended. I saw her maiden name on a list of those who had graduated with special honors, and for days I was again sad and remorseful. I rushed out and bought four batteries for the flashlight I'd given her, and posted them without any note enclosed. No mention of my missing vocation, no mention of why I had stopped writing.

ONE Sunday, our last year at the university, Baba and I were going out to Howth on a bus. Baba had met some businessmen who played golf there and she had done a lot of scheming to get us invited out. The bus was packed—mostly mothers with babies and children on their way to Dollymount Strand. We drove along the coast road and saw the sea, bright green and glinting in the sun, and because of the way the water was carved up into millions of little wavelets its surface seemed like an endless heap of dark-green broken bottles. Near the shore the sand looked warm and biscuit-colored. Baba and I never swam or sunbathed; we never did anything that was good for us. Life was geared to work and to meeting men, and yet we knew that that could only lead to being a mother and hauling obstreperous children out to the seaside on Sunday. "They know not what they do" could surely be said of us.

We were very made up that Sunday, and even the conductor seemed to disapprove, and balked at having to give the change of ten shillings. For no reason at all I thought of our putting on makeup before the school play and how innocent it was. Now our skins were smothered beneath layers of pancake, which we didn't even wash off at night. Thinking of the convent, I suddenly thought of Sister Imelda, and then, as if prey to a dream, I heard the rustle of serge, smelled the Jeyes Fluid and the boiled cabbage, and envisaged her pale shocked face in the months after her brother died.

Then I looked around the bus and saw her in earnest, and at first thought that I was imagining things. But no, she had got on, accompanied by another nun, and they were settling themselves in the back seat nearest the door. She looked older, but she had the same aloof quality and the same eyes, and my heart began to race with a mixture of excitement and dread. At first it raced with a prodigal strength, and then it began to falter and I thought it was going to give out. My fear of her and my love came back in one fell realization. I would have gone through the window except that it was not wide enough. The thing was: how to escape?

When I told her, Baba gurgled with delight, stood up, and in the most flagrant way looked around to make sure that it was Imelda. She recognized the other nun as being one with the nickname of Johnny, who gave piano lessons. Baba's first thought was revenge; she enumerated the punishments the various nuns had meted out to us and said how nice it would be to go back and demolish them. She could not understand why I was quaking any more than she could understand why I began to wipe off the lipstick. Above all, I knew that I could not confront them.

"You're going to have to," Baba said.

"I can't," I said.

It was not just my attire, it was the fact of never having written and of that broken promise. Baba kept looking back, and she said that they weren't saying a word and that children were gawking at them. It wasn't often that nuns travelled in buses, and we speculated about where they might be going.

"They might be off to meet two fellows," Baba said, and visualized them in the golf club getting blotto and hoisting their skirts. For me, it was no laughing matter. Then Baba came up with a stratagem: as we approached our stop, while the bus was still moving, we were to jump up and go down the aisle and pass them without even looking. Baba said most likely they would not notice us; their eyes were lowered and they seemed to be saying their office.

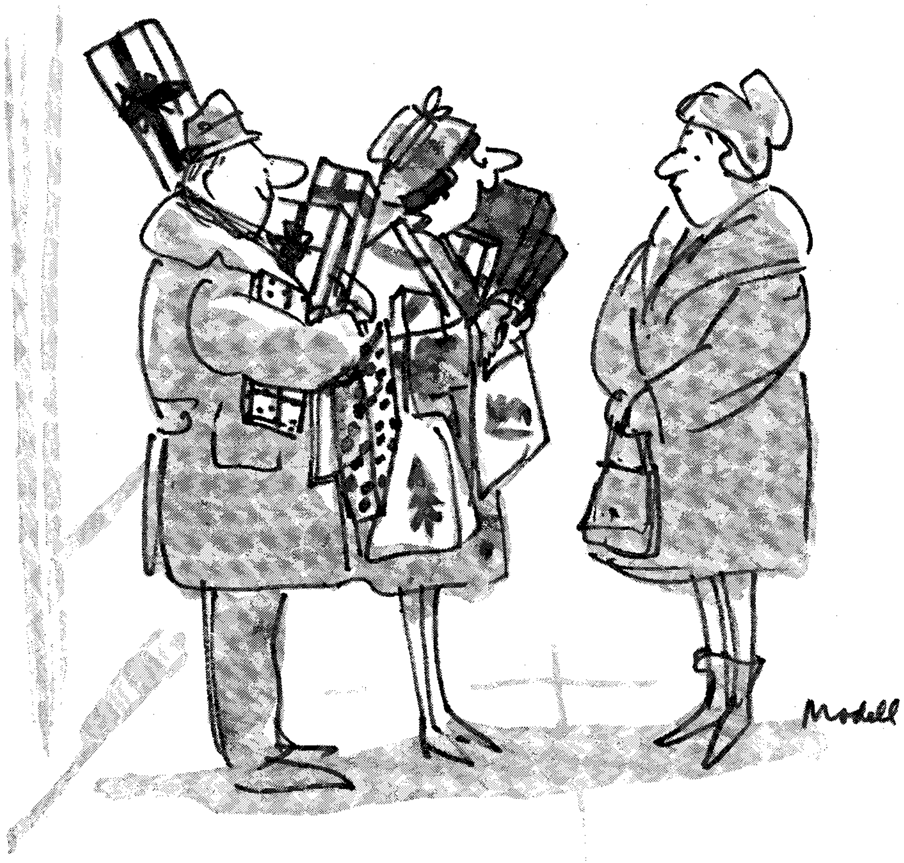
"I can't run down the bus," I said.

"You're going to," Baba said.

Insisting that I couldn't, I had already begun to rehearse an apology. I was blessing myself over and over again, and Baba was reminding me that there was only one more stop before ours. When the dreadful moment came, and the bus was approaching our stop, I jumped up with what can only be called an apology of a smile. I followed Baba to the rear of the bus.

But already they had gone. Through the daubed window I saw the backs of two identical, sable figures, their veils being blown wildly about in the wind. They looked cold and lost as they hurried along the pavement, and I wanted to jump off and run after them. In some way it was worse than if I had confronted Sister Imelda. I cannot be certain what I would have said. I know that there is something sad and faintly distasteful about love's ending, particularly love that has never been fully realized. I might have hinted at that, but I doubt it. In our deepest moments we say the most inadequate things.

—EDNA O'BRIEN



"For the first time in our lives, we're getting a jump on Christmas."

•

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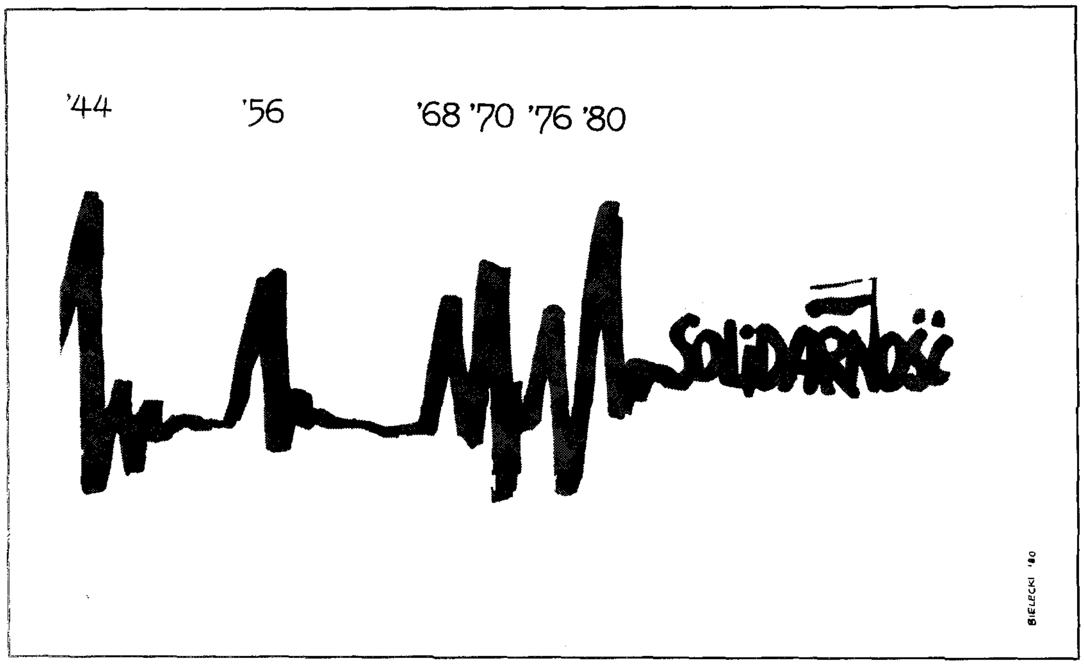
A REPORTER IN POLAND

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

I—MAY, 1981



JUST trying to get in, you can quickly see what drove the Poles crazy. For most Americans, the visa-application process is the first exposure to the maddening pace of the Polish state bureaucracy. By the time you're finished, you can easily end up dealing with three separate offices—one in Washington, one in New York, and one in Chicago—each of which shuttles you back to the two others for further paperwork. And at some point you just end up having to wait. During that time, you may have the opportunity to meditate on the *character* of an entrenched bureaucracy's power: *the tyranny of information.* The clerk knows something you need to know, and he not only won't tell you now, he won't tell you when he will tell you. As the days pass and your anxiety increases, you may also begin to sense the *function* of a bureaucracy: in a society on the verge of shaking itself to pieces, where the socioeconomic pressures of modernity are wreaking havoc on the structures of traditional life, bureaucracy serves *to slow everything down.* To a bureaucrat, what and why don't matter in the least as long as he can slow things down.

Eventually, you may give up on the visa process in America and head straight for Europe, where, for some reason, the tyrannical bureaucracy is less deeply entrenched. Indeed, the closer you get to Poland today the less invincible the bureaucracy's authority seems. In Poland itself, that authority is in substantial disarray. My visa, when it finally materializes early in May, in West Berlin, comes so fast that I don't even have time to buy a ticket before boarding the Berlin-Warsaw night train. I figure I'll buy one on board. At the station, I befriend a Pole I'll call Krzysztof—the top d.j. in Lublin, according to his own account. His backpack is bulging with singles, the treasure hoard he amassed during a week in Hamburg, Cologne, and Düsseldorf. He is twenty-five, and his English is derived principally from song lyrics. Nevertheless, as the train pulls out of the station he is able to regale me with stories and pantomimes of his life and good times as an itinerant disc jockey in the country towns around Lublin. He passed some sort of state exams, but it sounds as if he basically free-lanced. Organizations or schools call him and he takes his records: he is very up to date and can discourse at length on Aretha Franklin, the Rolling Stones, John Lennon, disco, and even punk. He tells me about a Polish punk group he once heard named Deadlock; later they merged with another group and formed Crisis, and he believes they made a record in Paris. Their leader, a punker named Mirek, identifies a lot with reggae music—the way it combines rebellion and religion. Language fails us somewhere in here, but apparently Mirek's music grows out of some sort of mystical identification with Our Lady of Czestochowa, the Black Madonna, whose miraculous protection turned back an invading Swedish army in the seventeenth century.

I ask Krzysztof about Solidarity, and his eyes brighten. He doesn't care much about the politics and the economics; what he keeps returning to is how Solidarity has opened up the borders. This has been his first trip to West Germany. He had no trouble getting a travel visa in Poland, whereas a year ago he wouldn't have even bothered to try.

We cross the border—the grim East German customs official giving way to open-faced and easy Poles. About half an hour later, we hear the conductor scuttling toward us down the corridor. I reach for my wallet and suddenly feel Krzysztof's brusque slap. "*Nie, nie,*" he insists, forcing my wallet back into my pocket. The door slides open, and the conductor asks for our tickets. The other people in the compartment proffer theirs, and Krzysztof proffers his, but when it comes time for me Krzysztof uncorks a torrent of commiseration, explanation, and elaboration. I have no idea what he is saying. The conductor, a kindly, thick-spectacled old hand, seems by turns bewildered, annoyed, and amused. The two of them go at it as if I weren't even there. At one point, Krzysztof telegraphs to me that he is telling the conductor I was attacked in Berlin and my ticket was stolen; then he returns to the fray. Finally, the conductor gives up, retreats into the corridor, closes the door, and moves on. Krzysztof is beaming. "Poland, my country!" he exclaims. "These, my trains! You, my guest!" It's a simple question of hospitality. "Poland," he concludes, "free country!"

I ARRIVE in Warsaw at 6:30 A.M. on May 5th (Krzysztof continues to Lublin) and trundle sleepily over to the Hotel Forum. (From all indications, this first week in May constitutes a relatively calm period in the ongoing Polish crisis. Tempers have cooled considerably since the last frenzy—the police action in Bydgoszcz, in March.) As I wait to check in, I strike up a conversation with an American who is checking out. He is the project manager for a sixty-eight-million-dollar RCA contract to build a color-picture-tube factory here that the Poles will subsequently staff and manage. The project, he tells me, was launched in 1975 and is now almost completed. He'll be back one or two more times. RCA has already been paid off except for the final million or so dollars. He leaves for the airport.

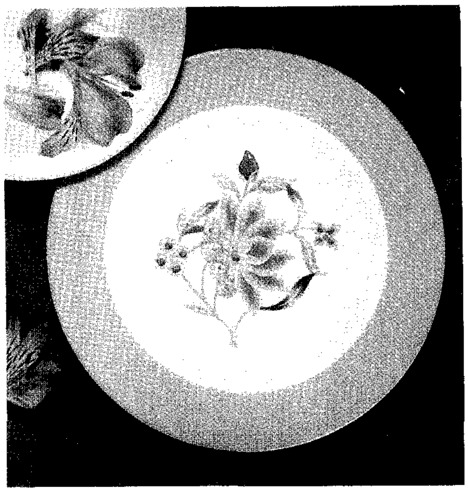
Before I can register, it turns out, I have to exchange my travel vouchers. Poland requires the American visitor to buy in advance fifteen dollars' worth of travel vouchers for each day of his stay—thus, a hundred and fifty dollars' worth for my ten-day visa. As soon as you arrive, you can exchange the vouchers for zlotys at the official rate of thirty-two zlotys to the dollar. You must show a record of that transaction before you check into a hotel. I process my vouchers and register for my room. A few seconds later, in the elevator, the bellboy offers to exchange money at the rate of a hundred and forty zlotys to the dollar. Later in the day, taxi-drivers and various gentlemen milling around the hotel entrance offer a hundred and fifty, a hundred and sixty, and even a hundred and seventy zlotys to the dollar.

Bernard Schoenbaum

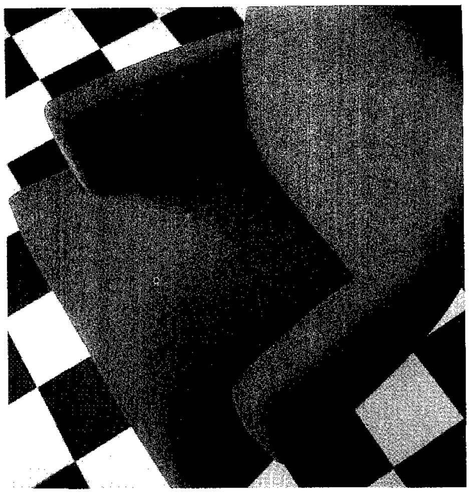
There are several ways of trying to describe the economic chaos in Poland today. Perhaps I should begin by noting that thanks to, among other things, the country's dismal balance-of-trade deficit and huge debt to foreign banks, Poland's currency, the zloty, is considered virtually worthless not only abroad but even in its own country. There are many items (lumber, for instance) that to all intents and purposes are unobtainable with zlotys but can be readily procured with foreign currency—especially dollars. This dismal situation has been officially sanctioned by the institution of PEWEX shops—government-run stores that accept *only* foreign currency. Indeed, the government is so eager for foreign money that some items at PEWEX shops sell for substantially less than their Western retail price. (A large bottle of Drambuie is available for $8.40, a large bottle of J&B whiskey for $6.20, and a pack of Dunhill cigarettes for seventy cents.) There are even PEWEX apartment houses—government-owned buildings in which rent is payable only in dollars. I pass one of these one day. "The only people who live there are prostitutes and priests," my Polish guide informs me.

One result of this morbid situation is the vigorously thriving black market in currency. The people who are willing to offer you five times the official rate for your dollar either accumulate large quantities of dollars and then exchange them at a still higher rate or—more often—use the dollars directly to buy otherwise unavailable goods, either for themselves or for steep resale. These exchange practices render all money transactions in Warsaw a bit dreamlike for Americans. On the one hand, wherever you have to provide proof that your zlotys were obtained at the

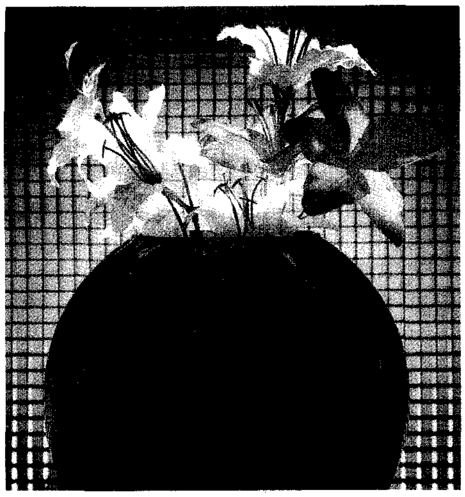
“The Polaroid SX-70 AutoFocus



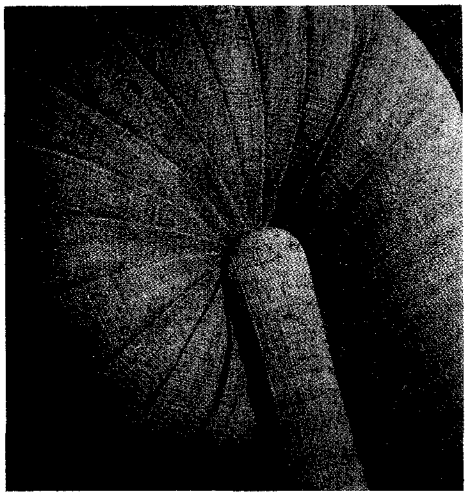
automatically focuses on an idea,



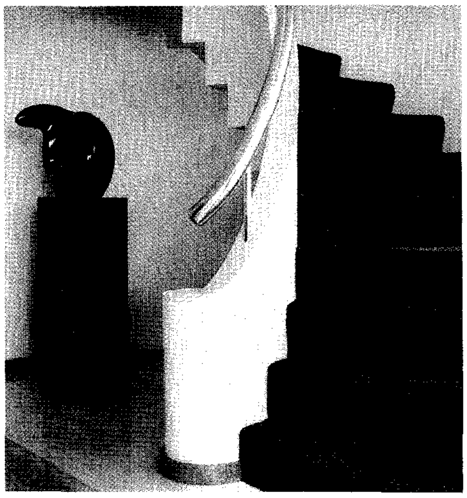
becomes part of the design process,



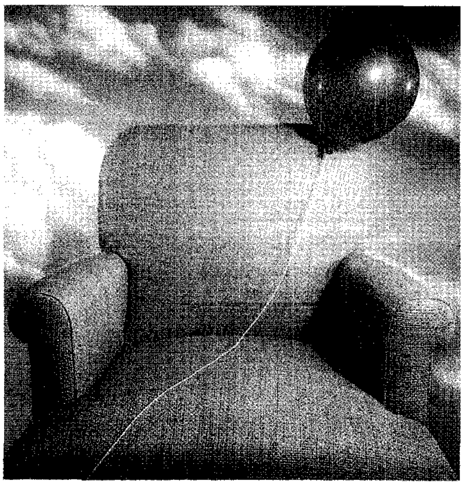
captures a bouquet of color,



even as close as 10.4 inches,



all with precise SLR framing.



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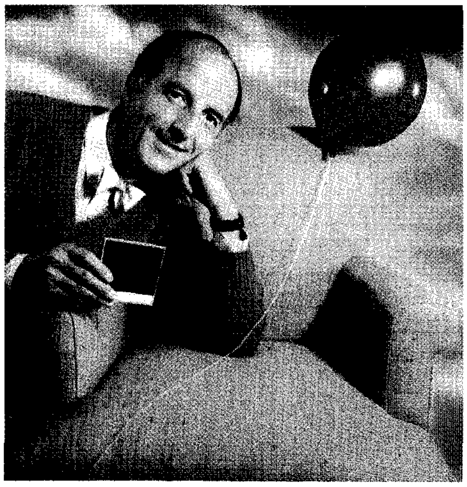

with the experience of an instant.”

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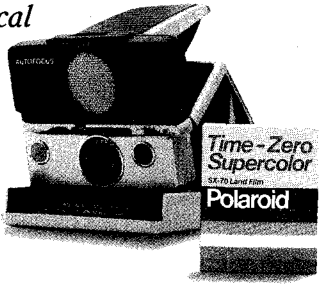
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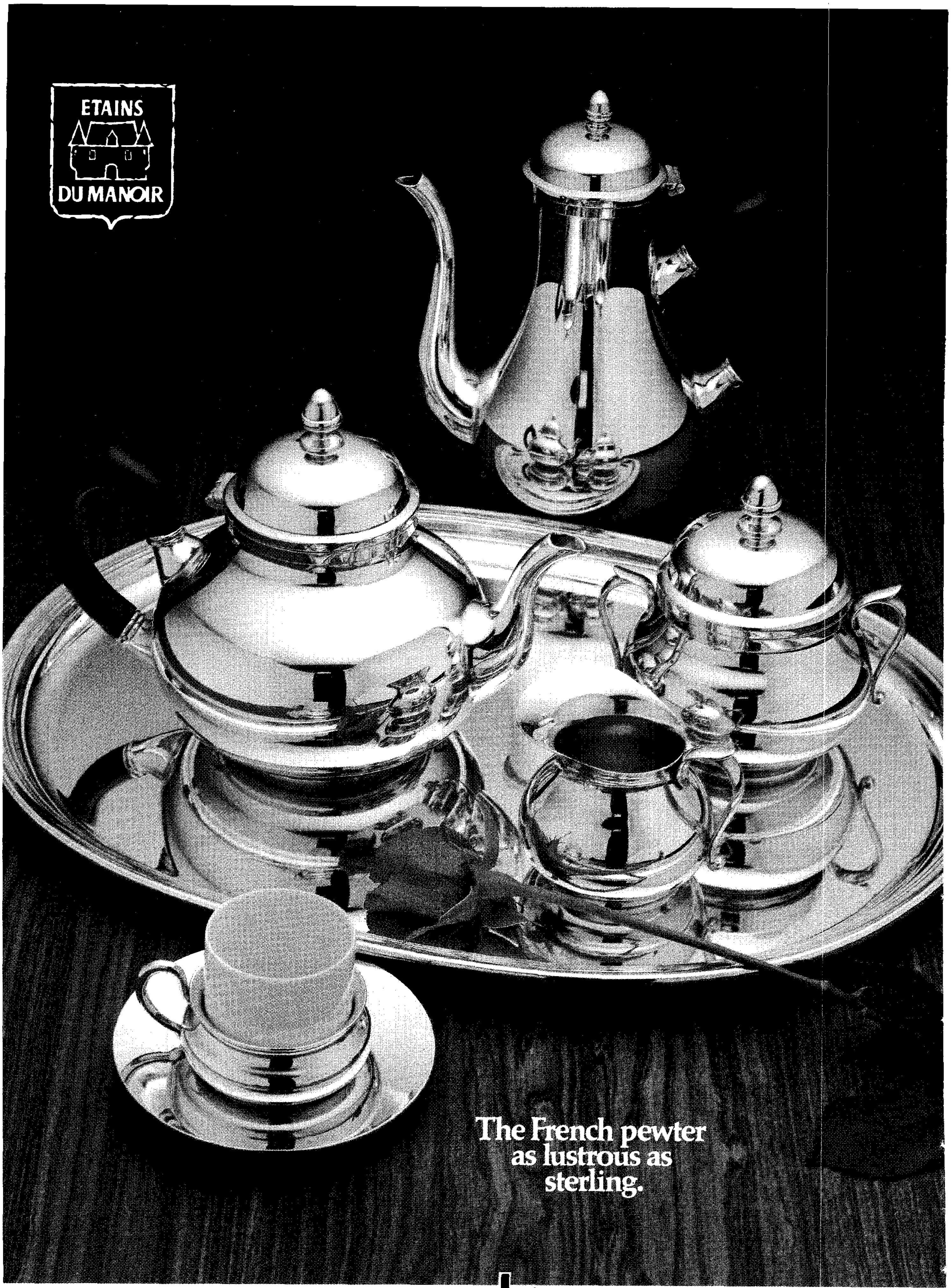
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official rate—when you pay for a hotel room, for example—life can be expensive. A passable double room at the Hotel Forum runs eighty dollars (2,560 zlotys). But nearly everything else can be obtained with unofficial zlotys—"Monopoly money," as it's called by American tourists—and once you've crossed over into the black market you reap a double benefit: you can get five times the official rate for your dollar, and everything you'd want to buy can be had for half its Western price. You start living like royalty. Lavish dinners—pheasant, duck, veal—go for between a hundred and seventy and two hundred and twenty zlotys. You can entertain a couple of friends for a night of dinner and film and be hard pressed to crack five dollars. Meanwhile, outside most hotels there are private citizens, usually old ladies, eager to rent you a private room in their small, two-room apartments for between six hundred and a thousand zlotys a night (under $6.50). They'll even be happy to change the money themselves, right along with the sheets.

The Polish government needs the foreign currency so badly that it generally turns a blind eye to this rampant practice. One day, I asked a Polish friend about all the money changers massed outside the Hotel Forum. Isn't it dangerous? Aren't some of them police agents?

"*Of course* some of them are police," he said. "But they give good rates, too."

It's not so much the police you have to worry about as the con artists. One morning, I get snookered. In exchange for my dollars, a man is supposed to hand me a wad of thousand-zloty notes. He counts them out, drops the wad, picks it up, and hands it to me. Once he's long gone, I realize that he switched wads, and I'm left with a bunch of fifties wrapped in a single thousand note. But I still come out better than if I'd exchanged at the official rate! Which is to say that when you trade at the state bank they're literally robbing you blind, in terms of the real value of their currency.

The Muzak at the Hotel Forum is up-to-the-minute Western rock. (Rock saturates the entire country.) The bar is agog with fancy prostitutes—all of them available for ridiculously small amounts of hard currency—and hordes of Western businessmen dazzled by their sudden good fortune. It can get a little disconcerting, when you're sitting there among the prostitutes and the money changers in Warsaw, Poland, to suddenly hear Bob Dylan come wailing over the P.A. system, "When you gonna wake up, strengthen the things that remain?" And it can get downright eerie, sitting there at the fanciest restaurant in town, wolfing down your succulent duck, to look out over the plaza at the lines queuing outside a grocery store where a few patchy lettuce heads adorn the window. It can stop your fork dead in its tracks halfway to your mouth: What in the world is going on in this country?

I TELL a Western economist who is visiting Warsaw about my acquaintance from RCA.

"What does Poland want with a color-picture-tube factory?" he says, exasperated. "Hardly anyone in Poland can afford a color TV set, and no one anywhere else in the world is going to want a color set made in Poland. The Poles have managed to pour sixty-eight million dollars into a plant that will probably have to be written off as a total loss. RCA is home free with its sixty-eight million, and Poland is left owing that, plus interest, to a consortium of Western banks. Add a few dozen boondoggles like that together, and you end up with a total foreign debt of more than twenty-five billion dollars. And it's not even as though RCA came to them with some hard sell—*they* went to RCA! Back in the early seventies, Edward Gierek"—Gierek was the head of the Polish Communist Party between 1970 and 1980—"and his boys decided Poland could have a grand economy with color TVs and cars and all sorts of luxury goods. Only, they forgot to build the infrastructure. And they were so scared of outside criticism that they refused to listen to anyone but their closest advisers, who were all a bunch of cowering yes-men. During the past fifteen years, Poland may well have suffered the worst central planning of any economy in Eastern Europe. I mean, take Hungary by comparison. The Hungarians, too, decided to build a big manufacturing com-

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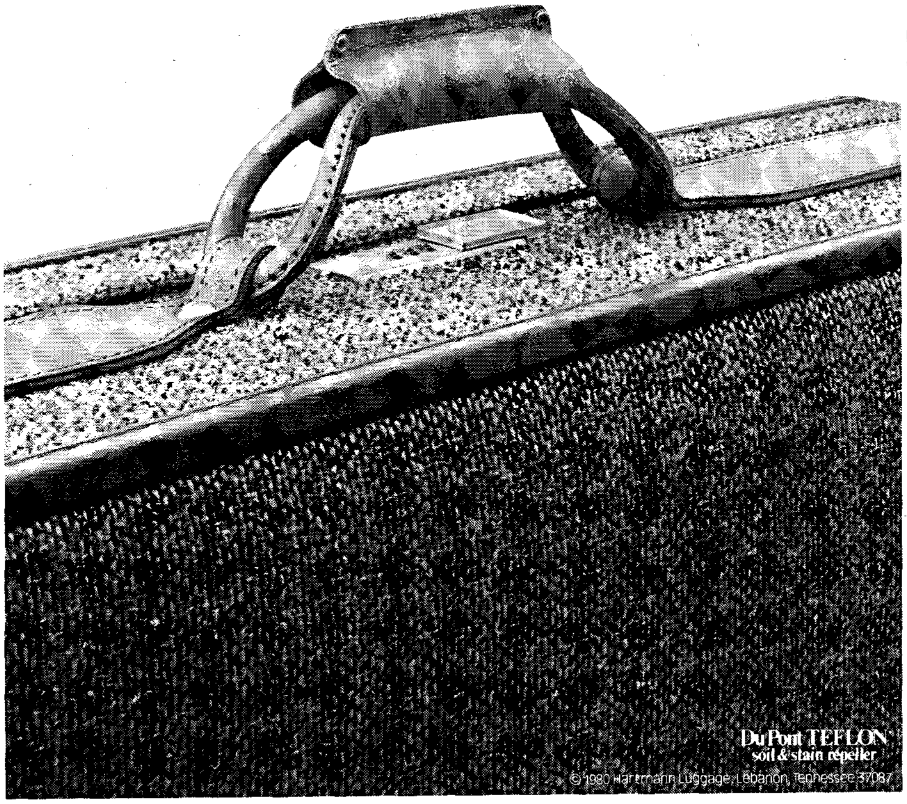

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The Polish Communist Party, perhaps more than any other Communist Party in Eastern Europe, was imposed on the people. (In Czechoslovakia, for example, there was a Socialist tradition, and even, in the early days of the regime, a Communist electoral victory.) It was imposed as one of many factors in Soviet national-security considerations following the Second World War—considerations that may have made sense from the Soviet point of view but left the Polish Communists with the tremendously difficult task of achieving legitimacy. They failed dismally. Lacking a solid, organic connection with the country's working class, the Party leadership in Poland has tended to drift into an increasing insularity. When workers have become restless, the Polish Communist Party, instead of addressing the fundamental issue of the roots of authority and accountability, has repeatedly tried to buy off its discontented workers with higher paper salaries or with subsidies designed to defer increases in food costs—strategies that the national economy could not support and that in the long run led to a serious undermining of the workers' real standard of living.

Meanwhile, as public-spiritedness declined among Party officials and managers, a pattern of cynical privilege-hoarding degenerated into a system of rampant petty and not so petty corruption. It's easy to see, for example, how anyone whose job involved contact with the West could quickly conjure an extraordinary fortune in zlotys. Poles refer over and over to the case of Maciej Szczepanski, the head of the state television network, who, it is said, managed to obtain a yacht, a private jet, and a villa in Kenya before his ouster not long ago. Gierek is said to have spotted himself ten villas around the country; the one in which he is currently living, according to a recent exposé, cost twenty-seven million zlotys to build—funds skimmed off the budgets of a variety of highway

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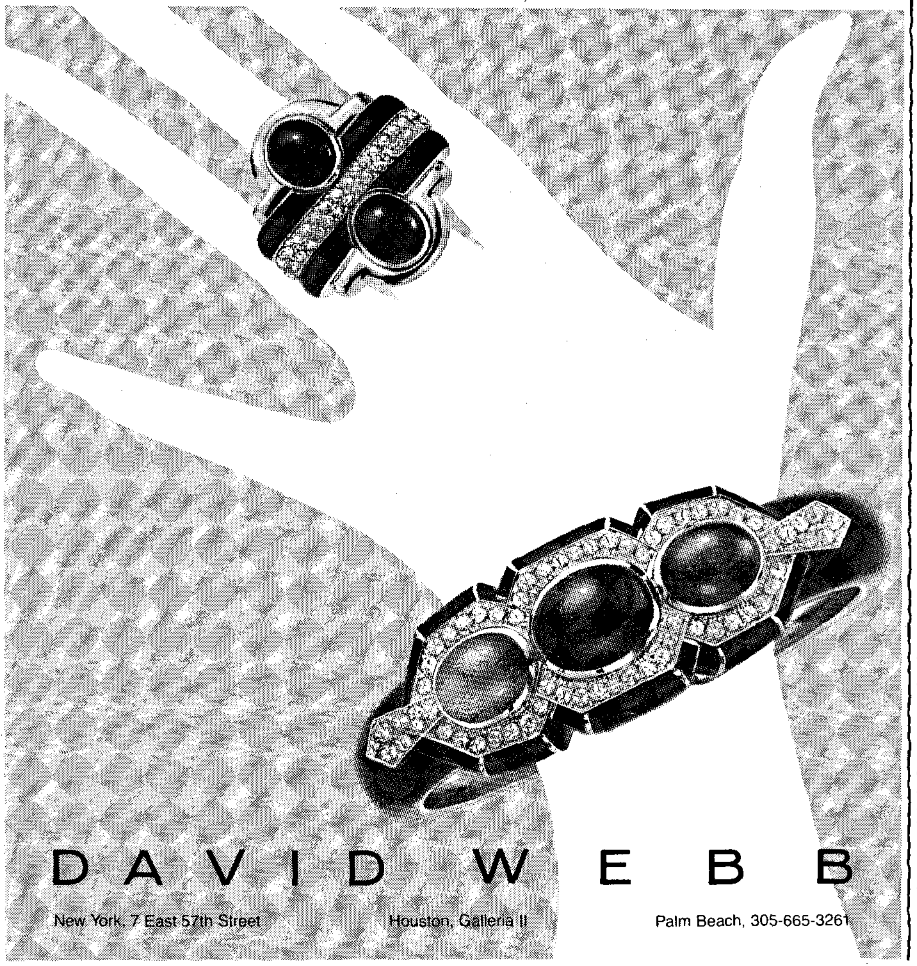

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and mass-housing projects. Such corruption, in all fairness, is relatively small-time compared with some of the scandalous examples one finds in the West; but in a country as poor as Poland, and one that at least claims to aspire to an egalitarian ideal, this pattern of inequality has been a cause of increasing public frustration. It isn't even the grossest national examples that so gall most Poles; rather, it's the small corruption pervading the country at the local level: the Party boss who can always count on fresh, lean ham; the plant manager with two extra rooms and a color TV in his house.

Whatever the progress of the current political renewal, the economic situation of Poland has been getting steadily—and now precipitately—worse. This deterioration stems in part from the economic effects of all the recent political turbulence—loss in productivity because of strikes, the shorter work week conceded to many workers by the government, etc.—but it is more generally a result of the cumulative damage to the economy of the thirty-five years of mismanagement that spawned the political turbulence in the first place, especially the mismanagement of the last ten years. Giving Gierek the benefit of the doubt for a moment, one can perhaps argue that his economic master plan made a certain amount of sense in 1970. Gierek hoped to turn Poland into a major manufacturing power. Western banks were only too happy to lend Poland the money to build the new factories, highways, and other support systems, and Western contractors were likewise delighted to oblige. Poland began to starve its agricultural sector in favor of these new initiatives. Gierek and his men felt that eventually the hard-currency profits from the manufacturing would more than make up for the predicted shortfall in agricultural products; Poland would be able to import food and still make a net profit. At first, things seemed to go well, as was to be expected: billions of crisp, hard dollars were giving the Polish economy a good, stiff rush. But several problems began to develop early on, not the least of which was the worldwide recession of the mid- and late seventies. After the petroleum crisis of 1973, the West could no longer be counted on to provide Poland with a market for its new manufactured goods; the country was left with a horrendous national debt, and no way of paying it off. Indeed, by 1981 something like two-thirds of

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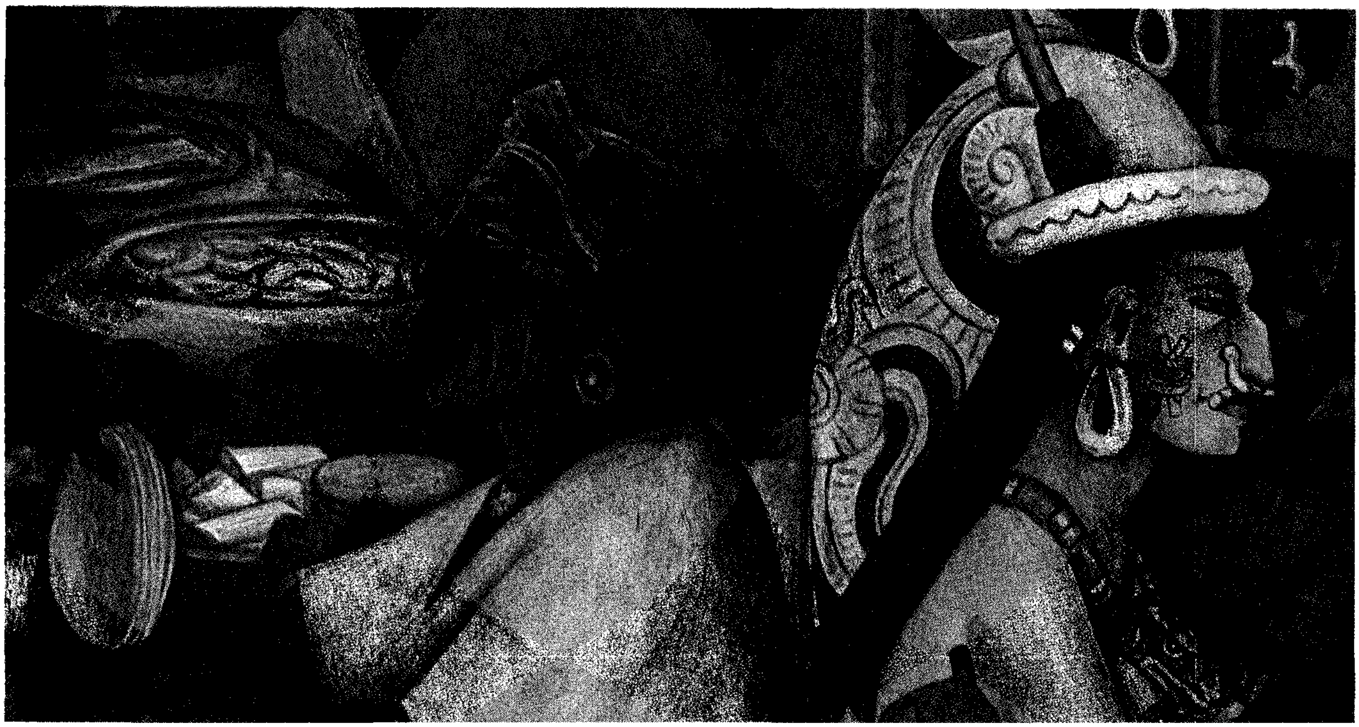
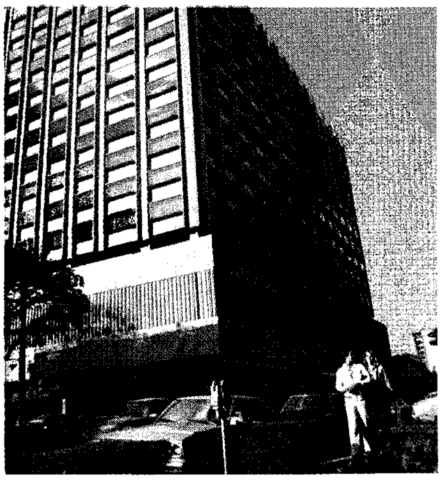


Diego Rivera, The Grand Tenochtitlan (detail), National Palace, Mexico City.



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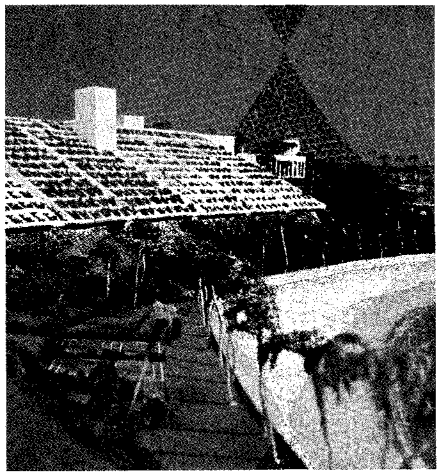

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whatever hard currency Poland was managing to muster was going merely to service the *interest* on the debt. The remainder of the hard currency was desperately needed to import food, consumer goods, spare parts, and raw materials—and there simply wasn't enough. The shelves in stores began to empty, factories fell idle for lack of raw materials or spare parts, buses broke down and couldn't be repaired, electrical blackouts and coal shortages became rampant, and productivity in general plummeted. This was the backdrop for the strikes of 1980: Solidarity didn't cause this situation—if anything, Solidarity was caused by it.

Retracting the benefit of the doubt, one should note that there were many economists back in 1970 who predicted that Gierek's initiatives would come to precisely this end. That Gierek and his advisers didn't listen was partly a function of the insular situation of the Party. But it was also the result of a pattern of vested interests: there was a class of high- and middle-level bureaucrats and professionals—Poland's Red bourgeoisie—who stood to gain substantial improvements in their standard of living under the Gierek policy, and they did. While the rest of the country's economy was being riddled, many people were making a killing. (This social milieu has perhaps been best captured in the films of Krzysztof Zanussi—most recently in "Contract.")

There are other, somewhat related reasons for Poland's current economic predicament. One is the matter of prices. A Warsaw friend of mine put the matter succinctly: "Prices bear no relationship whatsoever to actual values in this country." Because the ruling authorities—not the market—set prices for most goods in Poland, and because those authorities lack any legitimacy whatever in the eyes of most Poles, when economic factors dictate the need for an increase in prices the government has seldom been able to make that increase stick. Workers go on strike and extract either compensatory wage increases or price rollbacks, or, often, both—the government gives in because not to do so would be to raise the question of its own legitimacy. Meanwhile, to cover its flank (so that at least on paper the columns jibe), the government prints up new zlotys. The result is that since production is based on real factors (supply of raw materials, spare parts, the length of the work week, etc.), the output of products declines while the number of zlotys in circulation increases. More zlotys chase fewer goods. Is it any wonder that the zloty has become virtually worthless in its own country? The problem in this case is particularly vexing because the workers themselves share a certain complicity.

Another source of trouble is the overcentralized character of planning in Poland. "Poland has long had a serious housing problem, for example," a Solidarity staff member in Warsaw explained to me one afternoon. "So the government decided that the way to attack this problem was with huge standardized-housing complexes. They nationalized all the small local construction concerns and consolidated them into these huge operations that could produce only massive gray housing complexes. The trouble was that once everything became so centralized the slightest crimp in supply or deployment tended to bring everything to a stop. If, say, because of our trade deficit we were momentarily unable to afford to import some ingredient for cement, virtually all housing construction had to come to a halt. Meanwhile, the kind of small-scale local operations that in the past could have worked around such momentary shortages had ceased to exist. Here's a case where we once had an infrastructure and it's been destroyed."

People who grew up in Europe before the Second World War recall a time when France and Poland were deemed the twin breadbaskets of Europe. This year, however, Poland is expected to spend two and a half billion dollars of its scarce hard-currency reserves on food imports. When you ask Poles what happened, they most often reply, "That's a good question. We can't believe it ourselves." There are long-term causes and more immediate causes. One fundamental problem is that, unlike any other Eastern European country, Poland never succeeded in collectivizing the bulk of its agriculture; even at the outset of Communist rule, the Party's hold on the allegiance of the people, especially in the heavily Catholic countryside, was simply too tenuous. The result is that today approximately seventy-five per cent of the country's arable land is farmed by more than three million independent small farmers, who account for seventy-five per cent of the country's agricultural output. This would be fine except that, for ideological reasons, the government lavishes tractors, fertilizers, and other supplies and equipment on its collectivized farms, making it terribly difficult for private farmers to gain access to similar supplies and thereby reducing most Polish agricultural activity to an astonishing primitiveness.

Most of the peasants one sees in the countryside are either trailing scrawny horses or pushing plows themselves. One man tells me he must wait for up to three weeks to rent a grass cutter or a harvester from the government. "By then, the harvest is over," he says. The government charges him three hundred zlotys an hour for the cutter, two thousand for the harvester; in turn, it pays him four hundred zlotys for a hundred kilos of potatoes and eight thousand for a large fattened pig. But, the peasant tells me, most of the tractors have now broken down, there are almost no spare parts, and the collectivized farms are hoarding what few remain. According to a recent article in the New York *Times*, Polish independent farmers received in 1980 only half the fertilizer and forty per cent of the fodder they needed to run their farms. In Poland, as in America, young people are tending to leave the country for city life. "Farmers have less money than workers," I was told by a young man working in a field about forty miles outside Warsaw. "The workers spend theirs—whatever little they have left—on pleasure. Peasants never have time or money for pleasure." In America, the departing youths are being replaced either by machines or by a tenant-farmer class. No such compensations exist in Poland.

The government's pricing policy—or, rather, its inability to enforce a realistic one—accounts for further

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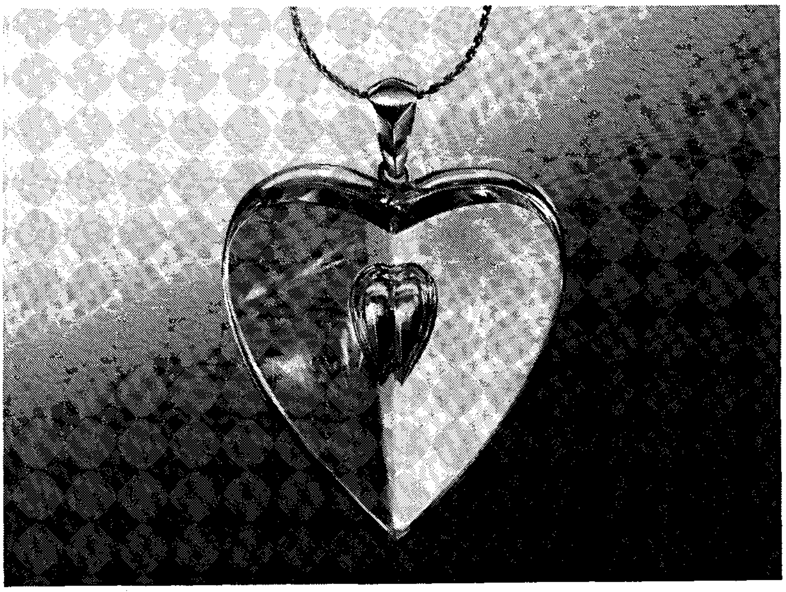

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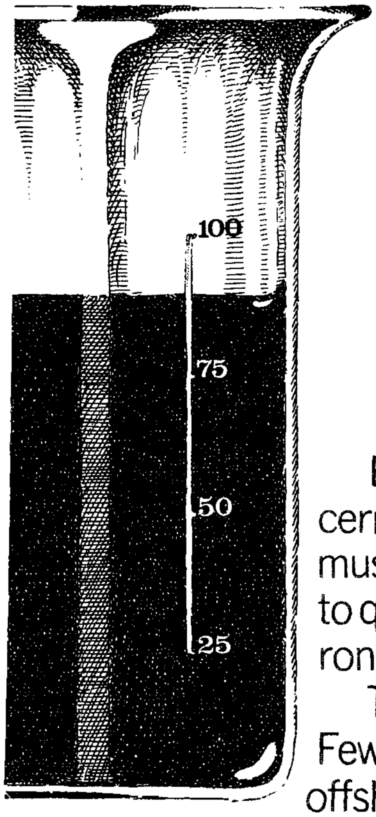

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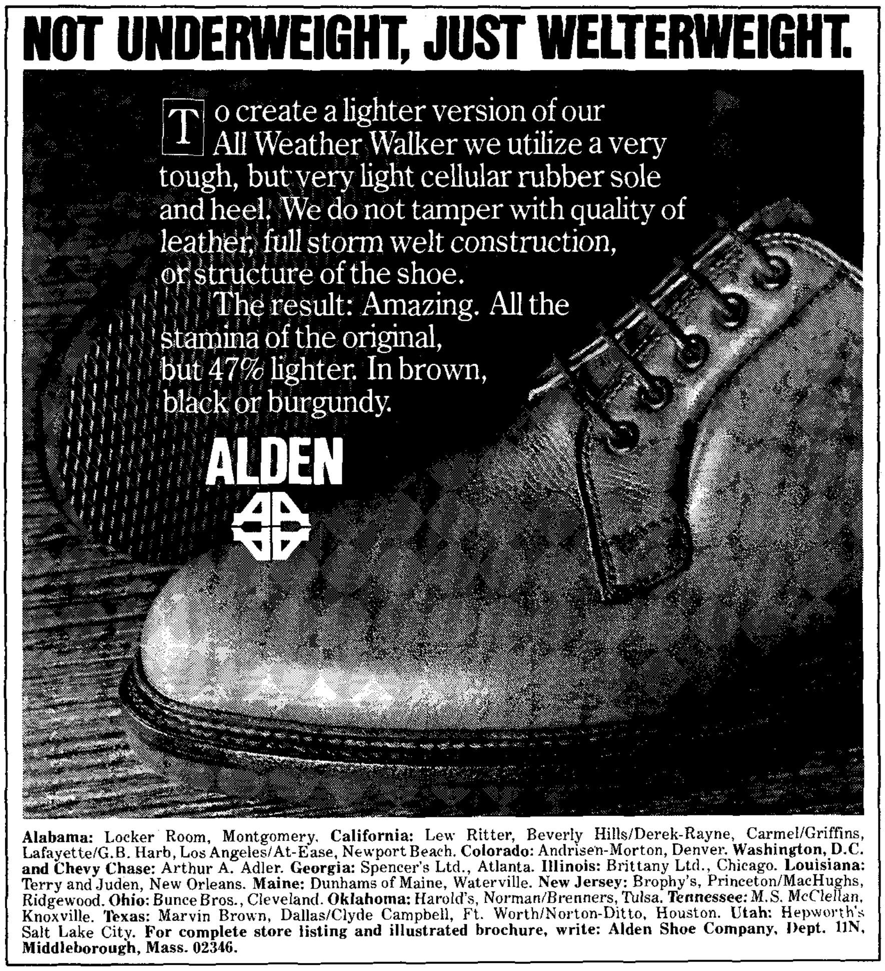

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problems. Because workers reject price increases, the government cannot offer farmers prices that would make it worth their while to produce more goods. ("This is hard work," I heard an exhausted peasant tell an anxious city dweller outside Lodz. "If you're so eager for more food, come out here and grow it yourself.") The situation can result in outlandish aberrations. Sometimes the government actually has to sell certain goods for less than it paid for them, and I heard of a farmer who sold the government potatoes, went to the city and bought them back, and then sold them to the government once again, netting himself a tidy profit. More generally, such aberrations take the form of the rapidly growing black market. Indeed, many farmers living close to cities could hardly be described as suffering: in Gdansk, for example, I often saw peasants driving up to the open-air market in Mercedes-Benz automobiles, their trunks filled with fresh eggs they were selling at many times the official price.

In 1970, Poland was still a net agricultural exporter. But here again Gierek's administration was responsible for a series of almost insane miscalculations. Notably, Gierek's people took it into their heads that meat consumption somehow betokened modernity, so, to the extent that they aided their agricultural sector at all, they focussed on building up livestock herds—at a cost of millions of dollars in Western feed and of billions of zlotys' worth of indigenous supplies—all for a program that never really coalesced anyway.

The Polish agricultural predicament today is particularly difficult because, even though the government has lost all credibility, the practice of small farming in Poland is terribly inefficient even in ways unrelated to the complications created by government policy. At least five per cent of Poland's arable land lies perpetually fallow, in the form of unfarmed boundary strips between the countless small private plots. At some point, a compromise must be achieved; in the meantime, the Polish breadbasket will continue to provide mere crumbs compared to its potential.

The rest of Poland's economy is likewise surprisingly mixed. There is a large sector that is officially state-owned, a small sector that is officially private, and a remarkably large sector occupying an undefined region between the two. Thus, some people

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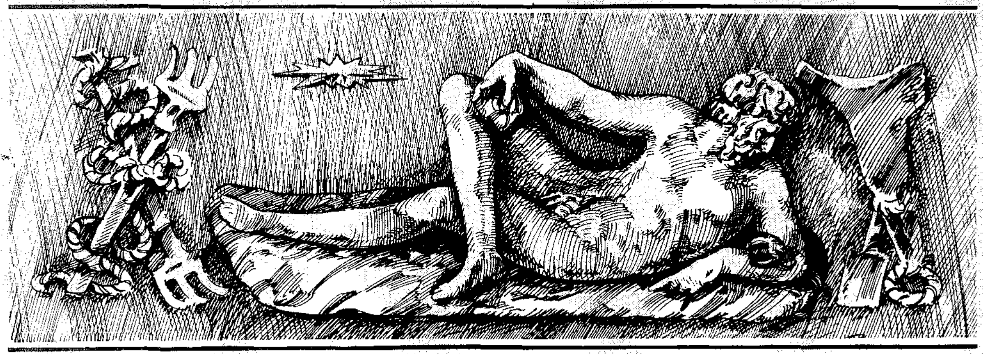

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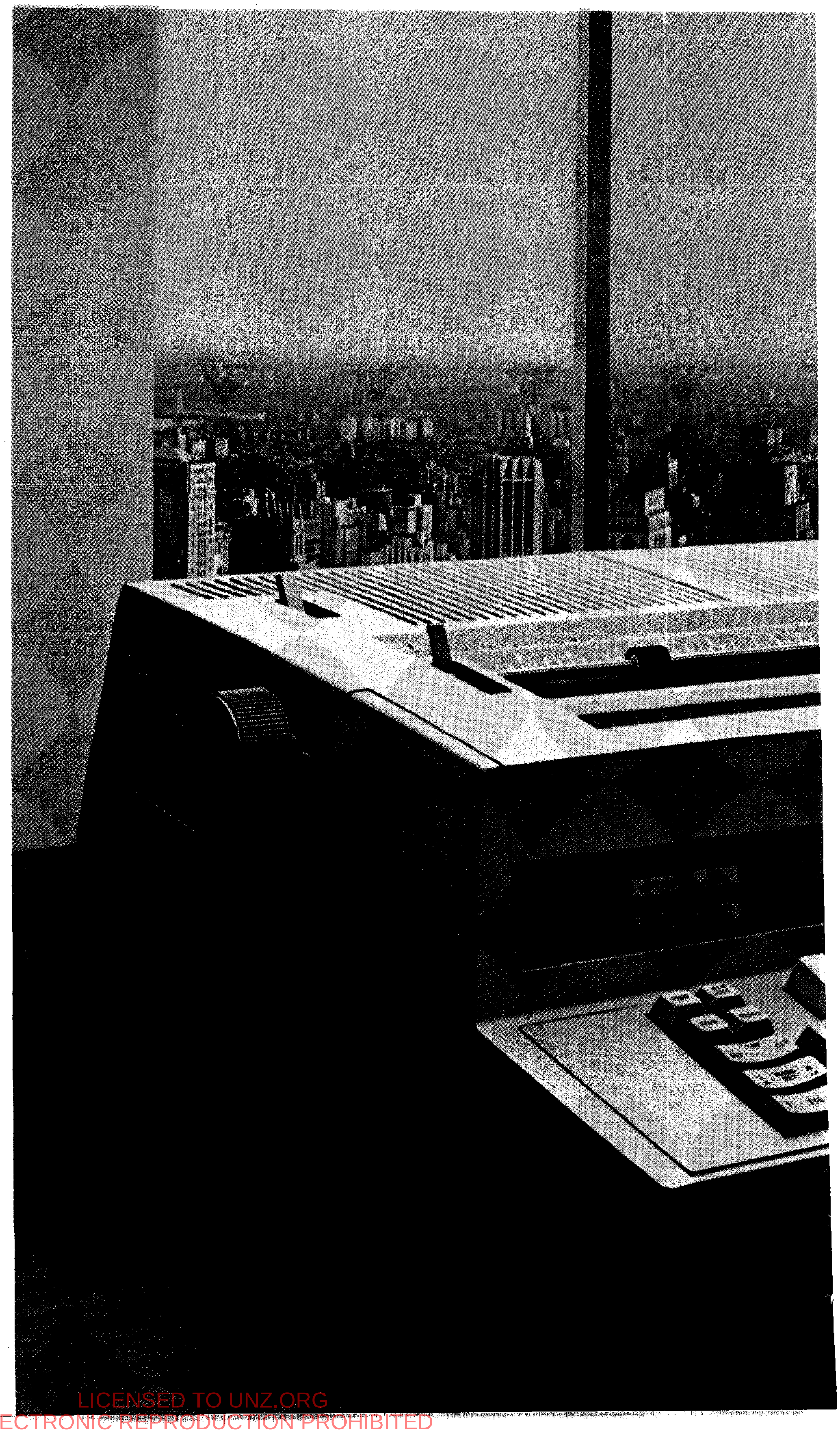

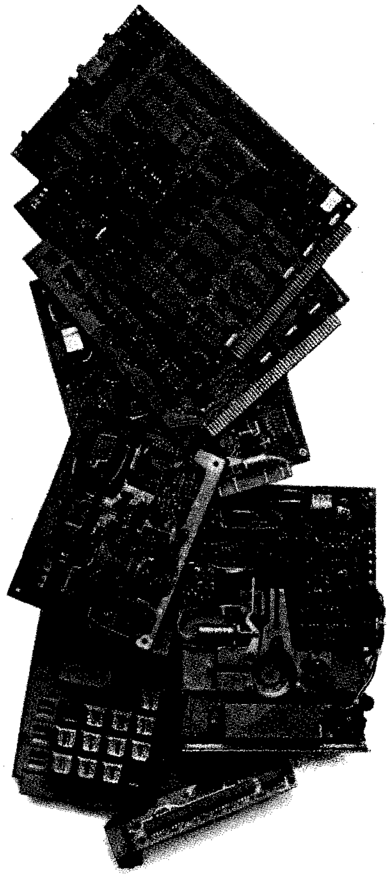

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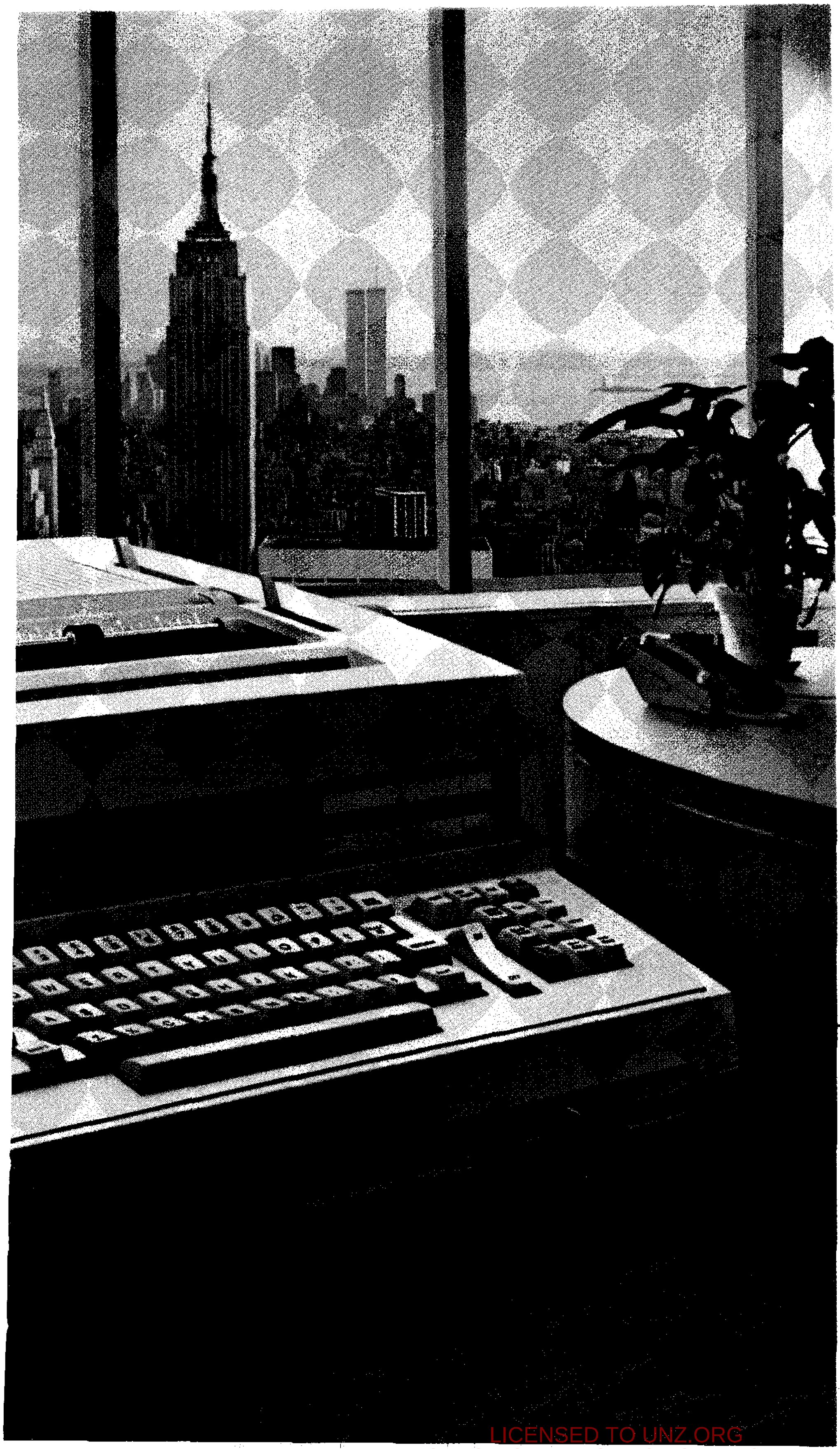

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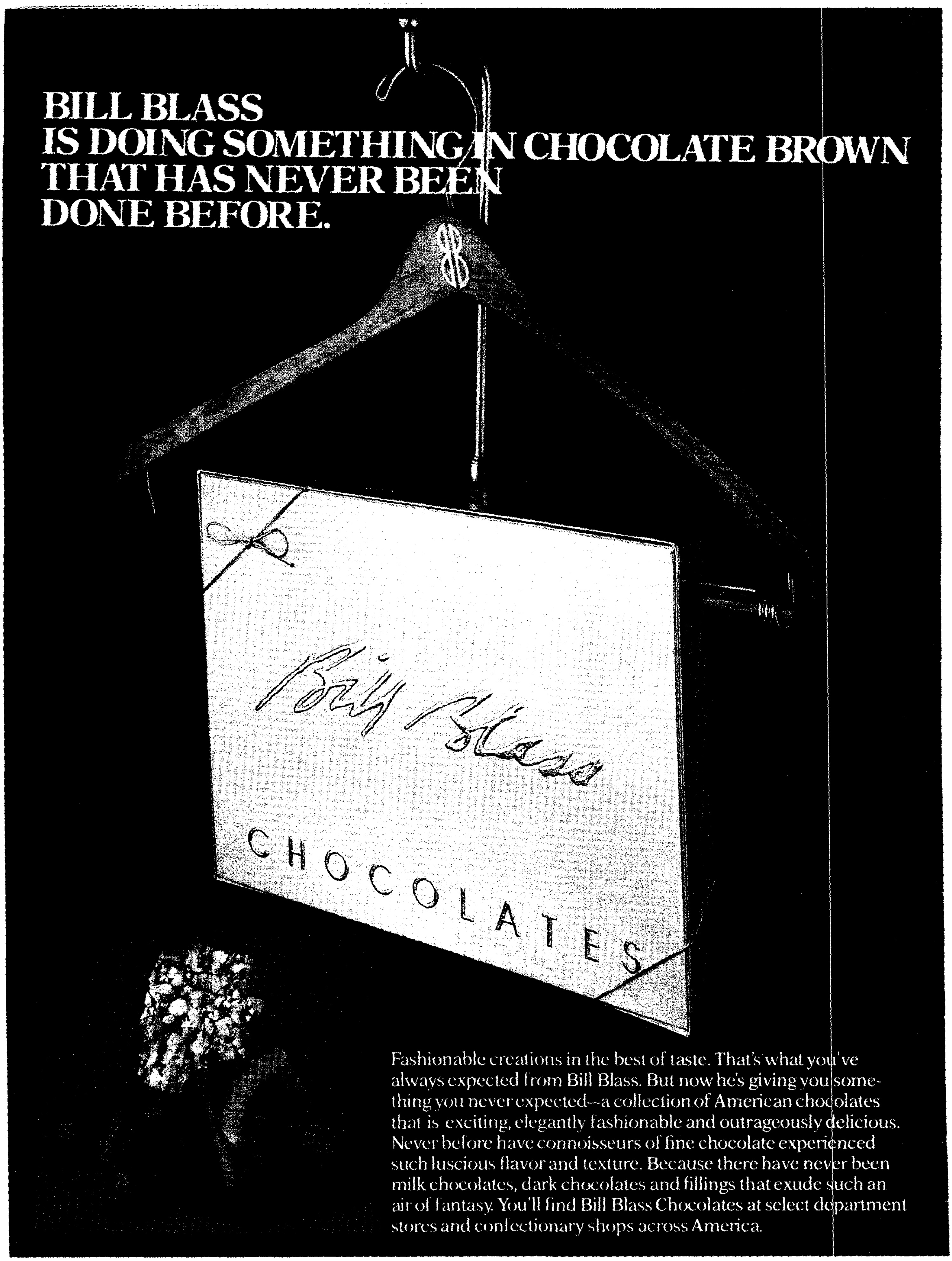

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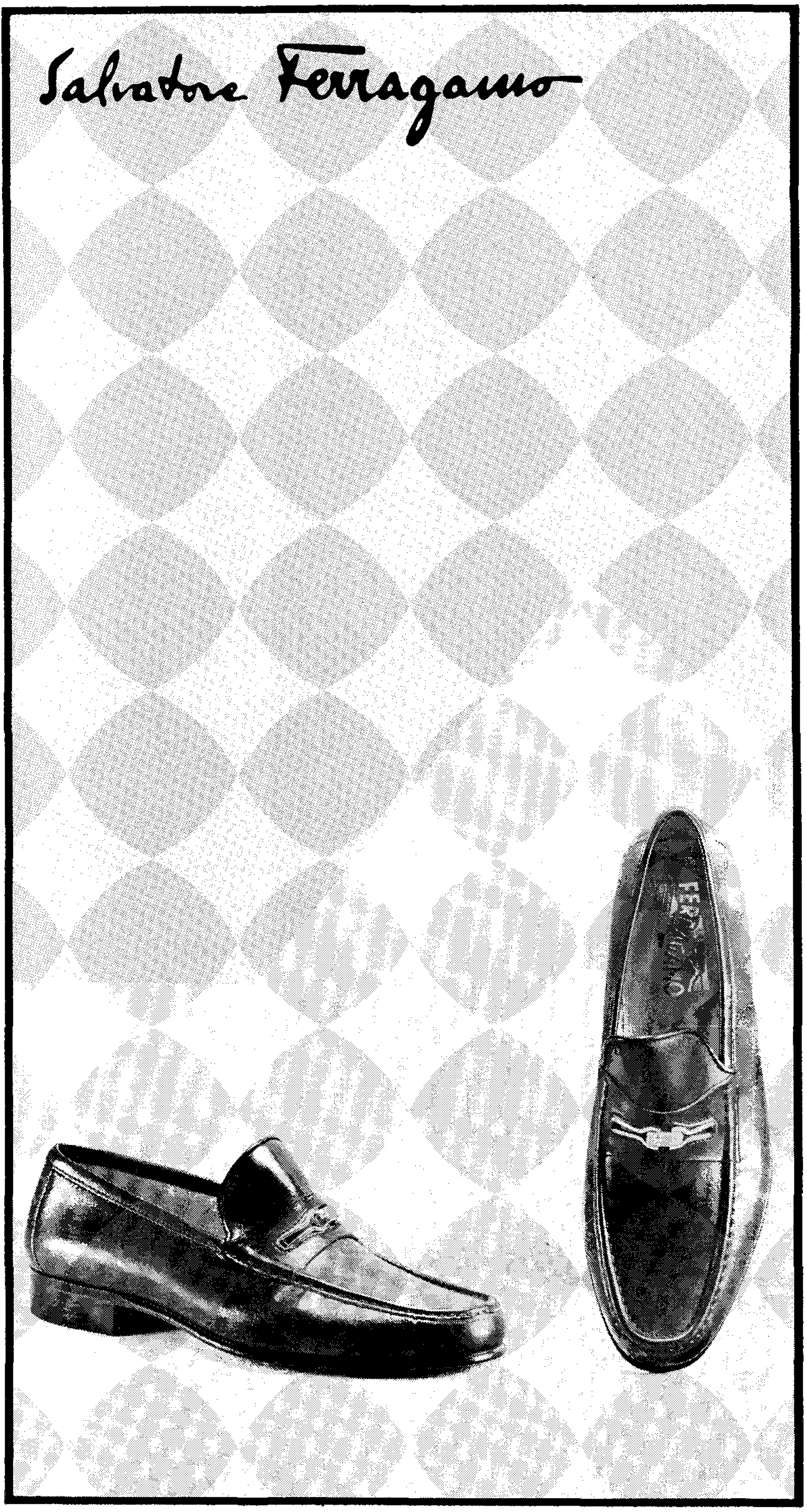
own their own homes, some rent theirs from the government, some buy into government-built complexes, some rent out space in homes they own or rent. Some can pass their property on to heirs, and some can't. All this activity is subject to the incredibly complicated bureaucracy. The waiting list to get one's own apartment in a government-built complex is currently over ten years long. (A phone, I am told, can take twenty years.) In the meantime, Poles have contrived some ingenious ways of burrowing between the cracks of the pervasive bureaucracy—in some cases, almost literally. I met one man who had given up on his waiting list. He and a group of his friends found a Stalinist-style apartment building on the edge of Warsaw, vintage nineteen-fifties. The building had a large, pompously imposing entrance hall, which the friends commandeered, and into which they slotted four apartments and a store. They procured all the supplies and did all the construction themselves. This man currently lives in one of the nicest apartments I've seen in the Warsaw area, and he pays not one zloty for it: the bureaucracy, after years of trying to fit his particular situation into one of its categories—to figure out how much to charge him—either gave up or lost track of him altogether.

In recent months, all sectors of the Polish economy have been experiencing extreme constrictions, and the possibilities for ingenuity are wearing thin. The result, everywhere, is the shortages and the lines. My friend in the free apartment tells me, "It used to be that when I saw a line, I passed it by—who needed the bother? You could always find your product later in the day somewhere else, without a line. Now whenever I see a line I immediately join it—I'm excited to find a store with anything to sell."

One evening, I attend a Polish film that was shot about four years ago. At one point in the film, the action moves to a grocery store where there are no lines and the shelves are amply stocked with all kinds of goods—the way things apparently were about four years ago. The scene has the audience rolling in the aisles.

"Products appear and disappear, reappear and then disappear again," a woman tells me. "And then sometimes they just disappear for good. It used to be that our stores were stocked with many different kinds of cheese. I haven't seen cheese in six months." The shortages seem to roll from one product to another. At the moment,



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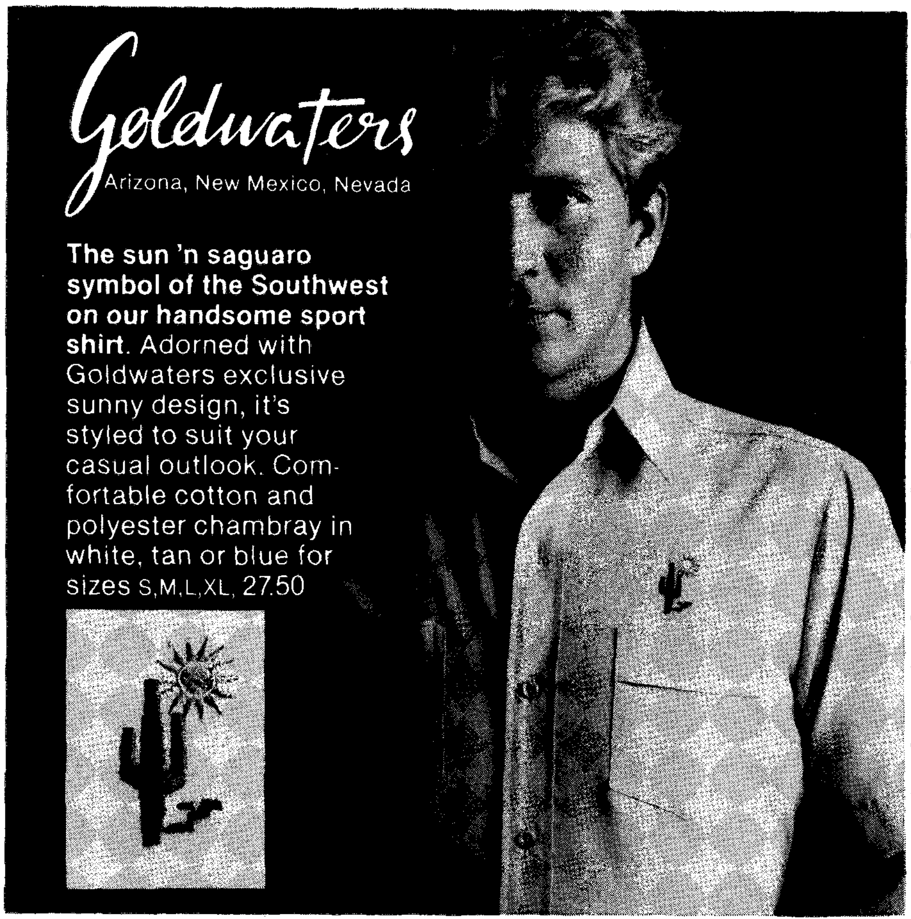
there are sequential shortages of milk, sausage, matches, beer, toilet paper, chocolate, and cigarettes. These shortages translate into long lines wherever the items happen to surface. Conversation within the lines often takes the form of intricate analyses of the causes of the particular shortage of the day. With cigarettes, for example, the theory is that enough tobacco and paper exist but that because of the national debt the government hasn't been able to import the specific type of adhesive needed to seal the rolled papers. With matches, some people feel that it's a question of sulfur, others of wood. The people pass the time of day patiently waiting, parsing all the possibilities, joking over their misfortune. Meanwhile, the country's productivity is drip-dribbling away: everyone comes in late for work.

One of the most fascinating features of the lines is the institution of self-policing. For example, a rumor spreads that a particular store will be receiving a shipment of sewing machines. A line spontaneously forms. The person at the head of the line takes out a sheet of paper, and people sign up in order of appearance. After a while, when it becomes clear that the sewing machines aren't coming that day, they disperse. Each morning, they queue up once again to reassert their position in the line—each name on the sheet is followed by a series of checks—and when the sewing machines eventually materialize they are apportioned according to the list. You find the lines everywhere—even in front of police offices, where the people queuing for travel visas or other bureaucratic appointments first register with the woman at the head of the line, with her tattered list.

"These lines," a woman says to me with a sigh. "This is what kills our time. This is what wears us down—the time we waste in strategizing our daily lives. How you have to remember to buy bread on Thursday, because the line's too long on Friday, and that it has to be brown bread, because white won't last till Monday—all these tiny, petty details, cluttering up your mind until you don't have room for anything else." Another acquaintance tells me she feels that the shortages are a calculated strategy on the part of the government to wear the people down, to slowly rob them of hope and enthusiasm. But a third person—a sociologist—feels that while the lines started out as an inconvenience, they are fast becoming an institution. "It's not that



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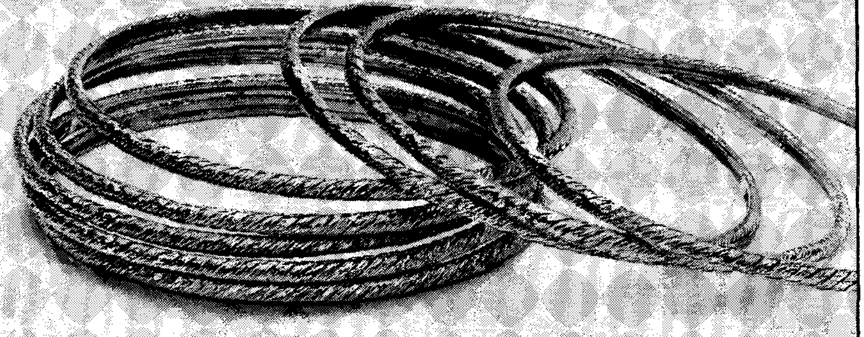

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bad," he assures me. "This is where people meet, slow down, talk, exchange ideas on what is happening in the country. And then, the miserable situation of our economy changes the dimensions of living—now we take tremendous satisfaction in the smallest things. Just finding two bottles of milk becomes an adventure. A pack of cigarettes can make my day—it feels like a triumph."

ALONG a low plateau above the west bank of the Vistula in the north-central part of Warsaw stretches Stare Miasto, the Old Town: a quaint cobblestone quarter virtually unchanged since the seventeenth century—except that not a wall there is more than thirty-five years old. Toward the end of the Second World War, after the Nazis had extinguished successive uprisings in the ghetto and the rest of the town, and before the advancing Soviet Army got around to liberating the few savaged Warsovites who had survived, the Germans systematically levelled the entire city of Warsaw. In the Historical Museum, off the Old Market Square, you can see old films of the devastation: German soldiers spraying emptied buildings with flame and then dynamiting the burned-out shells. But after 1945 the returning residents of Warsaw refused to accept history's verdict. In an extraordinary community effort, they set about rebuilding the Old Town exactly as it had been. Long-lost crafts of metalworking and glassmaking had to be reinvented, masonry and woodwork meticulously grafted. The result, after decades of painstaking work, is a virtually exact replica of the original Old Town.

Nothing happening in Poland today makes sense without reference to its tortured history, and particularly the grim legacy of the war. This is true in two respects. First, however much mismanagement and corruption may have aggravated Poland's current economic situation, Poland is a poor country. Only thirty-five years ago, it lay in total ruin, its housing and its industry completely devastated. Unlike Western Europe, which could rebuild with the aid of enormous infusions of capital from the United States—the one world power whose industrial base had received no damage whatever—the Poles had to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. The Soviet Union did extend some assistance, but it was in the process of repairing its own overwhelming devastation. It's

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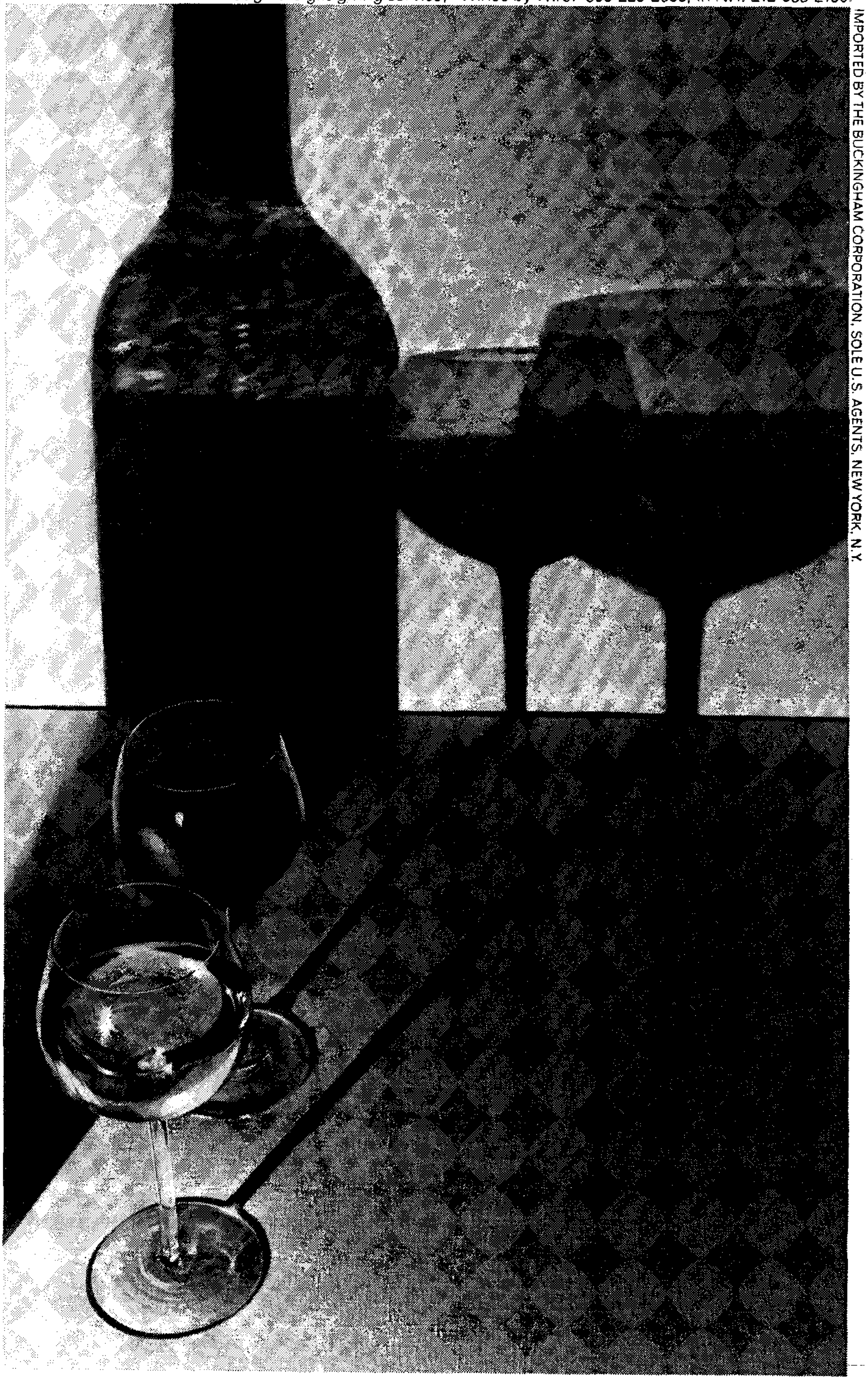

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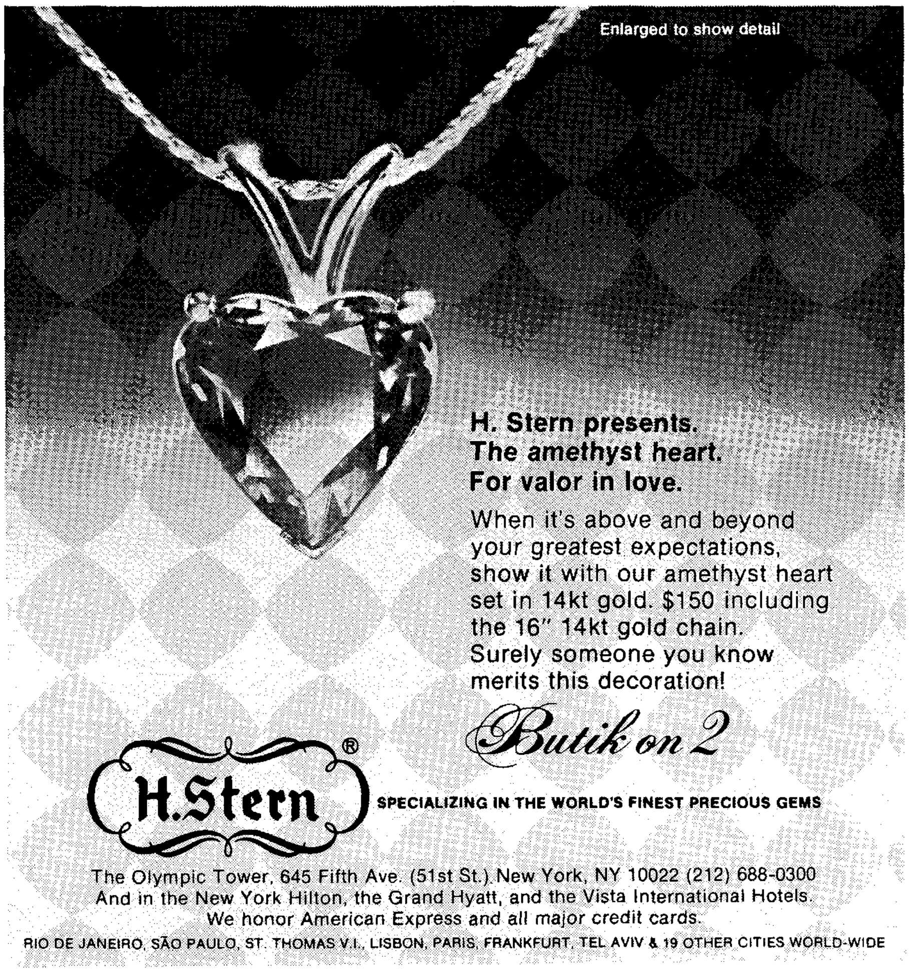
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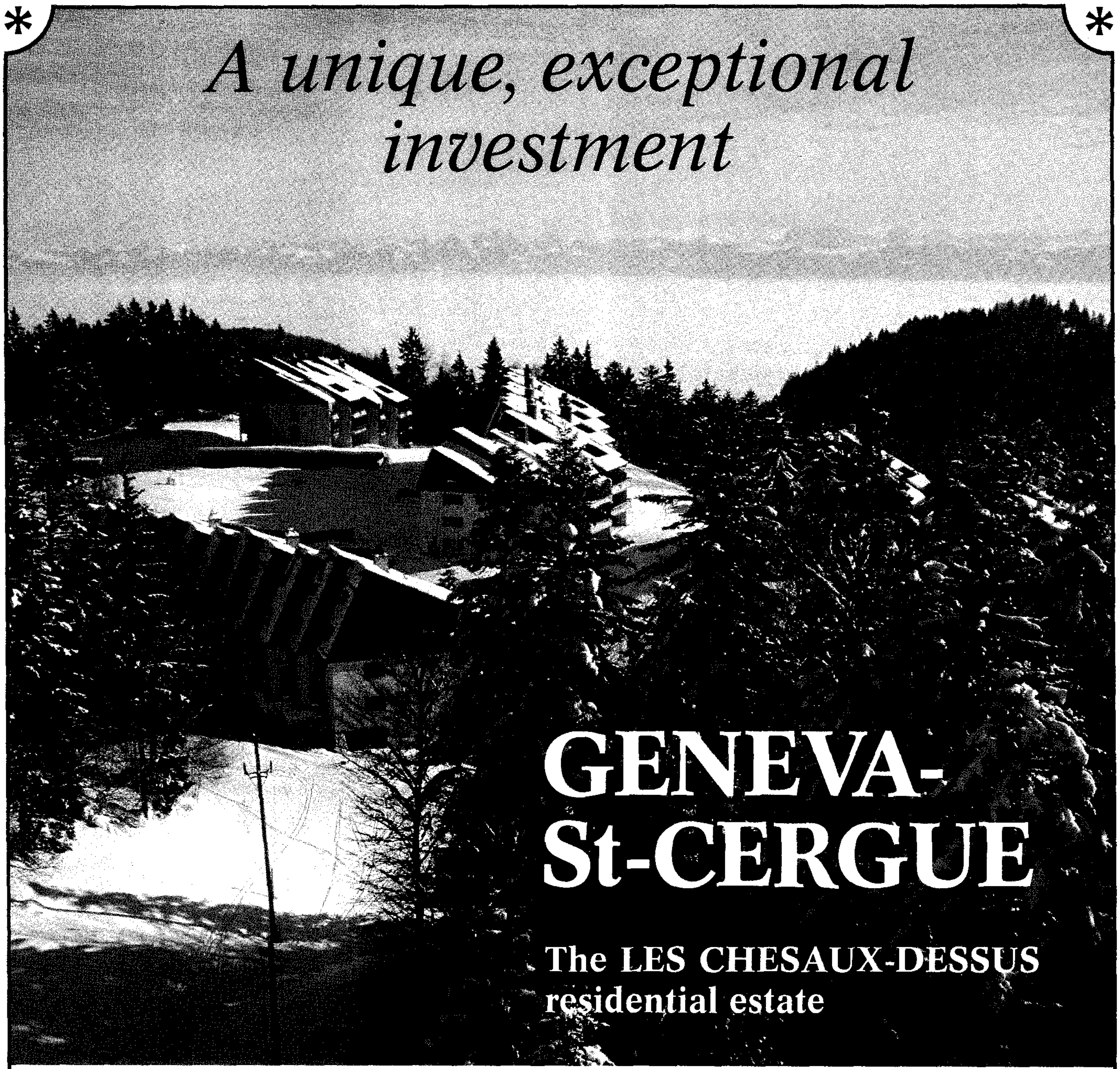
easy for Westerners and Americans to ridicule the state of the Polish economy, but we must remember that the existence of any Polish economy at all is evidence of a certain dogged triumph. Second, the tragedy of what the Second World War did to Poland highlights the larger tragedy of Poland's entire history. "This low, flat country is the cesspool of Eurasia," a Warsaw intellectual told me. "Whenever history backs up to either side of us, the chaos and the carnage spill over into Poland." The Polish people may win the prize for history's least enviable geographical placement. During the past five hundred years, their very existence as a nation has been a sporadic achievement: their statehood disappears, reappears with new boundaries, disappears again. Poland exists within the German sphere of influence during one generation and within the Russian the next. ("The thing you must never forget about Poland," a friend in Warsaw told me, "is that we lost the Second World War.") Amid it all, the Polish people breed martyrs in endless profusion—a profusion reflected, in turn, in the abundance of flowers with which they adorn the martyrs' monuments. Every few blocks on almost any Warsaw street, you will come upon a plaque commemorating some gruesome carnage, and the plaque will invariably be draped in bright fresh blossoms. Out of this sorry history, the Poles have distilled a fierce, romantic nationalism, and nothing in Poland today makes sense unless you understand that temper.

No one has understood it better than the Catholic Church. Diagonally across the street from the University of Warsaw, you will find the Church of the Holy Cross. It's a modest baroque structure. Inside, plaques along the side walls commemorate a cavalcade of Polish national heroes: musicians, artists, scientists, political leaders. In an alcove, there's a bust of Chopin. Beneath the bust lies an urn; inside the urn lies the composer's heart. The alcove is strewn with flowers, and tiny student badges from Poznan, Lodz, Lublin, Bydgoszcz, Krakow . . . Similarly, in the crypt beneath the venerable Wawel Cathedral, in Krakow, one comes upon the sarcophagi of Adam Mickiewicz and Juliusz Slowacki, the two greatest poets of Polish nineteenth-century romanticism. In Czestochowa, about seventy miles northwest of Krakow, the Jasna Gora monastery, site of a miraculous painting of the Black Madonna,



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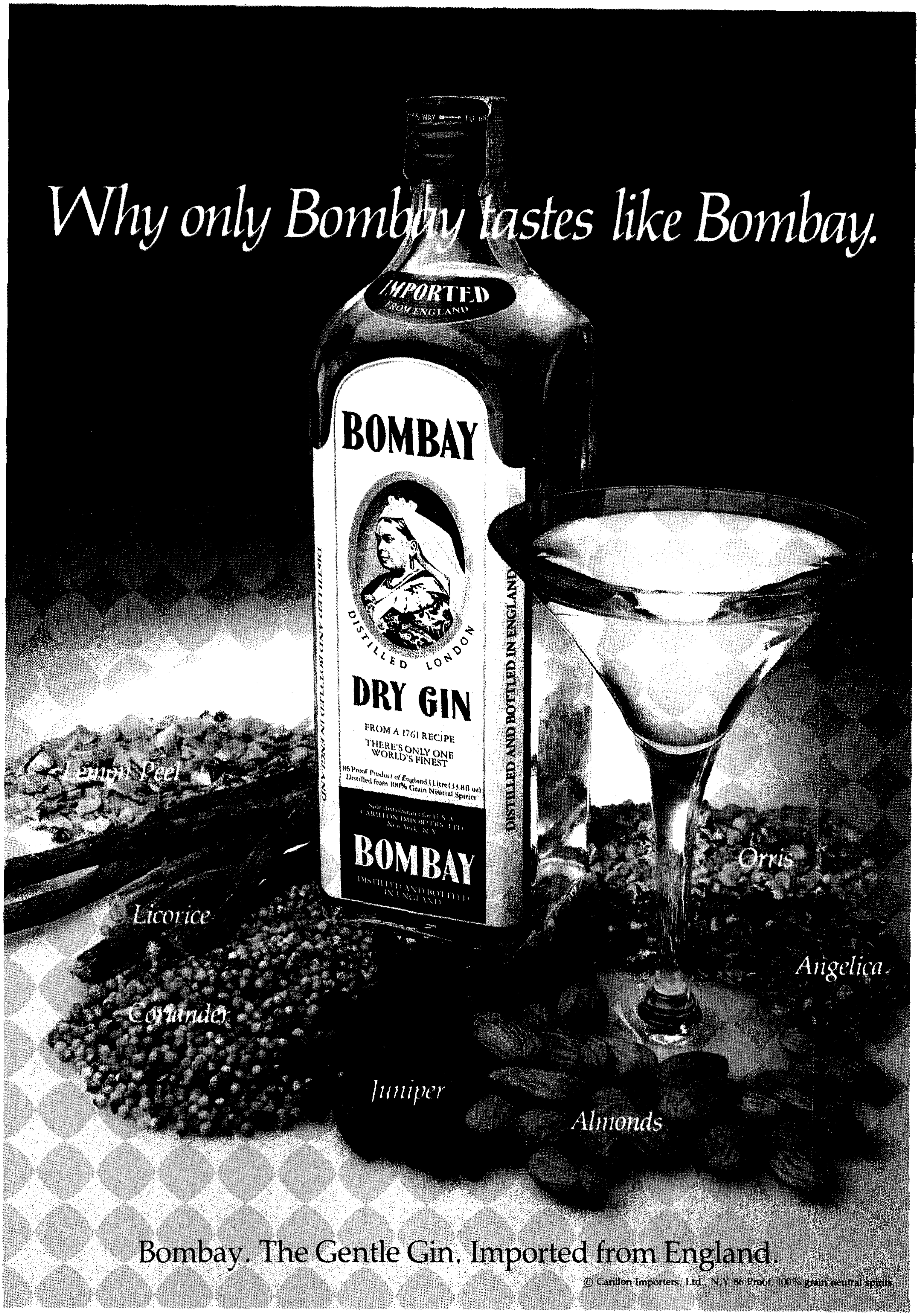
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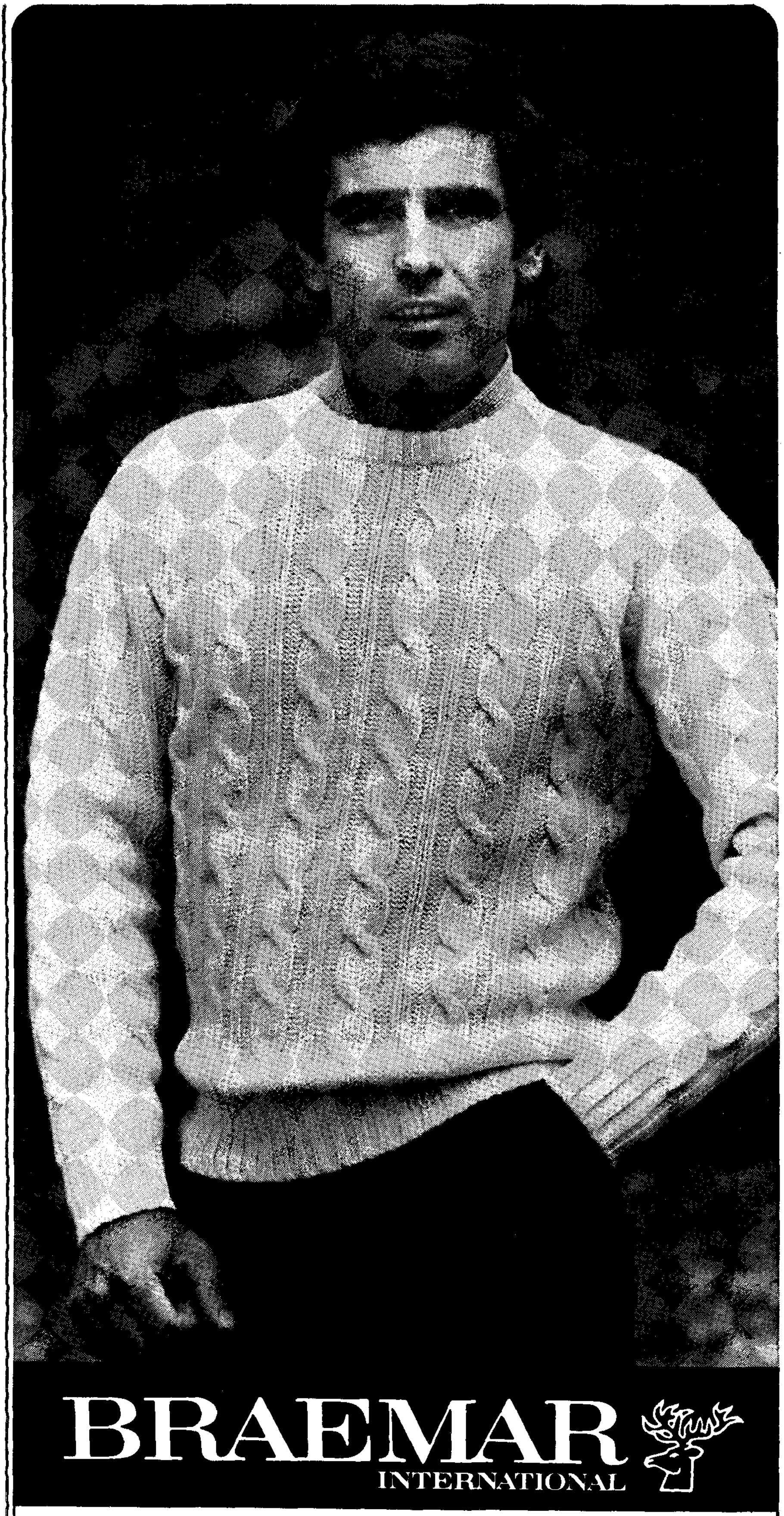
In the battle between Catholicism and Communism for the hearts of the Polish people, only the former has been able to tap into and express Polish nationalism, while the latter's inability to do so accounts in part for its inability to rule. For Poles, the Catholic Church is an organic national institution, the Communist Party an imposed colonial one. In a courtyard at the University of Warsaw, a twenty-one-year-old literature student tells me that she and eighty per cent of the young people of Poland regularly attend church on Sundays—"some as believers, some as some sort of believers." When you try to get a take on the precise character of Polish Catholic belief, things become a bit hazy (just as they do when you try to pin a Solidarity leader down on what, precisely, he sees as the future of economic organization in his country). The student tells me that she and most of her classmates tend to ignore the Church's teachings on birth control and abortion. (Polish families are generally modest in size; finding families with more than three children is unusual, at least in the cities.) She also thinks that the Church's poster-board campaign on behalf of Creationism, as opposed to evolutionary theory, is only marginally effective. "For us," she concludes, "the Church signifies patriotism, tradition, continuity, and stability."

One frequently comes upon young men in priests' robes—you see priests of all ages, for that matter, but the young priests stand out. "They become priests," a friend tells me, "partly out of a religious vocation, perhaps more out of a patriotic one, but also because the priesthood is the



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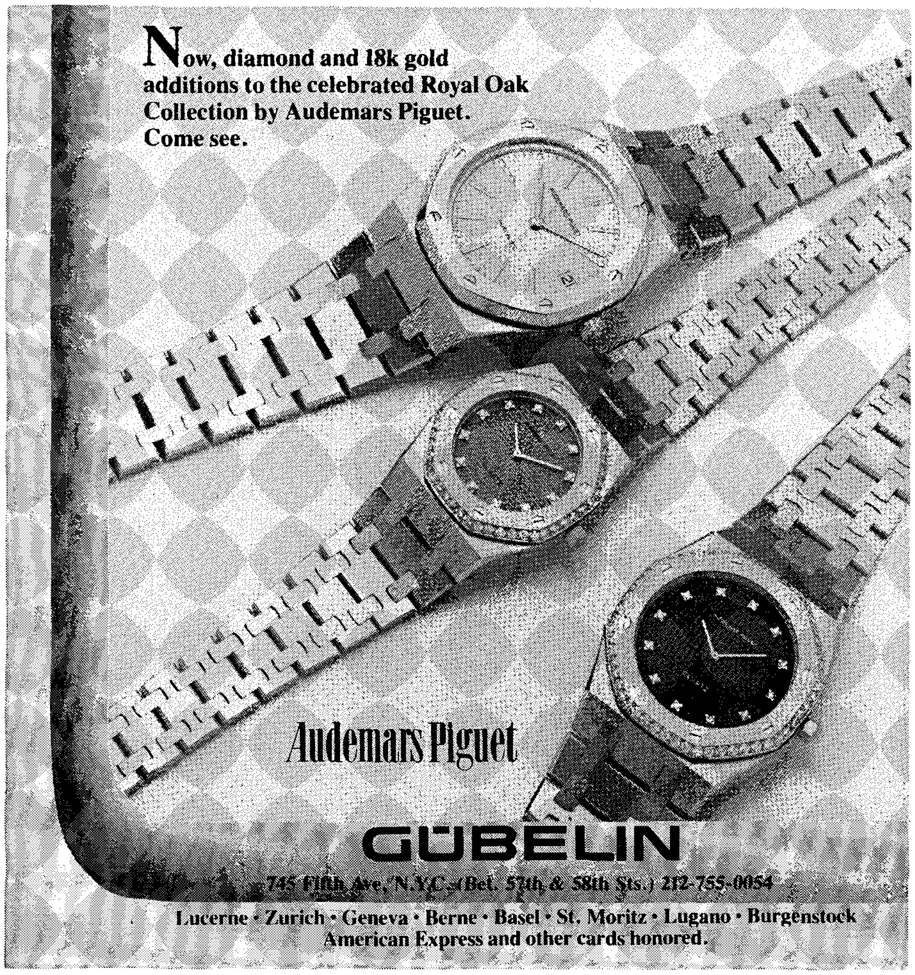
A highly educated sociologist tells me that although he himself seldom attends church anymore, he sends his six-year-old son to Sunday school. "The Church has preserved Polish history and culture," he says. "If my son did not receive exposure to the Church, there isn't a single Polish poem he'd ever understand."

But the Church in Poland offers its congregations something more profound than cultural heritage; fundamentally, the Church extends to the Poles a limitless *solace*, and, Polish history being what it is, solace just about has to be limitless. This became clear to me on the evening, during the second week of May, when we received word that the Pope had been shot. I had intended to visit a regional meeting of the Warsaw Solidarity branch, but the meeting was summarily cancelled. Instead, I wandered into a neighboring church. In the crepuscular stillness, hundreds of Poles were kneeling in the pews; a priest was saying Mass; the organ occasionally underscored the moment's solemnity. Behind the priest, a huge, ornate gold-leaf altar framed a dark baroque painting of the Crucifixion. Here were these people facing yet further calamities: the life of their Pope (doubly theirs) in peril; their own Cardinal Wyszynski old and badly ailing; their economy in shambles; the Russian tanks at the border—in short, a nation, as ever, on the rack. And here before them, as ever, was the dark, strangely calm image of a man splayed in crucifixion, both a figure for their situation and a promise of a kind of redemption, or at least a solace. "Poland," wrote Juliusz Slowacki, the great romantic poet, "is the Jesus Christ of nations."

Perhaps the most poignant war memorial in Poland lies about ten miles to the north of Warsaw, at Palmiry, in a flat clearing surrounded by birch forest. This is one of the places where, in the early days of the Occupation, the Nazis brought prominent Polish citizens in the middle of the night and herded them together for summary execution. In the clearing today, you find row upon row of uniform cross-shaped headstones—five thousand of them. At the entry gate, an engraved inscription preserves a bit of anonymous graffiti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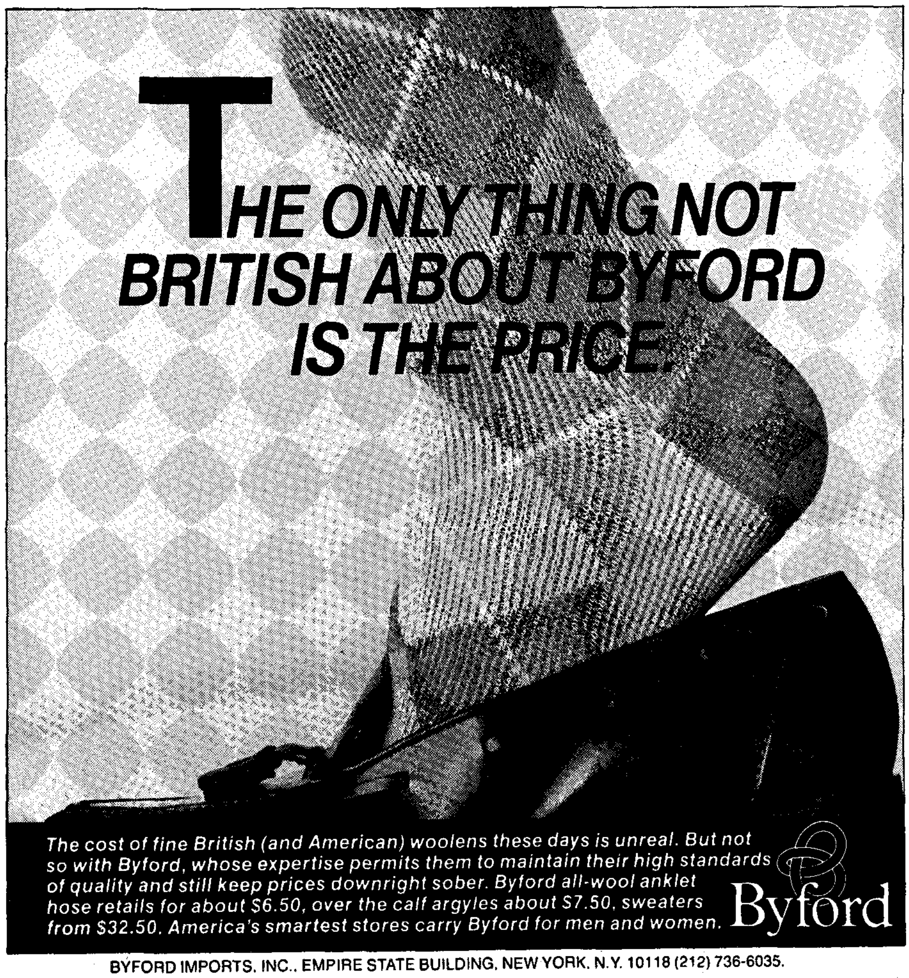
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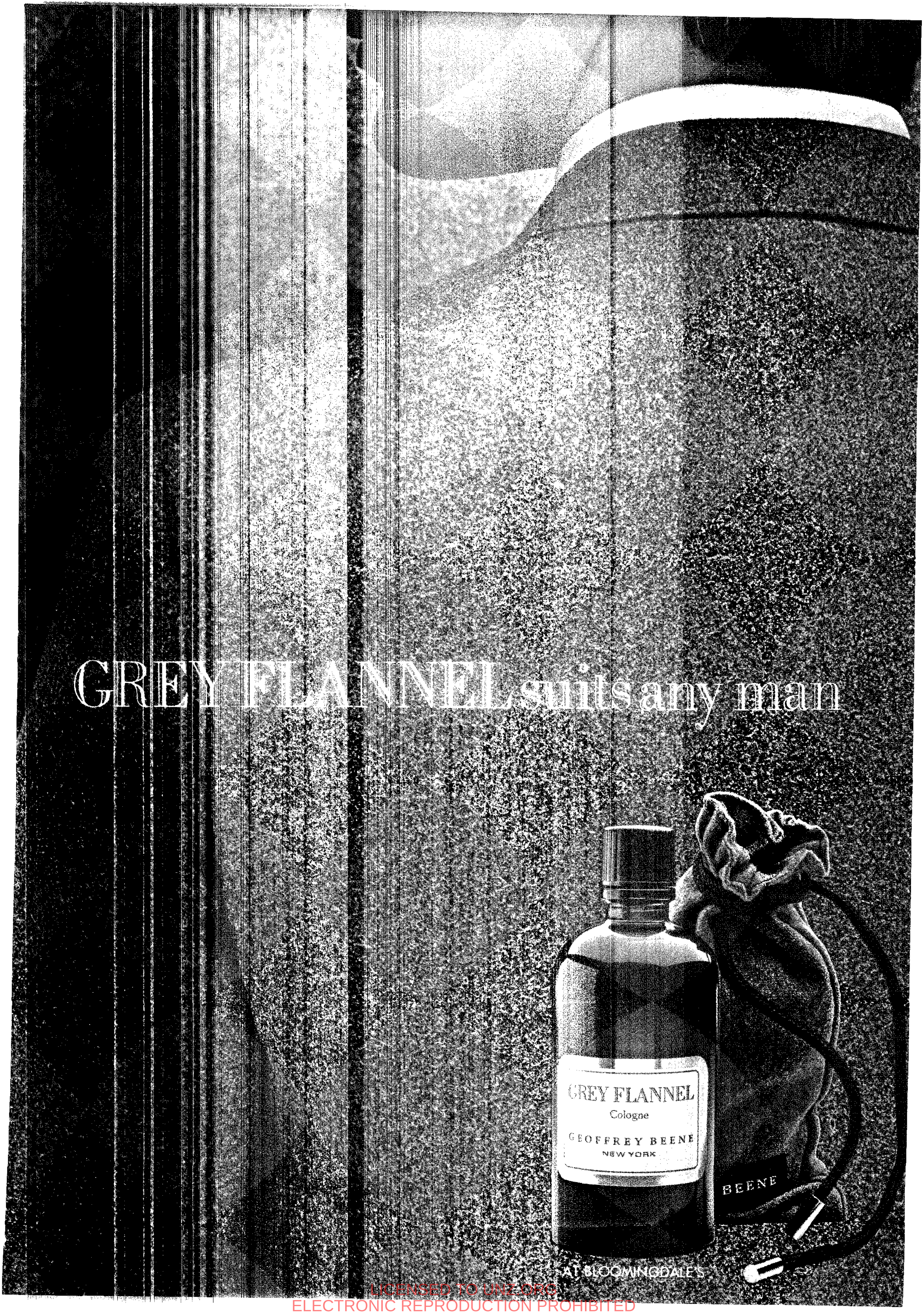
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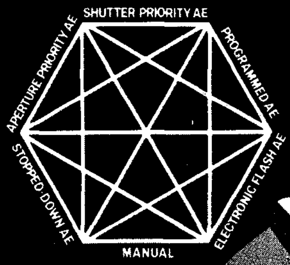

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found in a Gestapo prison cell after the war:

> It is easy to talk about Poland,
> Harder to work for Poland,
> Harder still to die for Poland,
> Hardest of all to suffer for Poland.

On the far side of the clearing, rising serenely out of the birch forest, tall and lean and gleaming white, are three simple crosses, the middle one slightly taller than the others. They suggest nothing so much as a benign eternal vigilance.

"If it hadn't been for the election of John Paul II," my student friend tells me in the courtyard at Warsaw University, "August, 1980, would never have been possible. I do not consider myself a believer, but even I was choked with emotion at the news. It gave us a tremendous surge of pride—a sense that we were perhaps something after all, that maybe we didn't have to be resigned to all this."

Another friend—a Catholic intellectual now active in Solidarity—tells me, "It wasn't so much his election as Pope as his visit here—in June of 1979—that really inspired the country. Here we were, facing a tremendously complicated series of logistical tasks—setting the itinerary for his trip, making arrangements for several huge rallies, providing for crowd control, and so forth—and the government was pointedly declining to help us. Generally speaking, the authorities were trying to ignore the Pope's visit as much as possible—television coverage, for instance, was limited. The police pulled back, made themselves scarce—partly out of tact. And so, completely independent of anything that John Paul had to say, we discovered an extraordinary and quite unsuspected competence *within ourselves:* we could do all kinds of things by ourselves, we didn't need the authorities. We developed communications networks, planning procedures—all kinds of skills that would become tremendously useful a year later."

The Pope's Masses during the visit drew millions of participants, and one phrase of his in particular has fixed itself in the people's imagination. It was uttered at the conclusion of a prayer, and has since been inscribed on a commemorative frieze on the wall outside the shipyard in Gdansk: "Let the Holy Spirit come into this country and this ground. Amen." The woman who translated the frieze for me in Gdansk sighed emotionally and whispered, "Imagine! He said that in 1979 and then we had August in 1980. It

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was as if he had said, 'Let there be light,' *and there was.*"

The relationship between the Catholic Church and the Solidarity movement is particularly curious. For while the Church seems to be inspiring all sorts of democratizing tendencies within society—by way of its rhetoric concerning "individual human dignity"—it is at the same time one of the most rigidly hierarchical institutions around; indeed, it's the only thing in Poland remotely as hierarchical as the Communist Party. And while the Church has long provided a context for resistance, the Church during the recent crises has in practice been a force for moderation—and, some Poles go so far as to say, for capitulation. There can be no question, however, that John Paul II himself presides over the entire Polish renewal like a guardian angel. Poles will tell you over and over again that John Paul has informed the Soviet leaders in no uncertain terms that if they and their allies should decide to invade Poland he would immediately fly to Warsaw. (The Poles think that this threat is a major reason for Russia's reluctance to invade.)

"The Pope," Stalin said (in his famous statement of 1935), dismissing a request that he sanction Catholicism in Russia. "How many divisions has he got?" The fact of the matter is, as Stalin's Kremlin successors have come to realize, that in Poland today the Pope's divisions are legion.

THERE is a dark side to Poland's overwhelmingly Catholic consensus. Perfectly thoughtful and sensitive Polish intellectuals will tell you, without a moment's circumspection, that Poland is today probably the most ethnically homogeneous nation in Europe. "Ninety-eight per cent pure" is a phrase I have often heard uttered without a trace of irony.

In September, 1939, more than thirty per cent of the population of Warsaw was Jewish, and the proportion was similar in other Polish towns. (More than three million Jews lived in the entire country.) Long before the arrival of the Nazis, the Jews of Poland had been subject to terrible indigenous persecutions and pogroms, and there is substantial historical evidence to indicate that some elements of Polish society welcomed Hitler's invasion, at least to the extent that it promised to solve the perennial problem of Jewish contamination. After the war, hundreds of cadaverous Jews returning

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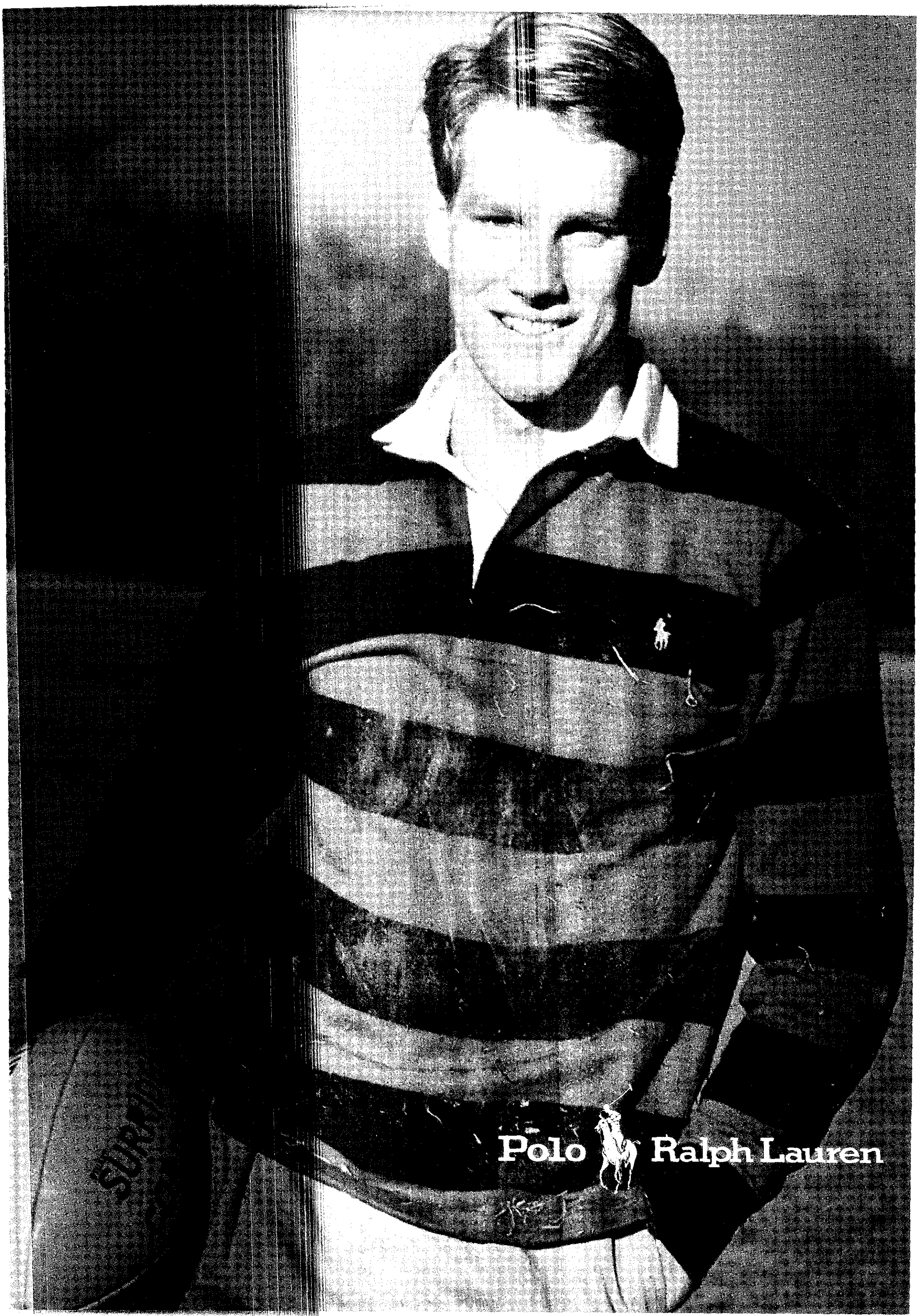
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from the concentration camps were bludgeoned as they arrived in their home towns. Thousands of others were chased out. In 1968, an official anti-Semitic purge further thinned the Jewish remnant. This month, as I was touring Poland, the figures I heard for the total remaining Jewish population ranged from five thousand to seven thousand. One person in Warsaw estimated that there were two hundred Jews remaining in the city.

"Actually," a writer assured me, "many Jews are prominent in several sectors of Polish society."

"What sectors?" I asked.

"Film."

"What other sectors?"

"No other sectors."

At the outset of Isaac Bashevis Singer's novel "Shosha," the narrator confides, "I was brought up on three dead languages—Hebrew, Aramaic, and Yiddish (some consider the last not a language at all). . . . Although my ancestors had settled in Poland some six or seven hundred years before, I knew only a few words of the Polish language. We lived in Warsaw on Krochmalna Street."

During the early part of my stay in Warsaw, I, too, lived on Krochmalna Street, in the heart of what had been forty years ago a walled-in Jewish ghetto. I read Singer and walked along his streets—Mila, Nowolipie, Chlodna, Leszno . . . The Jews were all gone, the language was gone—not even the buildings remained. Although the Warsovites meticulously resurrected the Old Town, that project of exact reconstruction stopped at the edge of the ghetto. Its streets are now lined by flank after flank of tall gray mass-produced mass housing. Small Polish children play friskily at intersections where Jewish resistance fighters perished in the final days of the ghetto uprising in the spring of 1943. I saw no memorial plaques on the buildings. In a park, I sat reading Singer and wondered in what sense one could even construe this to be the place he was writing about. Virtually nothing of the Jews remains; all that persists—strangely unaltered by their disappearance—is the surrounding anti-Semitism.

One afternoon, I wander into a park among the housing units and discover a large granite-and-bronze memorial to the ghetto fighters. It is the only memorial I see during my entire stay in Poland that isn't wreathed with commemorative flowers.

Another afternoon, I wander over

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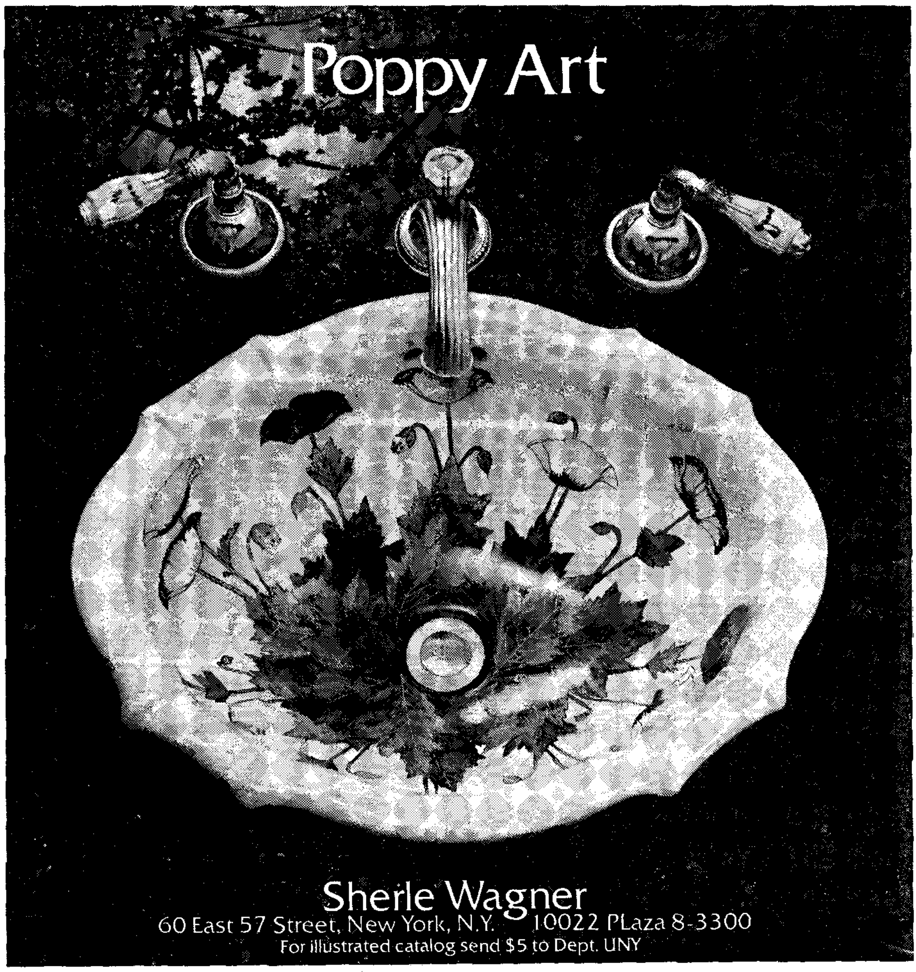

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to the western rim of what was the ghetto, through a walled enclosure and into another time. There, in the dense underbrush of a lush forest, I happen upon the Jewish cemetery. Four hundred years of memorial slabs pitch into one another—wedged and tilted gravestones, cracked columns, decaying figurines, cratered inscriptions. The cemetery seems to recede for acres and acres, everything dappled in suffused green light. Deep in the forest, a few men are engaged in a Sisyphean labor of reclamation. From a shack at one side emerges an old man—stooped, it seems, by the weight of a huge metal Star of David hanging from his neck. An elaborately embroidered yarmulke covers his sparse hair. He introduces himself as the caretaker of the cemetery.

I am with an American friend, Carl, who as a child picked up a little Yiddish from his Polish grandfather. By way of Carl's thin strands of Yiddish, the caretaker leads us on a tour. He shows us "*quartiers*" of bankers, shoemakers, and scholars. He walks us past the tombstones of "*groyse rebes*"—great rabbis—and then past the tombs of S. Ansky and I. L. Peretz, two of the greatest Yiddish writers, and then into the *quartier* of the Socialists and the Bundists. "We leave them here to continue their debates," he says, smiling.

At one point, we emerge from the thick forest into an empty clearing—a narrow scar of a wedge. "Here is what we did," he explains. "Early on, the Nazis ordered us Jews to provide sand for the cement wall they were building to close up the ghetto—and they ordered us to dig it out of the cemetery. So as to desecrate as little of the cemetery as possible, the Jews moved the graves from this area to another section of the forest and then dug here. Here they dug deeper and deeper and deeper, so they wouldn't have to do more damage elsewhere. In the end, there was a huge pit. Later, the Nazis used it for mass burials."

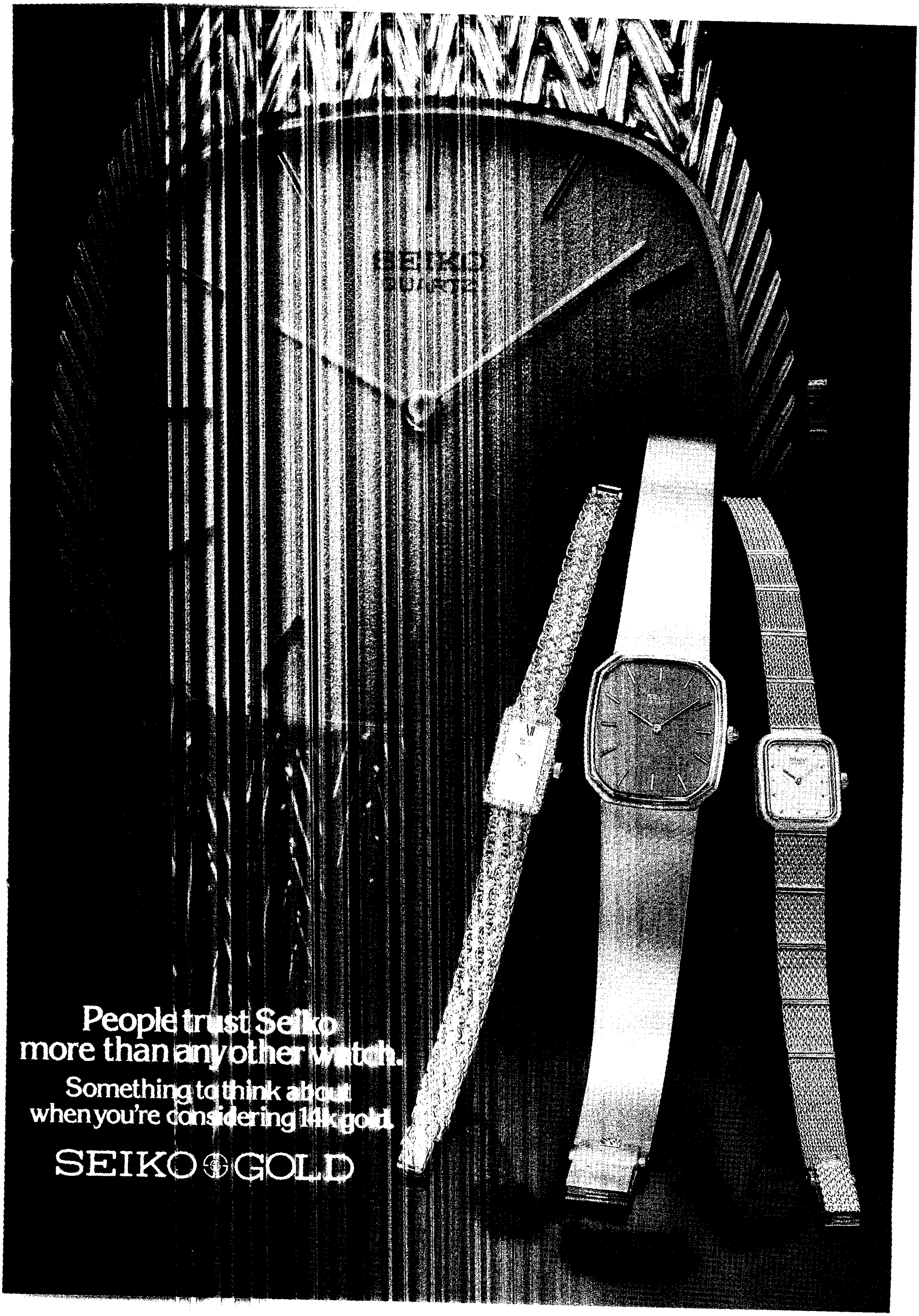
We walk on, past tailors and merchants and resistance heroes. Some of the graves are surprisingly recent. "Her daughter is in America," the caretaker explains at a tombstone dated 1967.

"What is your family name?" he suddenly asks Carl.

"Ginsburg."

"Ginsburg, Ginsburg," he repeats, in perfectly measured cadences. "Let's see, what have I got in Ginsburg?" He then leads us to Ginsburg bankers, rabbis, doctors, merchants . . .

From the Jewish cemetery, we walk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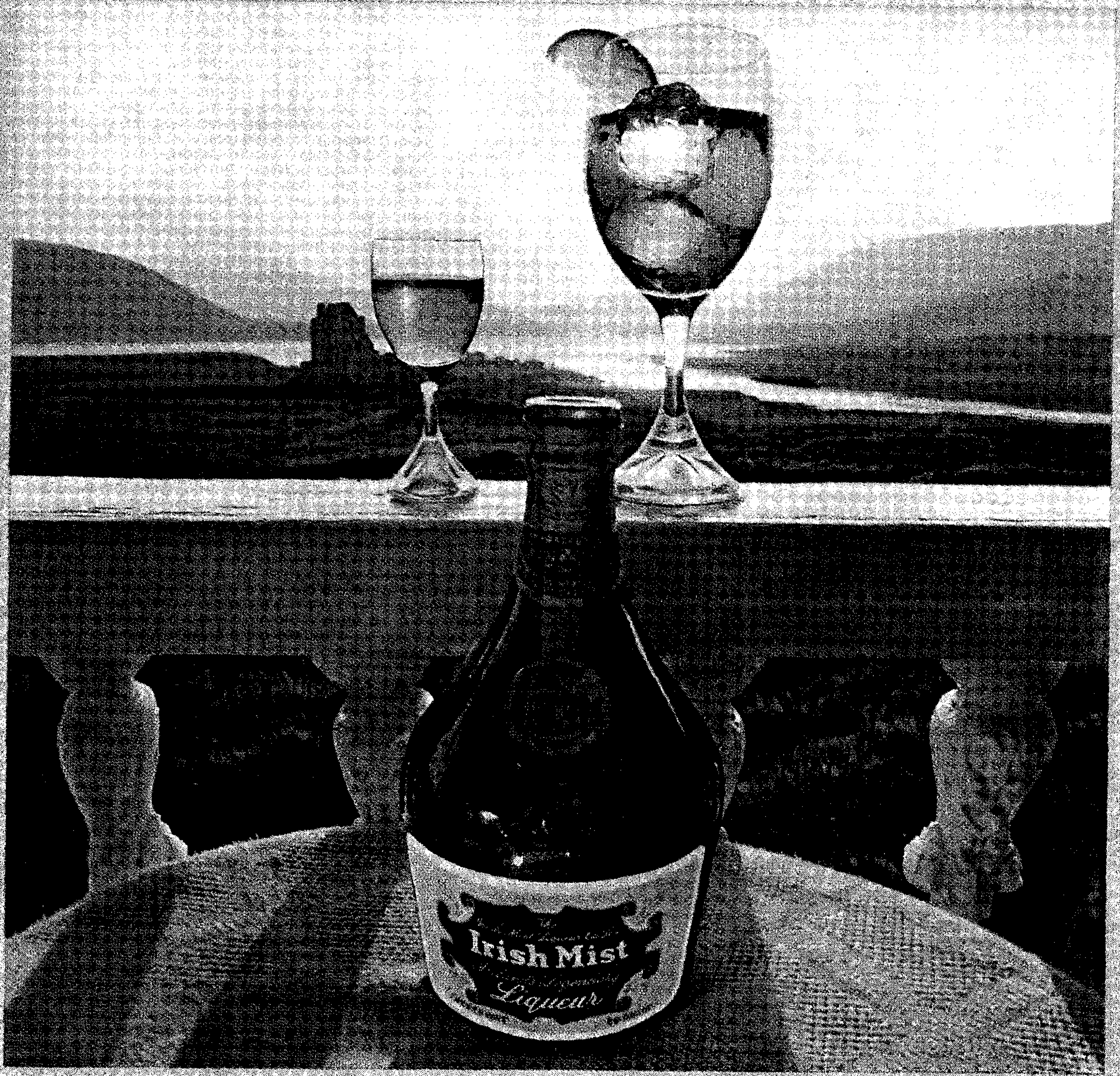

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about a mile to Aleje Swierczewskiego 79, where, according to an old guidebook, we can expect to find the Jewish Historical Institute and a museum commemorating the ghetto uprising. What we do find is boarded up. We pound on the door. No answer. It's a Wednesday afternoon, four o'clock. We start to walk away, and the door creaks open. A chubby, toothless old man in a cheap gray coat appears in the doorway and gestures that the museum is closed. He doesn't speak English or Yiddish (I'm pretty sure he's a Catholic Pole), but he speaks zloty, and after a small bribe he lets us in. You can do just about anything in Warsaw for a hundred zlotys.

The interior of the museum is a shambles. Downstairs, sacred Torah scrolls are displayed in a cracked vitrine, drenched in dust; a large menorah has toppled over. Upstairs, it's clear, there was once a substantial exhibition on the history of the ghetto during the Nazi Occupation. Today, tattered, curled photos slide from their moorings, maps lie torn on the floor. Blowups of faces hang upside down—sad, reproachful, resigned faces. In one rickety glass case, a rusty milk can and a few disintegrating metal boxes are displayed. These are the containers for the archives—archives meticulously collected inside the ghetto, perilously maintained, carefully buried for later recovery, then recovered, unpacked, mounted, and now utterly abandoned to this new holocaust of memory. As we leave, I thumb through the guestbook. There have been only two other visitors this year. One of them has scrawled "Shame!"

Everything I am seeing confirms the things I've heard about Poland from Polish Jews now living in Israel, France, and the United States. Over and over, prior to my Polish trip, I encountered sheer hatred of the country and its people, cold fury in reminiscences of the anti-Semitism that, it was claimed, pervaded Polish society in the years before and during the war. "You think it's a coincidence that the Nazis placed Auschwitz, Birkenau, Majdanek, Treblinka, and so many other concentration camps in Poland?" an acquaintance in New York asked me. "The Poles were only too pleased to accept things that even the Germans wouldn't stand for." A woman in Israel compared the behavior of the Hungarian authorities, who occasionally attempted to protect their Jews and, in fact, saved tens of thousands of them in the last stages of the

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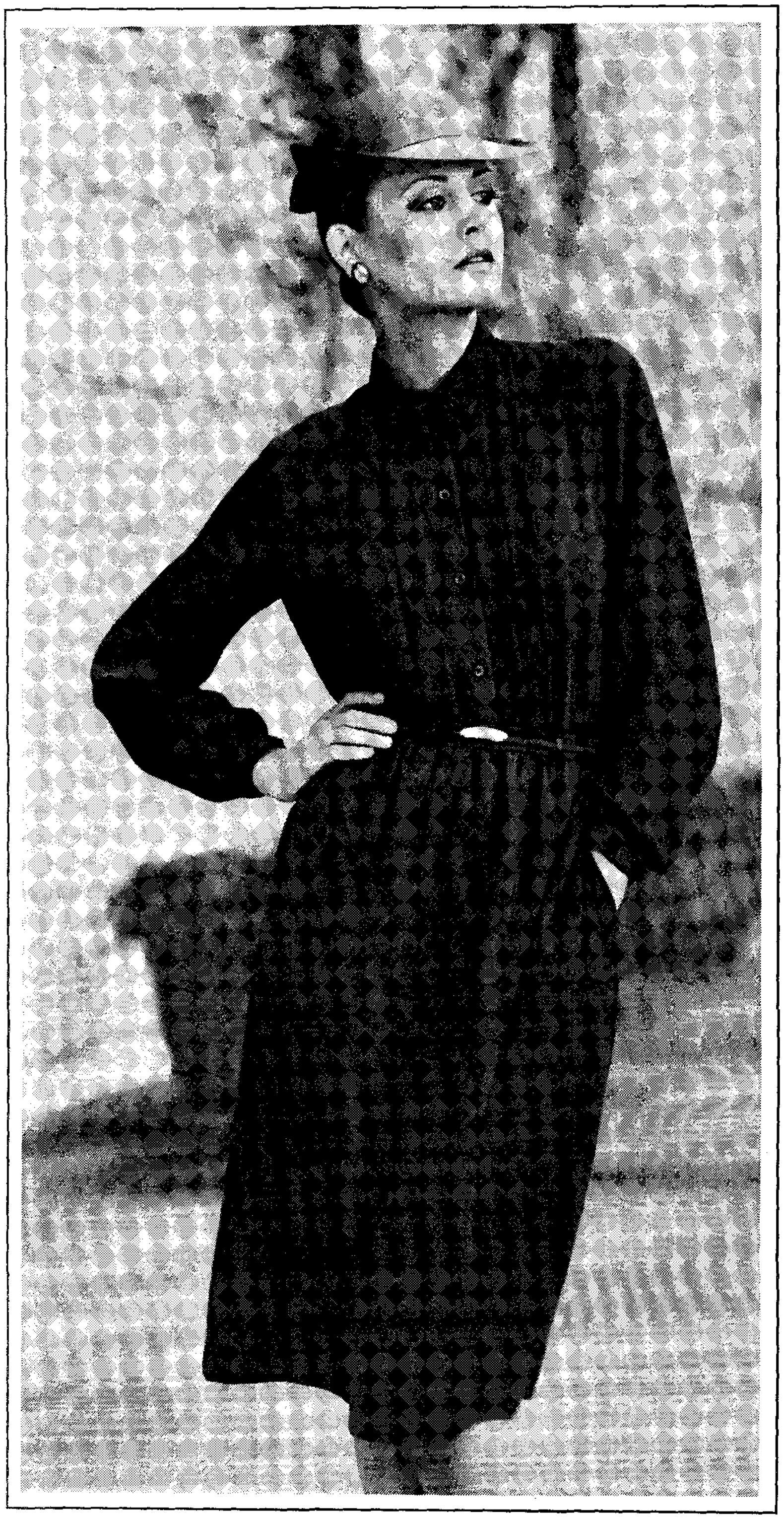

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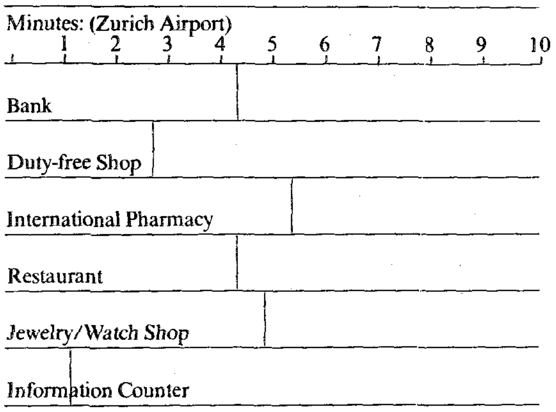

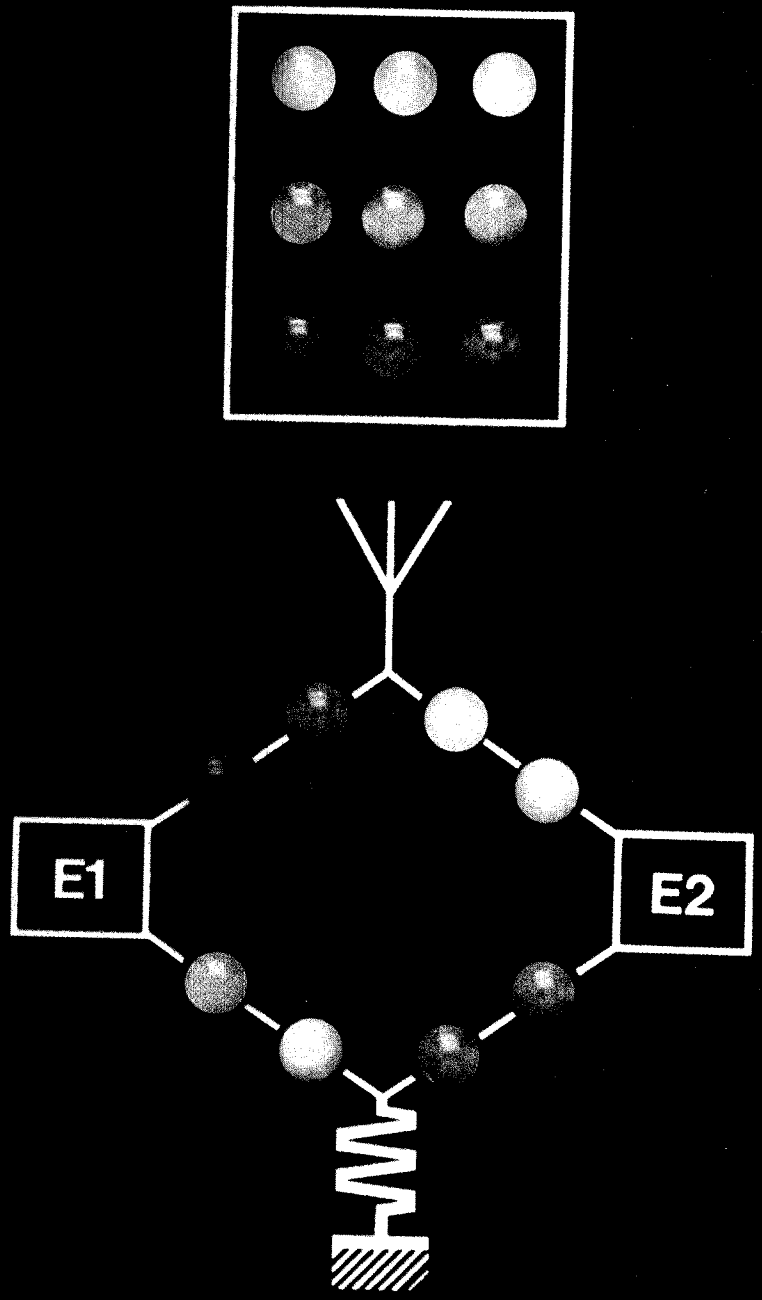

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war, with that of the Poles, who, she insisted, showed little such compassion. "Today, Poland's synagogues are used as garages!" she said. In Los Angeles, a Jewish émigré from Poland told me, "I hear stories about the lines and the shortages and the hard times in Warsaw, and I wish I could say I feel compassion, but you know what? It couldn't be happening to a more deserving people." Another Polish Jew now living in Los Angeles said, "The history of the Jews in Poland would make a dark book, but I'm afraid it's now a closed book. To all intents and purposes, there is no Jewish question in Poland today."

His words were now being echoed in Warsaw by an old, tired man, probably in his seventies, who is a survivor of the Lodz ghetto. "Look," the man was saying. "Human life consists of the passage between two doors. For the Jews of Poland today, only one of them is open."

I was therefore prepared to close the book—to close the door on my impressions of the Polish-Jewish question. Only, for some reason, it wouldn't quite close.

For one thing, I encounter a few, admittedly feeble signs of Polish concern. Late in my trip, I learn that a Catholic intellectual club is volunteering some labor at the Warsaw cemetery, and that a committee of prominent Polish cultural and intellectual figures is forming to lobby for the preservation of Jewish cemeteries and synagogues throughout the country. Furthermore, on some subsequent visits to the Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw I encounter a few people working in the archives. It turns out that the institute's highly esteemed staff did flee Warsaw during the anti-Semitic purges of 1968, but a few people have come along since, and they are trying to bear a minimal witness—as much as can be borne, given the fact that hardly any of them speak or read either Hebrew or Yiddish. There is talk of someday—someday—opening the display gallery once again.

But the biggest reason for my re-evaluation of the Polish-Jewish question comes in the form of a group of young Jews whom I happen upon during my last few days in Warsaw. They aren't even supposed to exist, as far as everyone else is concerned, but there they are, coming together for the holy days, for the Sabbath meal each week, and for mutual support and enlightenment. In most cases, these people—mainly young professionals in

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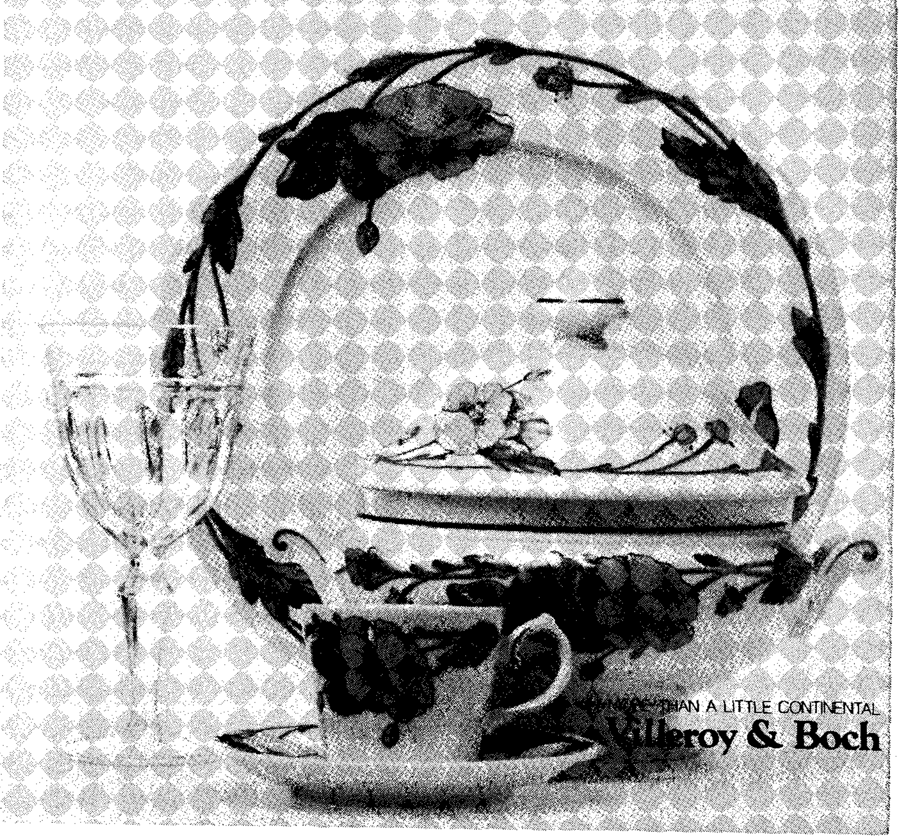

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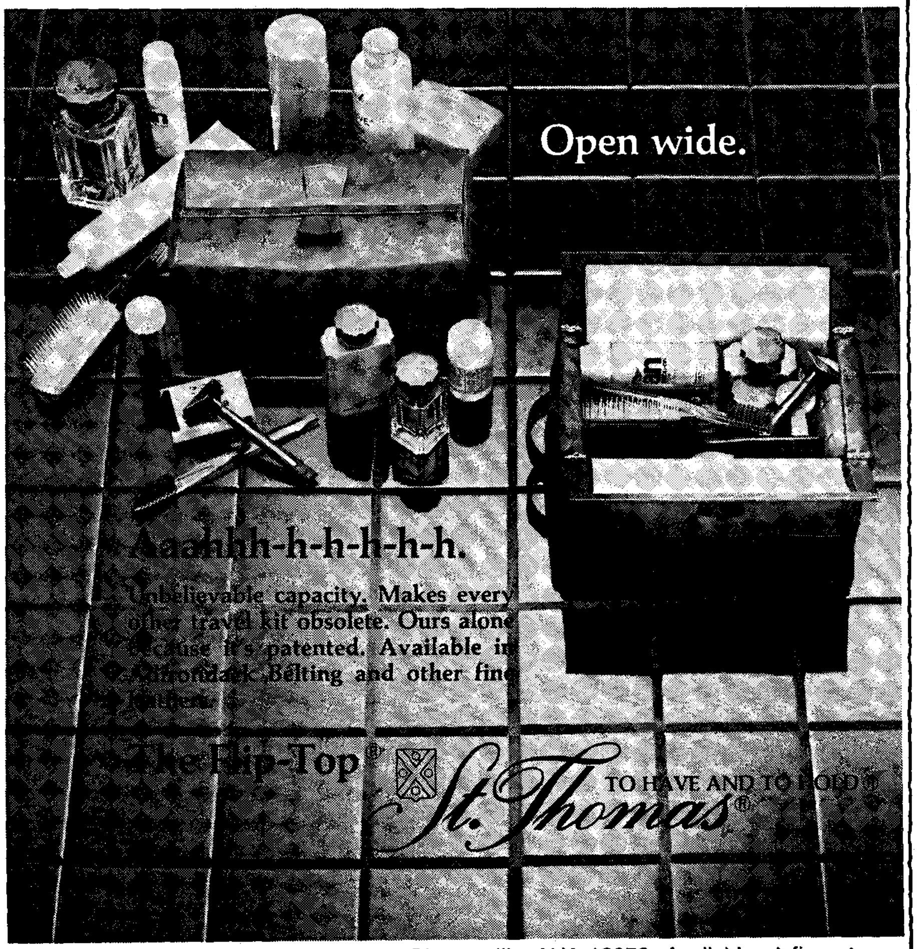
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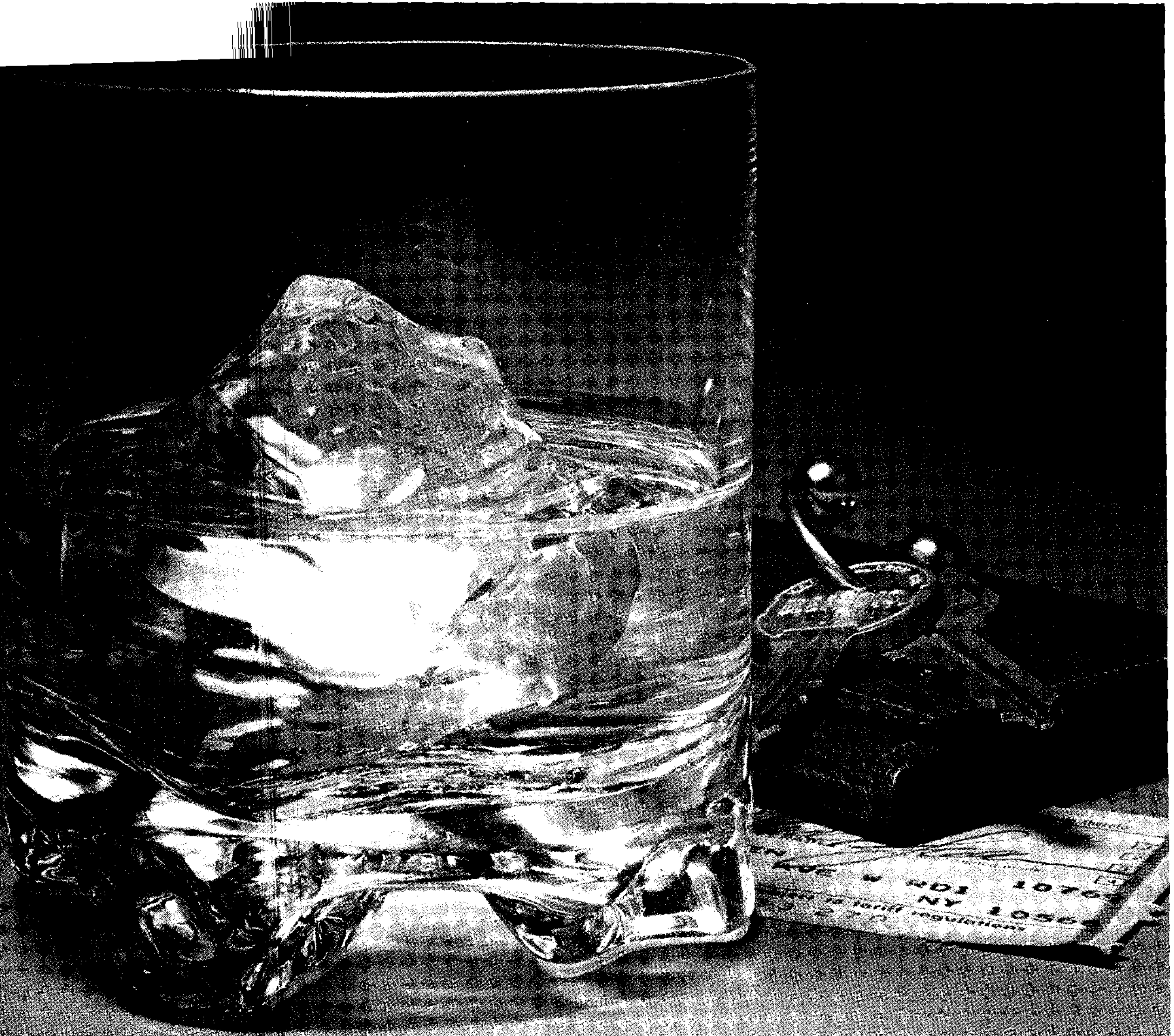
their thirties (editors, mathematicians, psychologists, and the like)—themselves learned of their Jewish origins only during the past several years. Since that discovery, they've been spending a great deal of time trying to integrate this sudden, unexpected knowledge.

"Most of us have the same story," one of them, a psychologist, tells me on a walk through the former ghetto. "We are children of middle- or high-level officials in the Communist Party. Our parents were Socialists and Communists in the years before the war and had virtually no sense of their own Jewishness even then. They were Marxist atheists, and when the war came—or, in some cases, even before—they fled to Moscow. The fate of Polish Communists in the Soviet Union during the thirties and forties was often tragic—many were sent into the Gulag. But they were true believers, and the thing you have to realize about these Stalinists is that even in the face of such obvious evidence of tyrannical excess as the imprisonment, exile, and execution of their friends and relatives, and even when they faced execution themselves, they remained true believers. They could offer explanations for the occurrence of such aberrations: 'Stalin didn't know.' 'Such was the nature of revolution.' 'The long-term success of the Soviet experiment requires sacrifice.' Anyway, after the war the survivors returned to Poland with the Soviet Army and took part in the early stages of Communist rule in Poland. Only, they were Jewish atheists, and we, their children, were never raised as Jews, and often weren't even told we were Jewish. That was something we learned only much later—most of us in 1968, when we were suddenly being attacked in the street as Jews, when the Party turned on its own Jews (our parents), using them as scapegoats and expelling them in large-scale purges. Most of us continued to try to hide our Jewishness—that guilty knowledge—from others, and even from ourselves, but in the last several years some of us have been returning, as you would say, to our Jewish 'roots,' and we've been discovering one another."

I ask him how many Jews exist in Poland today.

"Oh, that figure you generally get—between five and seven thousand—is ridiculous. There are tens of thousands of people like us, and thousands of others who still don't know they're Jewish. For one thing, among those



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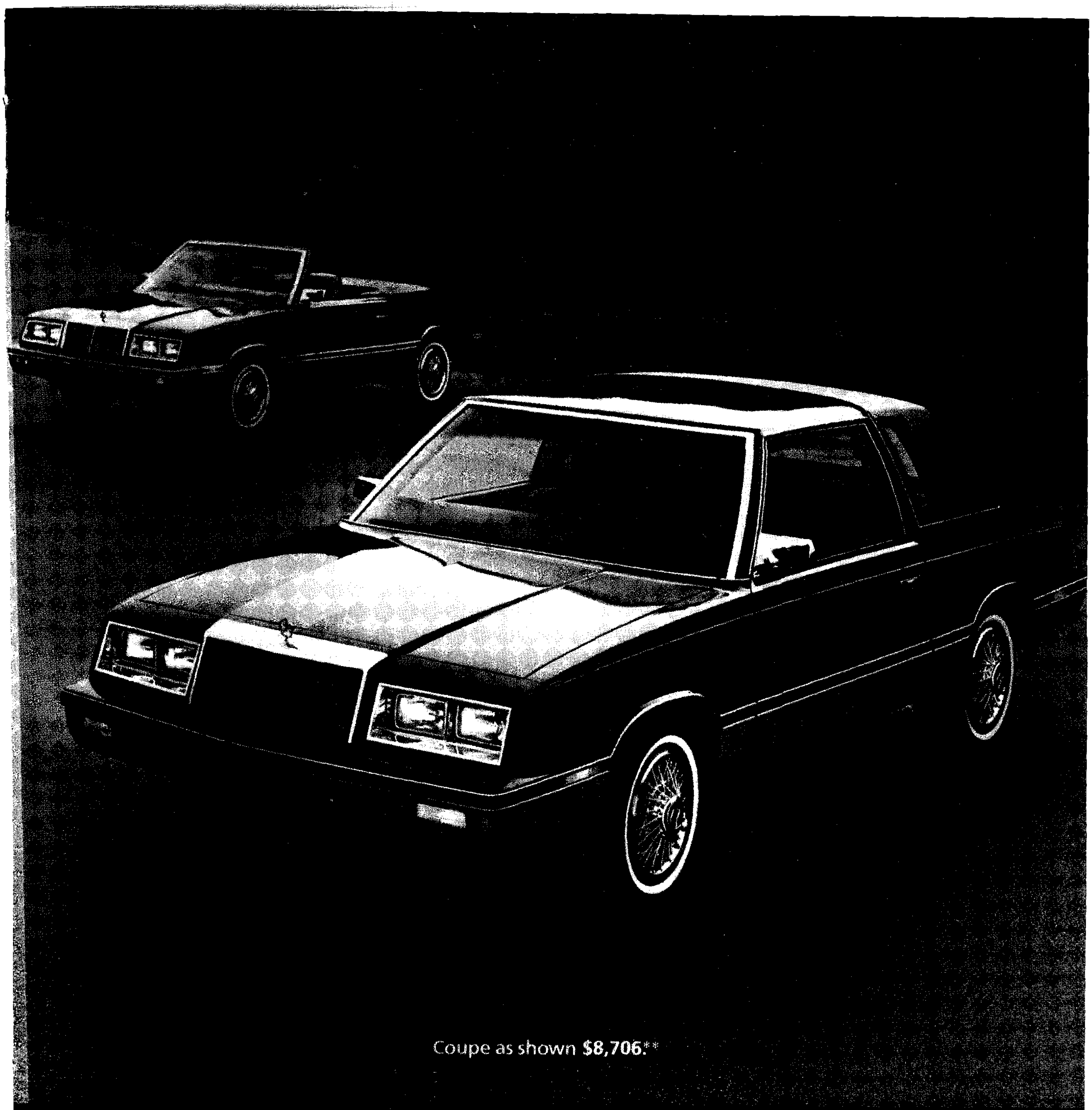

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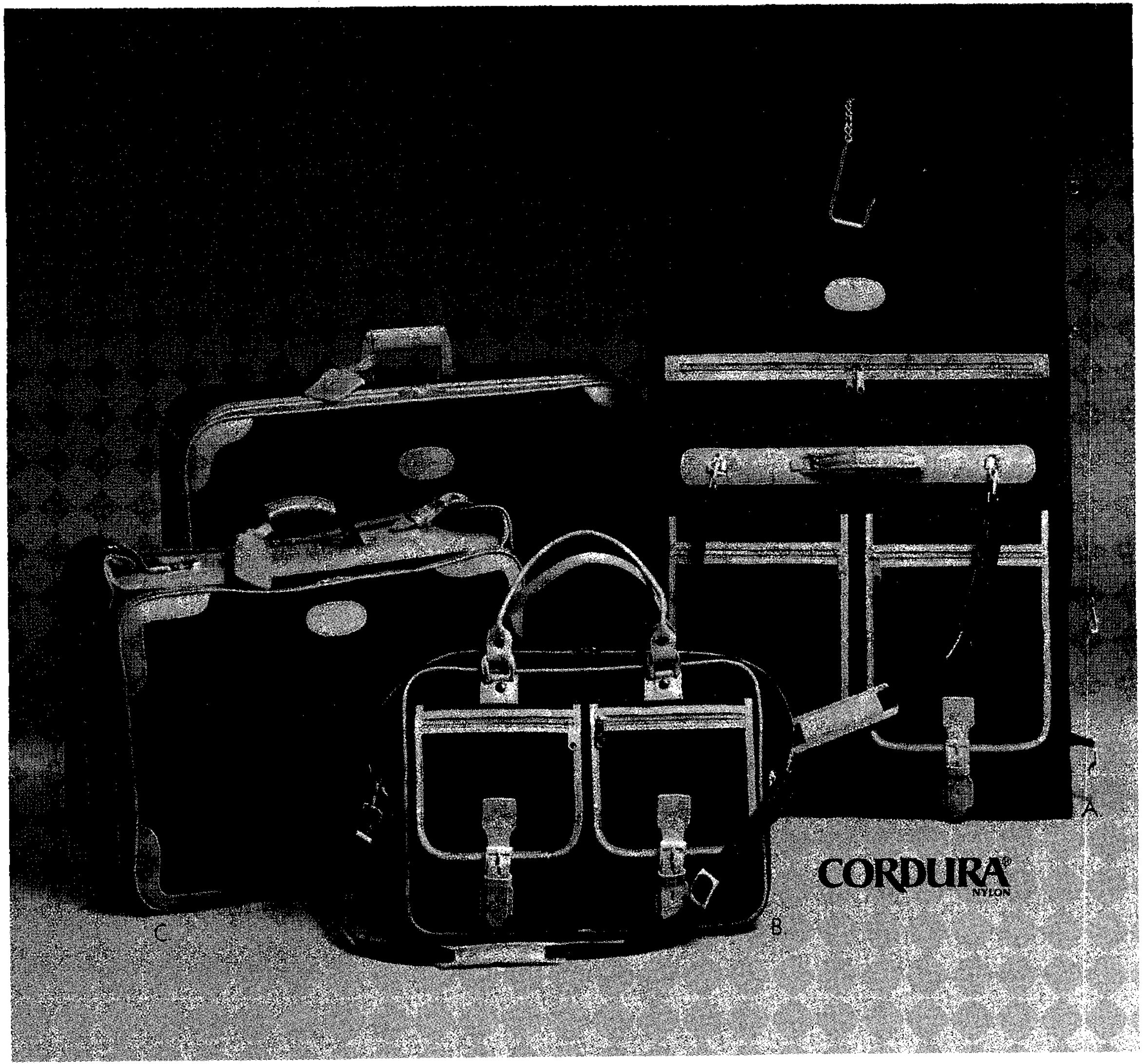

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who survived the war here in Poland there was a natural process of selection: in most cases, they don't *look* Jewish."

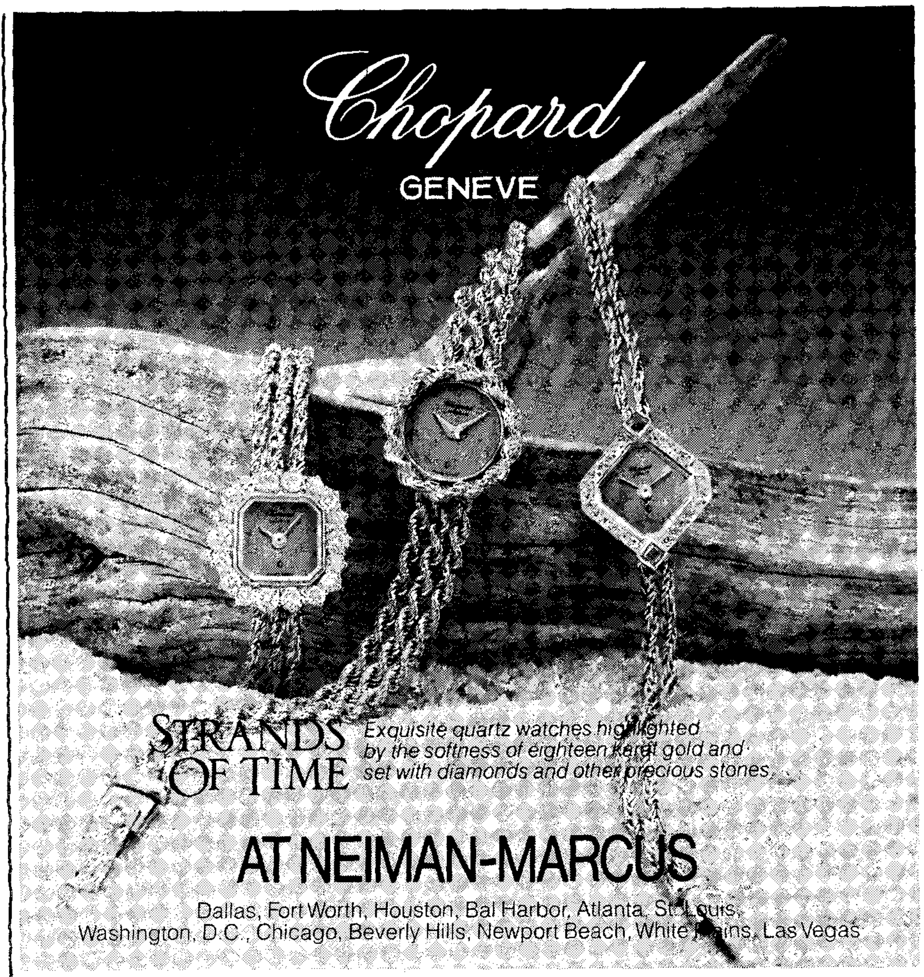
I ask him if he expects any sort of Jewish renaissance in Poland.

"It's much too early to speculate. Certainly nothing dramatic, at any rate. Most of us have been supportive of and active in the current political renewal, and the fate of any Jewish revival will inevitably be tied to the fate of the entire Polish nation. If things open up for Poland, perhaps they will open up for us, too."

This surprises me. Doesn't he believe, like most of his exiled contemporaries, that the Poles are by nature profoundly anti-Semitic?

"No, it's not as simple as that," he replies. "The history of the Jews in Poland is an incredibly complicated story, but it certainly can't be reduced to the statement that Poles are anti-Semites."

Over and over, I hear the same assertion from this man and his young Jewish friends, and they give me substantially the same reasons for making it. What follows is, in all fairness, a simplification, but the basic premise is consistent: that the Poles were never anti-Semitic at heart. They have always been highly nationalistic, a proud, suffering people deprived of and longing for their state. In the past, they were faced with a large Jewish population—a population whose very size proves the prior openness of the Polish people, and particularly the Polish nobility, to Jewish immigration. The Jews tended to keep to themselves, in ghettos of their own choosing. It is easy to understand how during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the highly nationalistic Poles might have conceived of these self-contained Jews as aliens in their midst. The foreign occupying authorities—especially the Russians—exploited that anxiety, playing the Jews off against the Poles, as part of their strategy for dominating both. For example, these young Jews insist that such pogroms as occurred in Poland were spillovers from Russia—that there were no indigenous Polish pogroms. ("Now, the Russians—the Russians were always rabidly anti-Semitic!") During the late nineteenth century, according to this view, capitalism, a foreign import, came to Poland by way of the Germans and the native Jews. Many of the most visible and most brutal large-scale enterprises—especially textile plants—were owned by Jews. "Polish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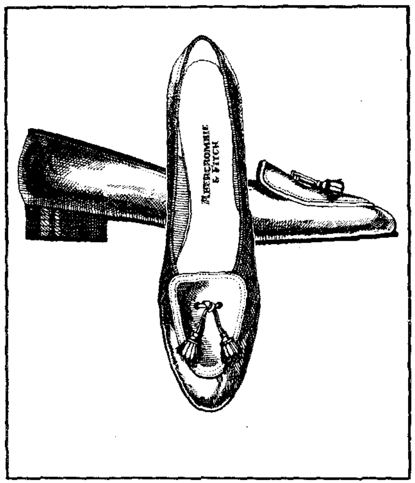

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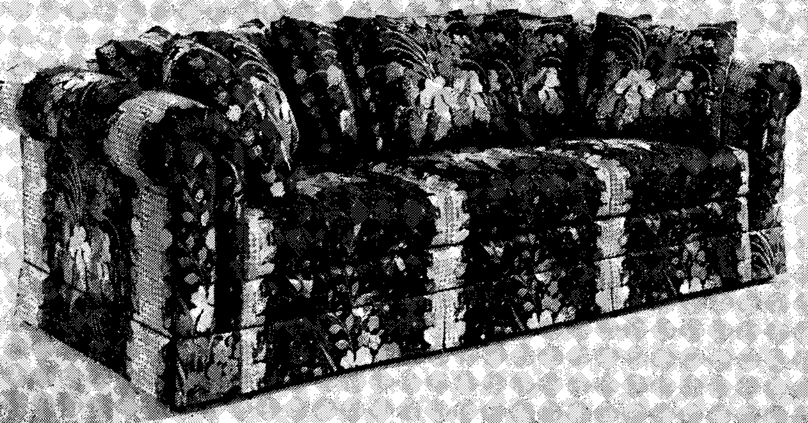

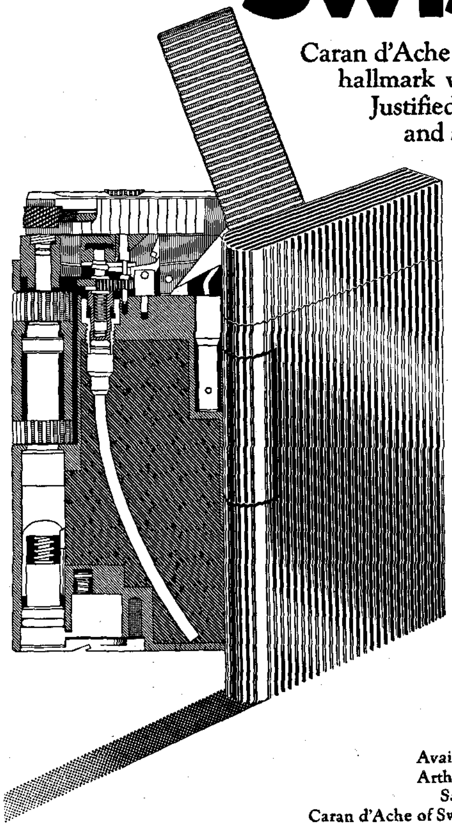

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resentment was understandable," I am told. Poles who couldn't get back at either the Germans or the Jewish upper class often directed their anger at poorer Jews. "It's not pretty, but it is understandable."

During the twenties, the explanation goes on, the Poles finally achieved their state, but ten per cent of the population was Jewish, and the Jews were still largely concentrated in self-contained communities in urban centers. Many people—both Poles and Jews—felt this presence to be troubling, at once alien and too large. Zionists had their Polish supporters. Other Jews, meanwhile, were active in the Communist Party and were devoted to the Soviet example—this in a country and among a people who had only recently thrown off the Russian imperialist yoke. But although individual Poles were often anti-Semitic, according to this account, there was at no point in Poland's sorry history any state or institutionalized anti-Semitism, as there had been in France, in Russia, in Germany. And the most convincing proof of the relative mildness of Polish anti-Semitism came precisely during the Nazi Occupation: Given that many Poles hated the Jews and most Poles wanted them out, still, these young people insist, during the months between the beginning of the Occupation and the mandatory segregation of all Jews into walled-off ghettos, there were no pogroms in Poland. The Nazis would undoubtedly have allowed them, but the Poles did not indulge such a gruesome license.

"It's admittedly a thin spindle upon which to base a claim to humanism," my psychologist friend tells me. "But there was simply the belief that Poles do not behave in such a fashion. They hated the Jews, they wanted them out, but they wouldn't kill them, because Poles didn't kill innocent, defenseless people. It just wasn't done. And there were many recorded instances of 'anti-Semitic' Poles lodging and hiding Jews through the whole war."

After the war, while most Poles looked to their indigenous nationalist resistance, based in London, geopolitical factors dictated the imposition of the Moscow-based Communist "government in exile," a regime that was disproportionately Jewish. "During the late forties, upward of forty per cent of the Polish Communist Party was Jewish," my psychologist friend insists. Once again, the Poles felt themselves subjected to alien forces.

I ask one of the young Jews if he is

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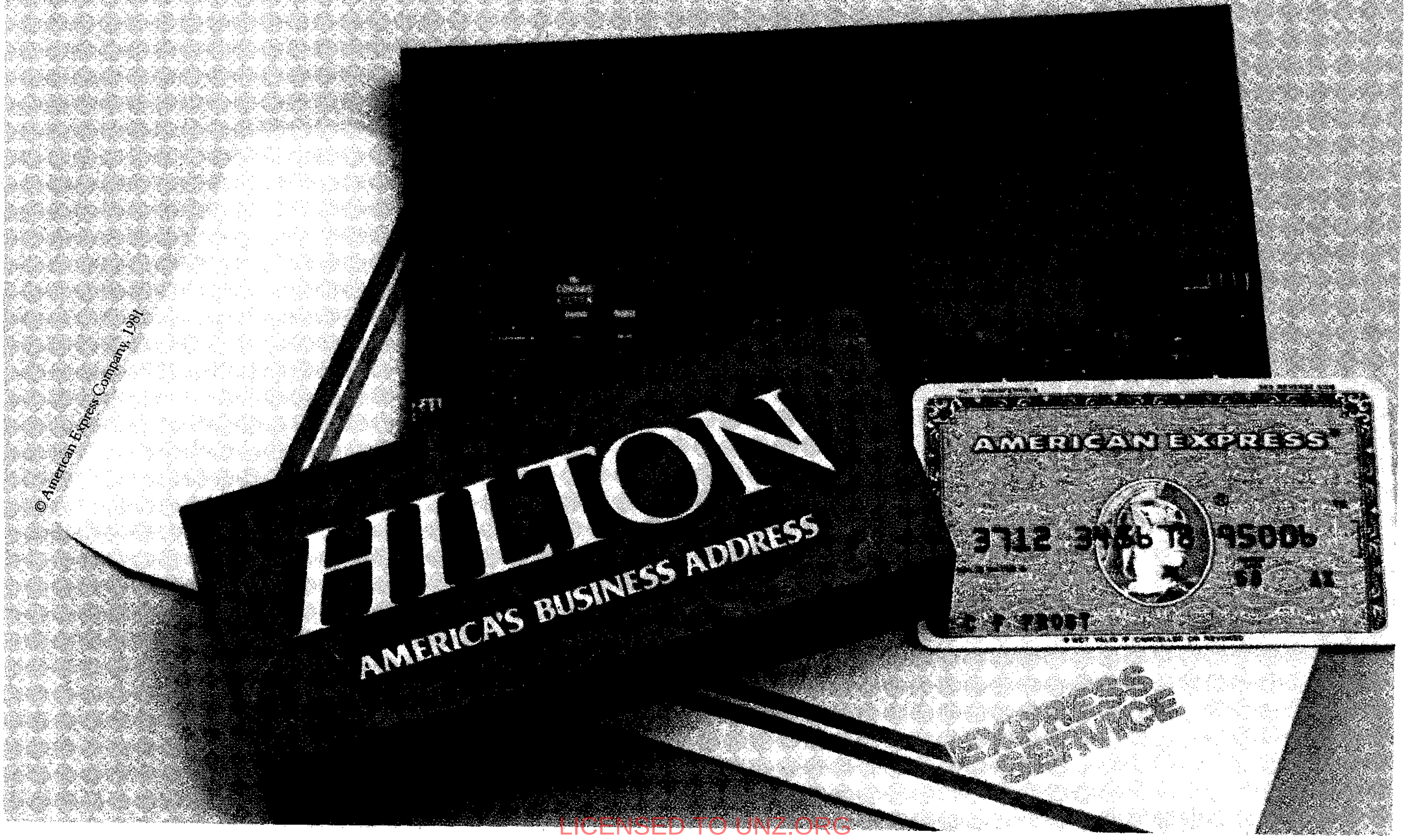

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offended by the virtual lack of Jewish commemoration at Auschwitz. (Although the situation has improved slightly, until recently the camp was preserved as a monument to "the martyrdom of the Polish nation and of other nations," with the Jews listed, when they were listed, alongside the Hungarians, the French, the Yugoslavs, and other European nationalities.)

"Well," he replies, "that's a typical objection. But one thing that foreign Jews fail to understand is that millions of Poles—of *non*-Jewish Poles—also perished at Auschwitz. Sometimes when you make that objection to a Pole he'll tell you, 'But the Jews have their own Holocaust memorials in Jerusalem.' And there's a certain validity to that."

Weren't the 1968 purges an example of state anti-Semitism?

"First of all, you will find few of us who will defend the behavior of the authorities here since 1945 on any question. Second, that campaign was largely internal—not so much a Polish phenomenon as a Communist Party phenomenon. It was actually quite clever. Certain elements in the Party saw a chance to eliminate both the Stalinist fathers and the dissident sons—both the right and the left wings of the Party—and in the process open up several bureaucratic slots for themselves. Slots that they retain, by and large, to this day. And, third, it was a pathetic attempt on the part of a manifestly colonial regime to pander to native nationalism, to try to appear more Polish in the eyes of its citizens by identifying and attacking an alien element."

I decide not to pursue the obvious next question: What does it say about a people that their nationalism can be pandered to by way of anti-Semitism?

The young man continues, "But, most important, the true Polish character has shown itself in the most recent period, when various quasi-official groups tried to discredit the current political revival by focussing on its Jewish elements—without any success." He then recounts a joke that is making the rounds: "Question: Why is there such a shortage of soap? Answer: Because the authorities are busy turning the soap back into Jews."

"Don't you find that joke offensive?" I ask.

"On the contrary," he answers. "It's a good joke. Anyone who lives here recognizes its subtext—that in the past the authorities tried to blame

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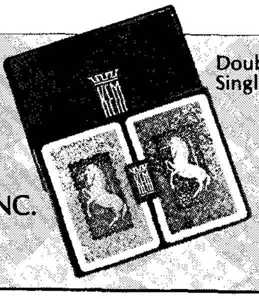

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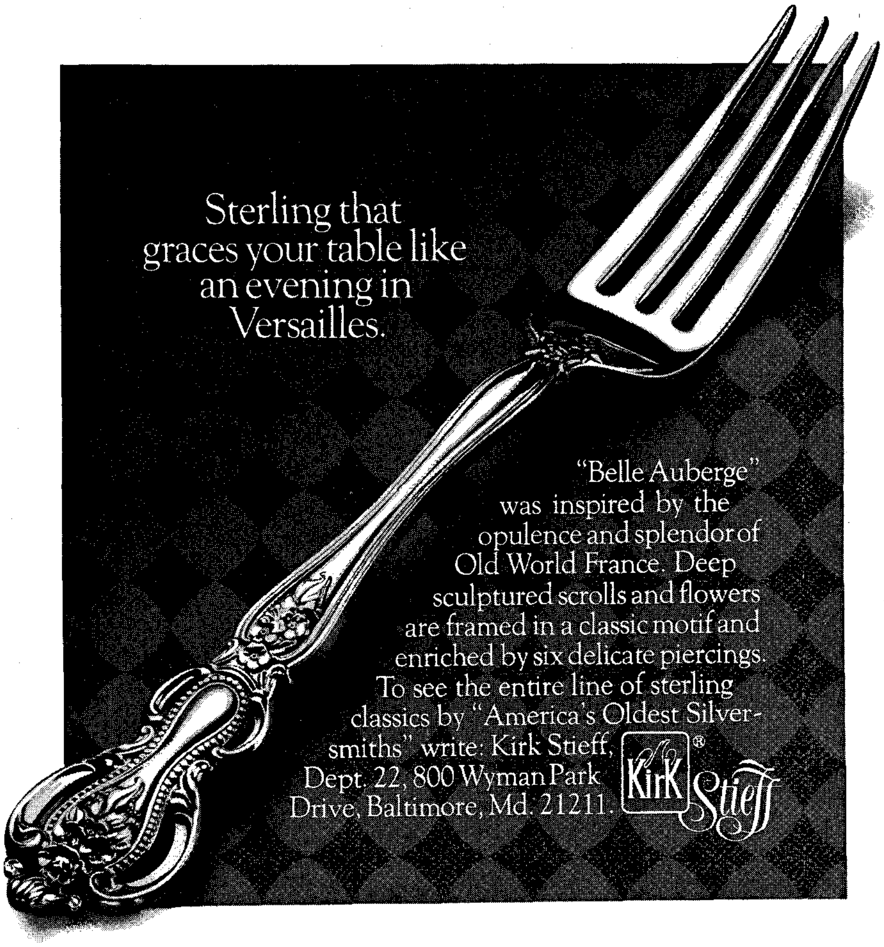

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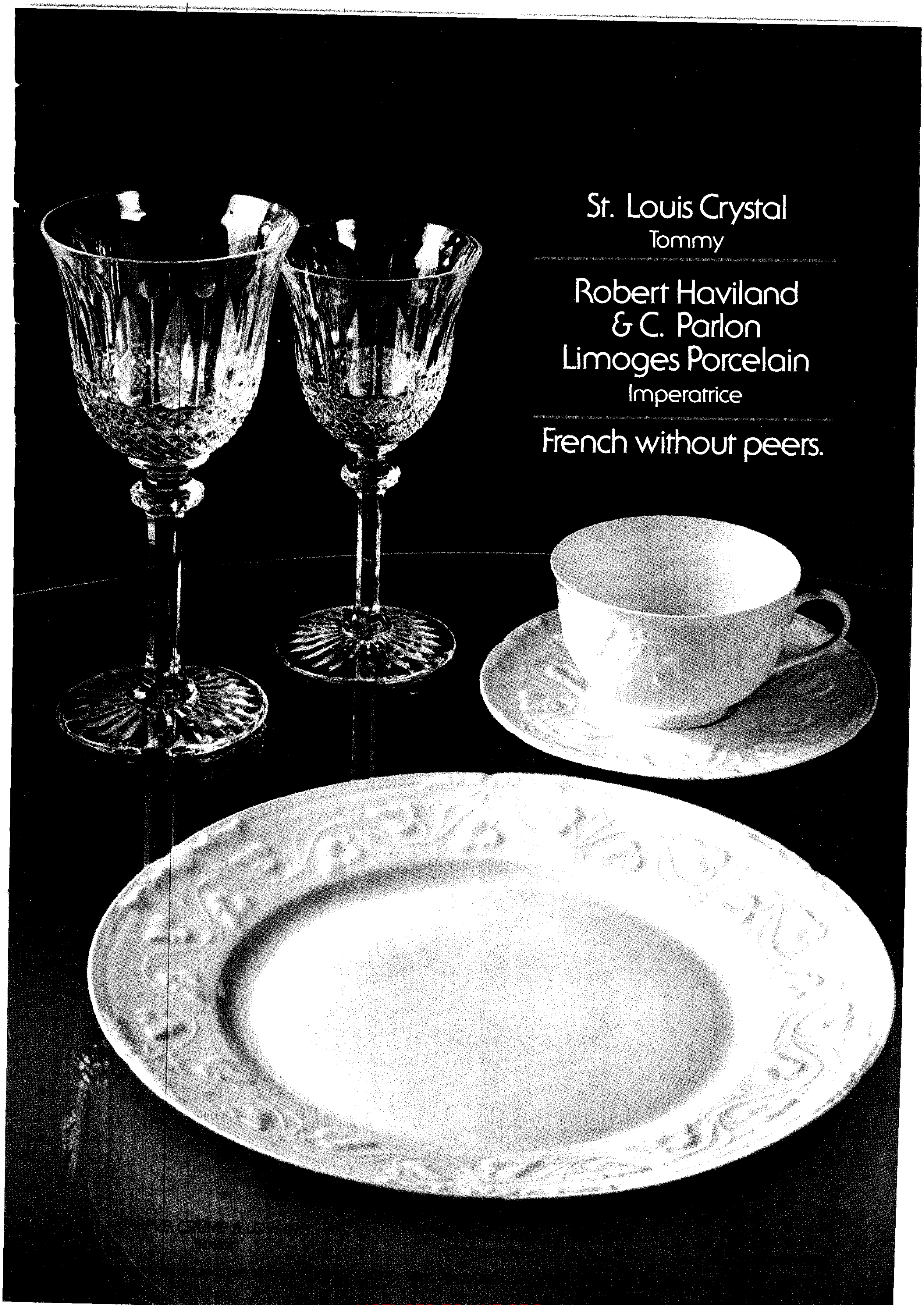
problems on the Jews, but now there aren't enough left to make the charge credible, so it must have been invalid even then."

What of the fact that Czeslaw Miloscz, the Lithuanian-born essayist and poet who writes in Polish, was celebrated as a national hero when he won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1980 but that Isaac Bashevis Singer, who was born in Poland, and whose tales deal principally with life in Poland before the war, was largely ignored in his homeland when he won the same prize two years before? ("A virtually unknown American writer who writes in Yiddish" is how the official Polish news releases characterized Singer. A common joke, I've been told, was "They've gone and awarded the Nobel Prize to a sewing machine!" None of Singer's books are available in Poland, but a few stories have recently been translated and have appeared in magazines.)

"Again, it's not as easy as you're implying," the young man says. "Singer didn't concern himself with the Poles. Read those stories, as I have—I read them in English. Poles hardly ever appear, and when they do they are portrayed as shadowy, alien figures. In a fundamental sense, Singer is *not* a Polish writer—certainly not the way Miloscz is."

And so forth. It is strange to hear this kind of account from Jews, but increasingly I have come to see these young people not as Polish Jews but, rather, as Jewish Poles—a new breed altogether. These are people who grew up imagining themselves Polish—imbued with the stubborn, fierce, romantic nationalism of their friends and classmates—and have only recently come to their Jewishness and to the difficult task of trying to integrate that Jewishness into their lives.

I don't quite know what I think of their version of Polish-Jewish history. I do know this: Through my meetings with these young Jewish Poles, I have come to a deeper appreciation of the tragic nature of the historical interpenetration of these two peoples in this hopeless land where ironies fold in and in and in on themselves. For, apart from anything else, Polish history and Jewish history seem to illuminate each other. If Poland, as Slowacki claimed, is the Jesus Christ of nations, then we are speaking of Jesus the Jew, the martyr to the Roman occupation of Palestine. The situation of the Poles during much of the last two centuries—a people, a language, a religion, a



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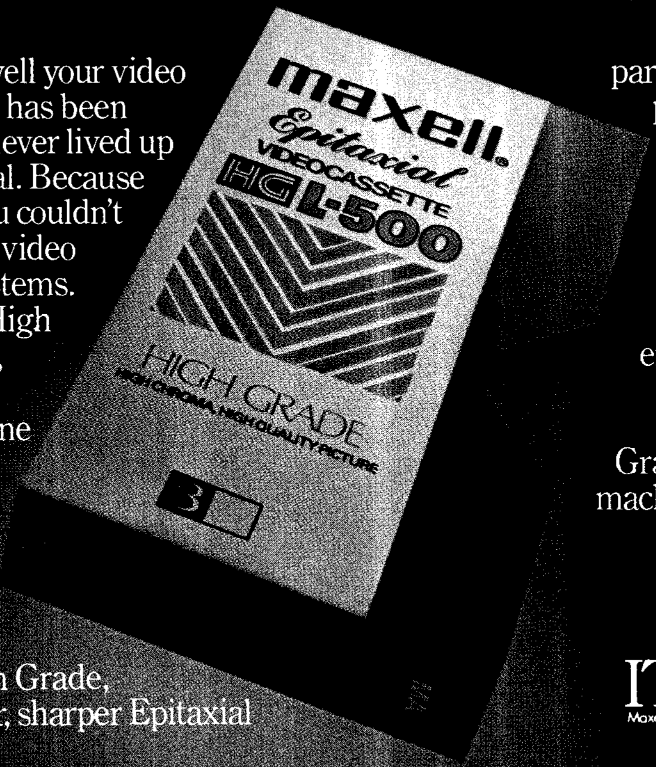

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literature, a culture, all without a state—is uncannily congruent with the simultaneous situation of the Jews. Much has been written of the messianic longing with which Polish Jewish Chassidism was rife during the early nineteenth century—but Polish Catholic romanticism during that period likewise conceived of a national messianic mission. It is one of the cruellest ironies of history that these two stateless, visionary peoples came to share the same meagre plot of land at the same moment.

One day, I ask a Polish Catholic if she has ever read the Book of Job—it seems so much the book of Poland.

"Well, it's funny you should mention that," she answers. "As Catholics, we seldom read the Old Testament. But Miloscz, in exile in America, taught himself Hebrew so he could translate sections of the Bible, and he's just released an extraordinary Polish version of Job. Many people are talking about it."

Adam Michnik, one of the leading theorists of the current political renewal, and himself a Jew (though not a particularly observant one), recently wrote an article in which he cast 1956, 1968, 1970, and 1976 as "dates which stake out the successive stations on the Polish *via dolorosa*." There is a poster that summons the same theme through different imagery. A bright-red pulse line moves horizontally across a white background—a seismograph, or perhaps the record of a heartbeat—erupting periodically in steep, jagged verticals, above which are the dates '44, '56, '68, '70, '76, '80. Approaching the present, the tremors increase in strength and frequency, and on the other side of 1980 the red line opens out onto a single powerful word: "SOLIDARNOŚĆ."

Of all the queues I've seen in Poland this May, perhaps the longest one spilled out of a small exhibition space on the edge of the Old Town. People waited patiently for hours to get a chance to see an unadvertised compilation, by Solidarity, of mostly amateur photographs portraying "The Events from the Years 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976, and 1980." Once inside, people moved with incredible deliberation past image after image of events that officially never took place at all. (Local Solidarity offices throughout the country collected the photographs for months, often receiving them anonymously.) To Western eyes, inured to the visual vocabulary of social violence

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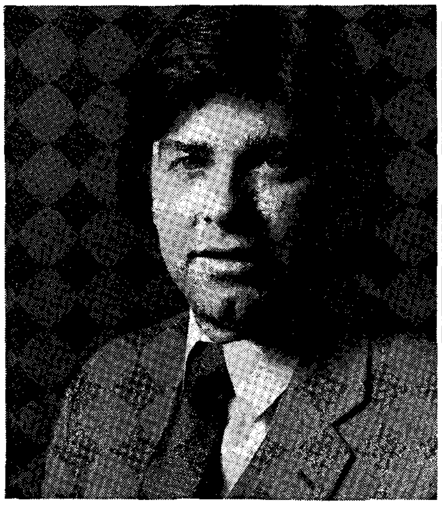

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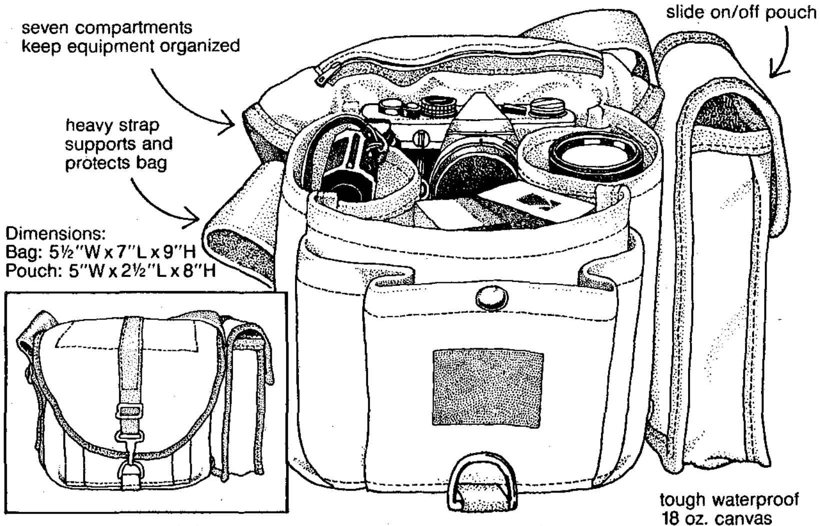

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—police, protesters, puffs of tear gas, wailing women by crumpled bodies—the photographs were perhaps interesting; but we have seen their like before. The Poles, however, stood transfixed, dumbstruck and stone-still, often facing a single image for minutes at a time before moving on to the next. It was as if they'd never seen anything like it, and they hadn't. They couldn't get enough.

In 1956: Stalin had been dead for three years when Nikita Khrushchev launched the process of de-Stalinization with his famous secret speech to the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, in February. That process, unsettling as it was within the Soviet Union itself, was wrenching along the periphery of the Soviet empire. In June, in the most dramatic of the Polish confrontations during this period, workers from the Zispo engine plant, in Poznan, set down their tools and marched on the town center, angrily protesting food prices and scarcity. Shots were fired; there were some deaths and many injuries. In the fall, Wladyslaw Gomulka, a popular nationalist who was by no means the first choice of the Soviet authorities, came to power as Party Secretary, inaugurating the famous "Spring in October," a period of renewal as hopeful as it was short-lived. (The attention of the Soviet authorities had in the meantime been distracted by events in Hungary, whose rebellion began as a series of demonstrations in sympathy with the Poles.)

In 1968: Gomulka's regime had stiffened into a traditional autocratic bureaucracy. (Four years earlier, Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski had been expelled from the Communist Party for suggesting, in an "Open Letter to Communist Party Members," that "state ownership of the means of production" did not necessarily produce "social ownership" of those means—and, indeed, that Communism as it was currently being practiced in Poland had veered profoundly from Marxist first principles. Kuron and Modzelewski eventually became leading figures in the Solidarity movement.) Discontent was rising, particularly among students and intellectuals. (This was the season of youth movements in Prague, Paris, Berkeley, and Chicago.) By March, the authorities had maneuvered the students into a situation in which they were forced to stage a protest without adequate preparation. The regime responded to this—its own provocation—with a double

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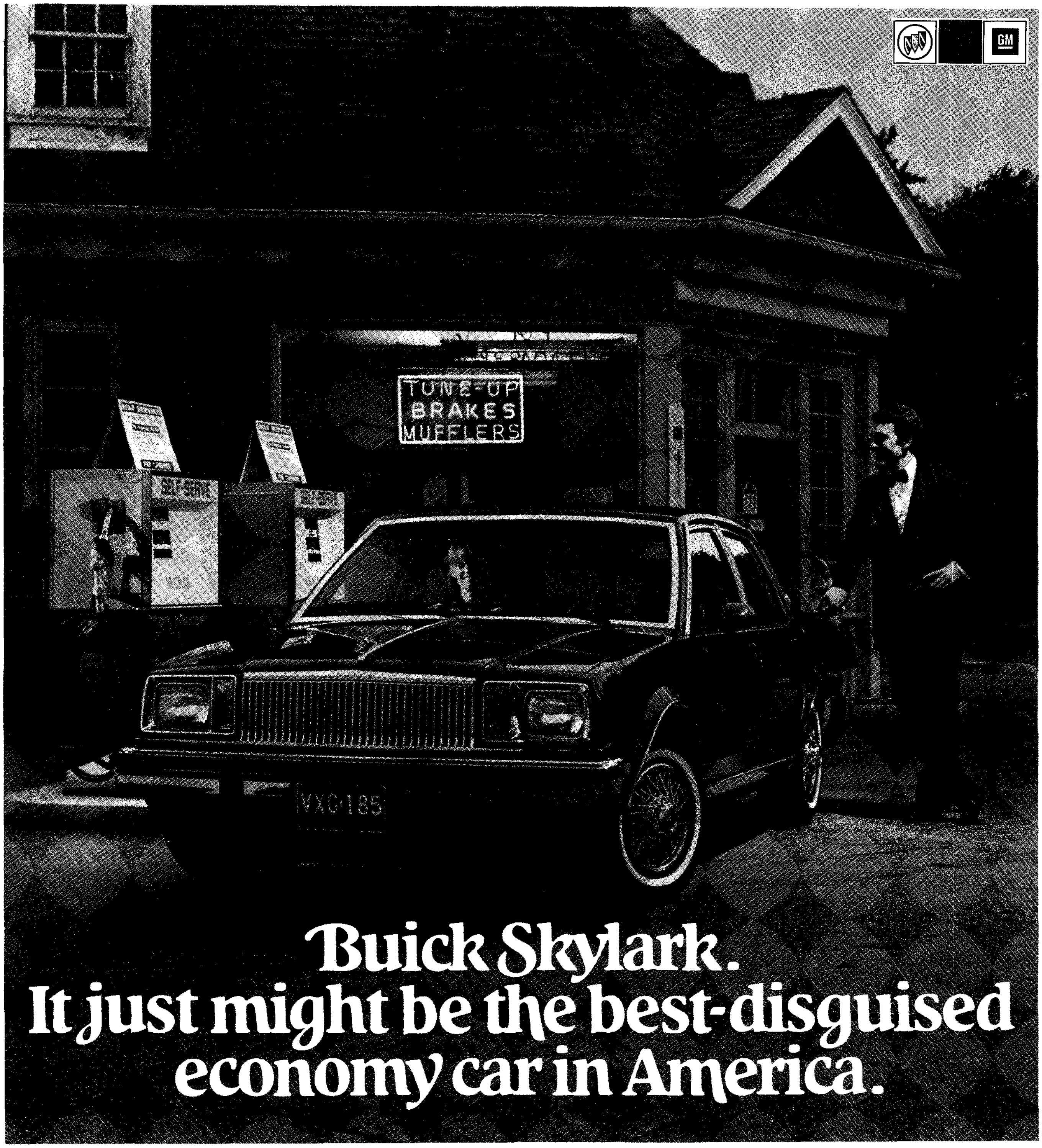

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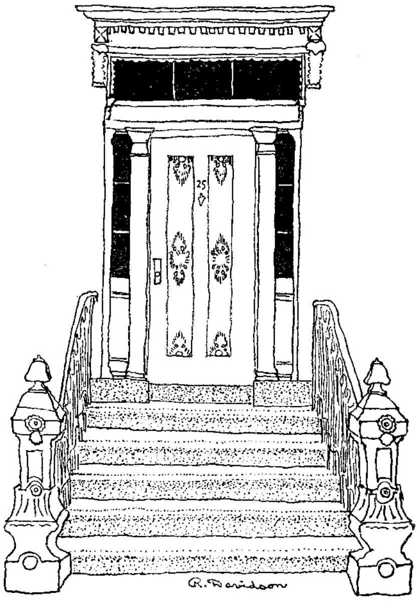
attack. First, "angry workers" were brought in from the outskirts of various towns, especially Warsaw, to beat up the demonstrating students. (It should be noted that although relatively few workers actually participated in the thuggery, still fewer came to the defense of the students; the "generation gap" of those years was, after all, a global phenomenon, and in Poland the separation between intellectuals and laborers was still quite severe.) Second, certain elements in the Party, including Gomulka himself, launched their rabid anti-Semitic campaign.

In 1970: By December, the economic consequences of Gomulka's tenure had become so serious that the government was forced to post a series of shocking price increases. In a clumsy ruse, the government tried to disguise the increases as a "rearrangement" of prices—the prices for luxury items like television sets, car radios, and tape recorders were lowered, while the prices for necessities like food and clothing went up. The announcement created unrest throughout the country, culminating, in the middle of the month, in a complete shutdown of the shipyards in the Baltic Coast cities of Gdansk, Gdynia, and Szczecin. The workers poured out of the yards, marching on the town centers. In Gdansk, they burned down the Communist Party headquarters. (The intellectuals, nursing their wounds from two years earlier, on the whole declined to join or support these demonstrations.) On December 16th, the government responded with a terrifying display of force, ordering "Polish soldiers to fire on Polish workers"—as the dark incidents were recalled after-



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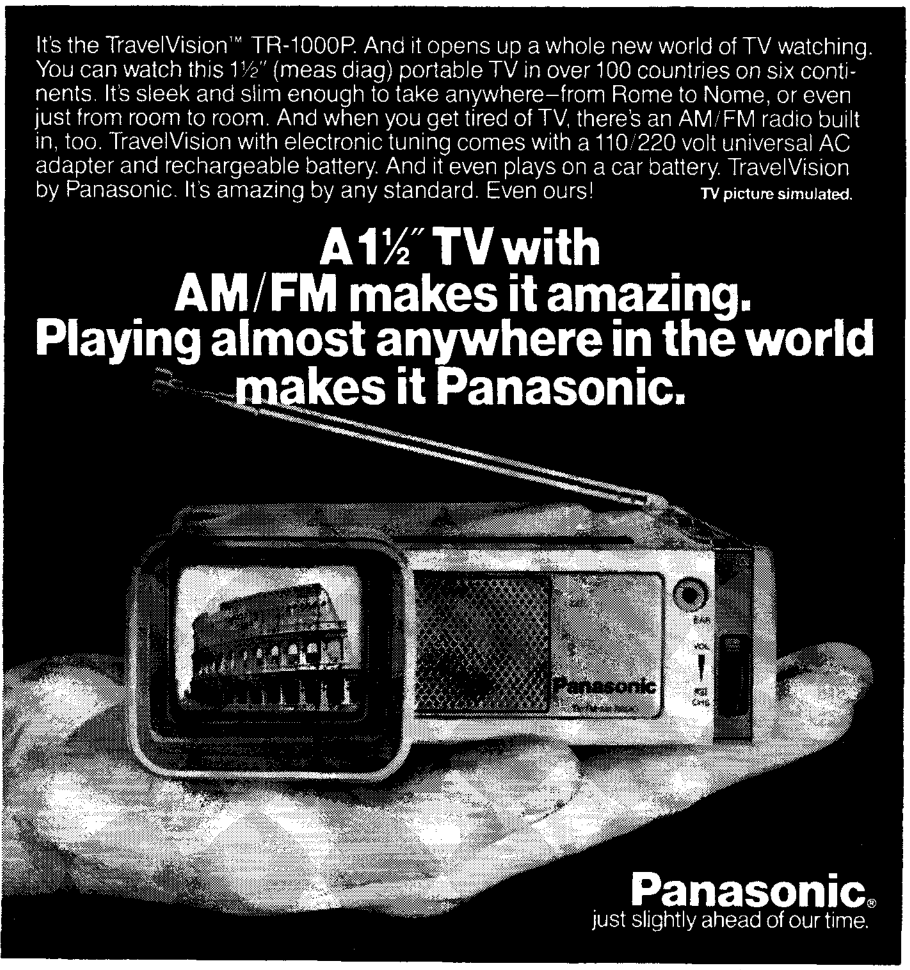

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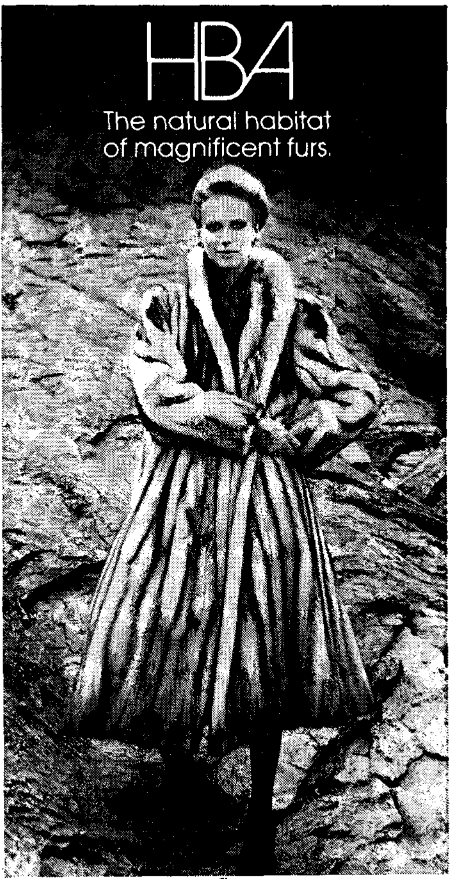
ward. Helicopters dropped tear gas on the crowds of surging demonstrators; tanks sprayed machine-gun fire. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, were killed; thousands were injured. No one knows the exact figures; the incidents themselves were quickly cloaked in official silence. Nevertheless, the rebellion did have substantive results: Gomulka was ousted, to be replaced by Gierek; and within a few months, after a decisive follow-up strike by the women textile workers of Lodz, the new government rescinded the price increases.

In 1976: The boom of Gierek's early years, financed largely by foreign loans, had gone bust. But when Gierek tried once again to raise food prices in order to shore up his faltering economy, he, too, faced a workers' veto. This time, the disturbances were most pronounced at the Ursus tractor plant, outside Warsaw, and in Radom, a town about sixty miles south of the capital which was the site of an important armaments factory. The incidents were perhaps not as dramatic as some of the earlier confrontations, but their dénouement proved crucial, for it was in their aftermath that a small group of intellectuals formed KOR—the Committee for the Defense of the Workers. The activities of this group, which began monitoring various state campaigns of harassment against individual activist workers, publicizing trials, interceding wherever possible, and generally raising issues for public discussion, proved vital in at least two ways during the years to come. First, KOR at last transcended the separation between intellectuals and workers which had bedevilled the Polish dissident movement, to the detriment of both sides, since 1968 and, for that matter, through most of Polish history. Second, since many of those associated with KOR—including Jan Litynski, Adam Michnik, and Karol Modzelewski—were of Jewish origin, the organization likewise served to transcend the separation between Catholics and Jews, which might otherwise have been played upon by the authorities in the years to come. As it happened, in 1980, when quasi-official groups tried to play off the workers against the "experts," and the Catholics against the Jews, their attempts failed dismally. "We remembered," a worker in Warsaw told me. "Those people had been with us and helping us for several years. The government couldn't fool us again as to who our true friends were."

In 1980: The summer of the Mos-



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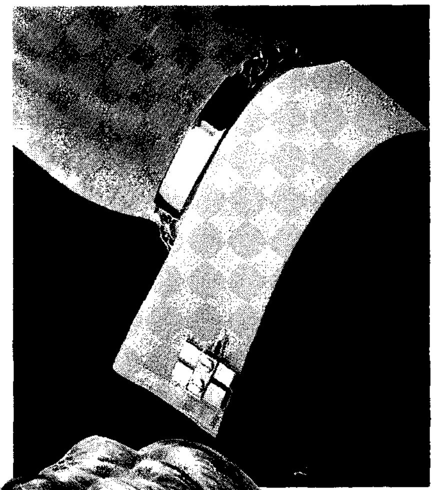
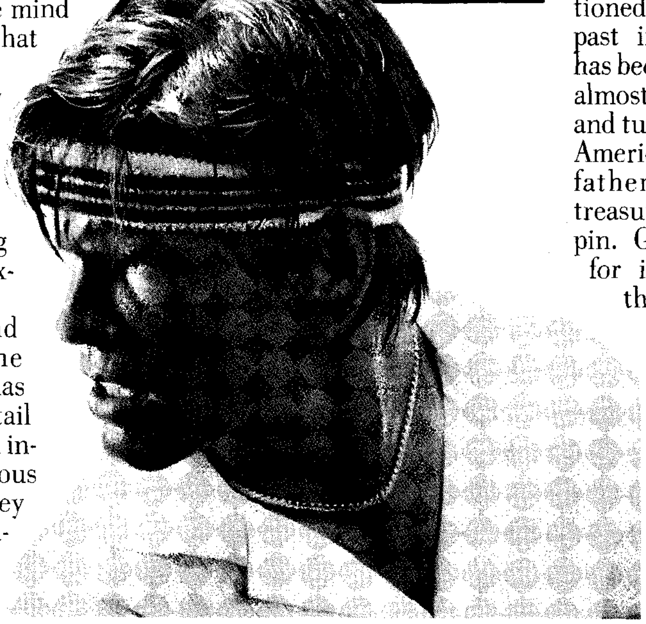
Men and their gold: The growing trend to masculine adornment.





In the fading hour of a summer afternoon, a tennis star hammers out his match-winning volley. The arms go up, the racquet is flung to the sky and as the television cameras move in to capture the scene in close-up and, as tens of millions watch, a bright glint flares from the 14-Karat gold chain he is wearing around his neck.

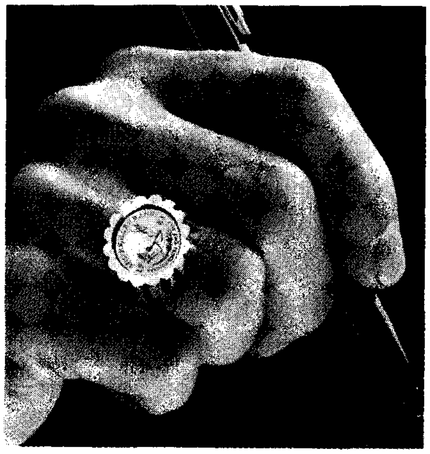
It is probable that only a fraction of the audience actually noticed this last part but, repeated thousands of times in thousands of sporting events, it does begin to register on the mind and it is the kind of thing that starts trends.

Spurred by its popularity among athletes, entertainers and other male role-models, Karat Gold Jewelry, long considered a province of the distaff side, is rapidly being seen as an elegant way to express masculinity.

Exactly when this trend started is not clear and the strength of this new affinity has not yet been measured, but retail jewelers do report substantial increases in sales over previous years and a nationwide survey by a prominent men's magazine has found that over fifty percent of its readers now favor the wearing of jewelry.

Currently the pieces most preferred by men are neck chains and rings, followed by watches and, in many cases, the newly popular gold coin jewelry. Pendants and ID bracelets are also much admired and many jewelers see a good potential for cuff links.

The psychology behind the phenomenon is still to be fully explained; some articles allude to a "self" syndrome, about which much has been written in recent years; others suggest a simpler "macho" motivation popularized in part by the current Cinema. Leaving this obviously complex analysis to some future psychologist, it can be noted that this appears to be a trend within a trend; the market for men's personal grooming products has grown tremendously, reaching over $1.5 billion in 1980, with at least half going to product categories that hardly existed before. The wearing of gold jewelry by men, now widely accepted in business as well as in most levels of society, is certainly a part of this movement.



There is, of course, a historical dimension that should also be mentioned. There have been periods in the past in which gold jewelry for men has been popular. Centuries ago, it was almost exclusively reserved for men, and turning to a more recent era, most Americans can still remember a grandfather or great-grandfather who treasured his gold watch chain or tie pin. Gold's lure, and man's affinity for it, though varying in degrees through the ages, are unquestionably eternal.

Finally, as a generation grown up largely in beads and blue jeans turns to gold and worsteds, one marvels at the degree of commitment to this new fashion on the part of some of the trend setters themselves. Observing the frequent change of pitchers in close-up on television in a recent All-Star baseball game was almost like watching a gold chain fashion show. Meanwhile, major league basketball, a more contact-intensive sport, has even had to prohibit the wearing of jewelry among its players to prevent injuries. Still, at least one player has already threatened to defy this; he plans to wear his ankle bracelets under his socks.

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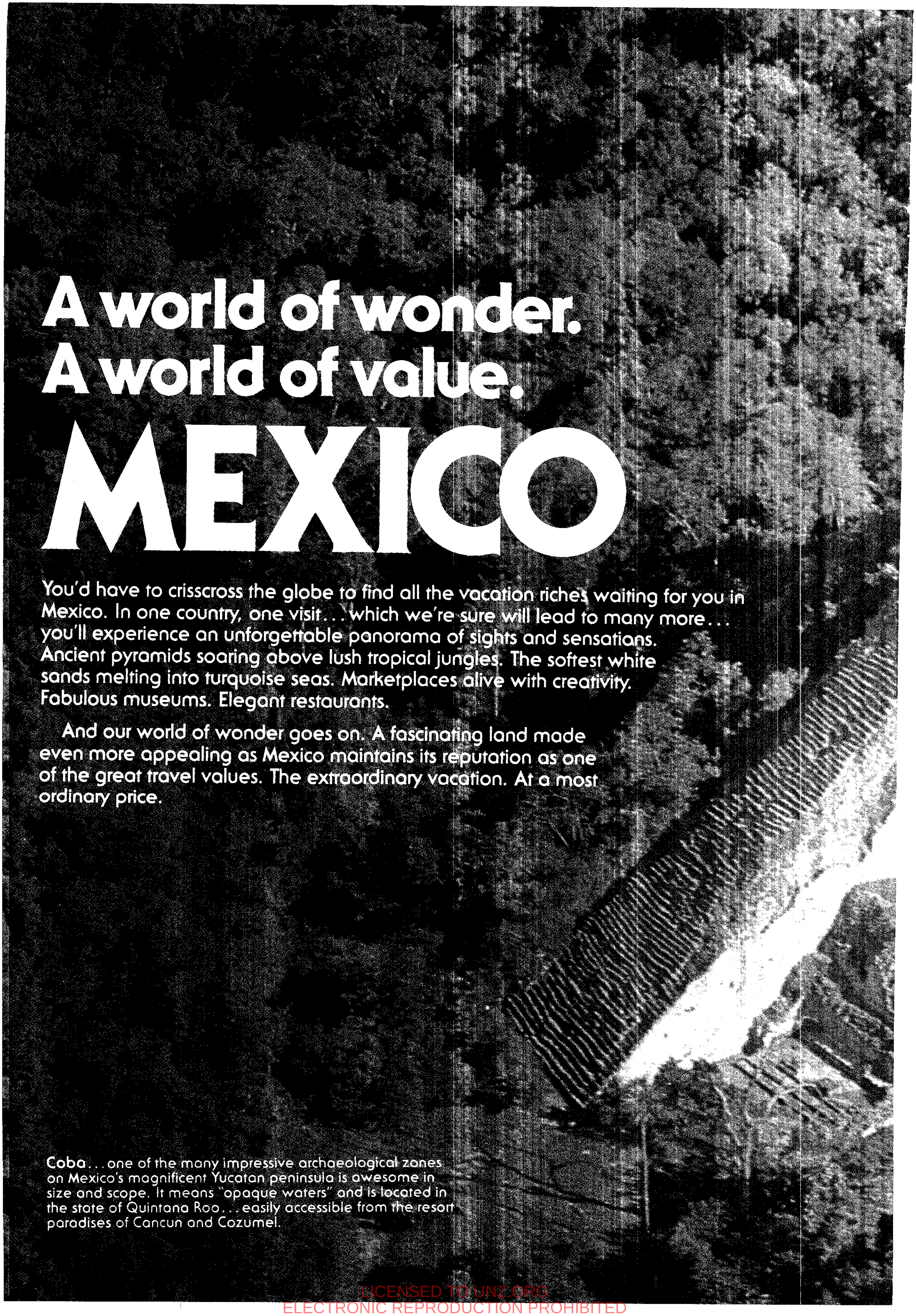

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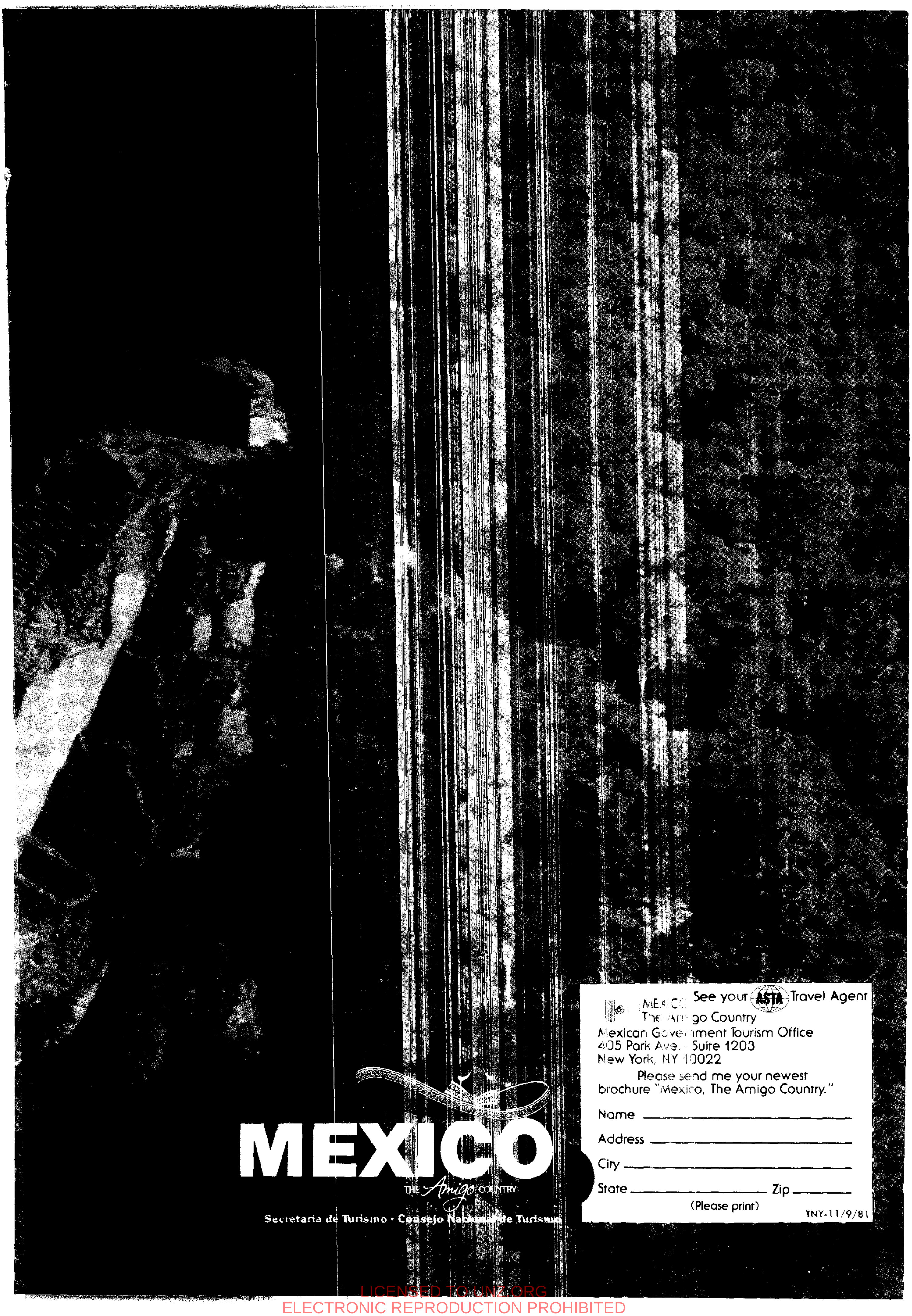

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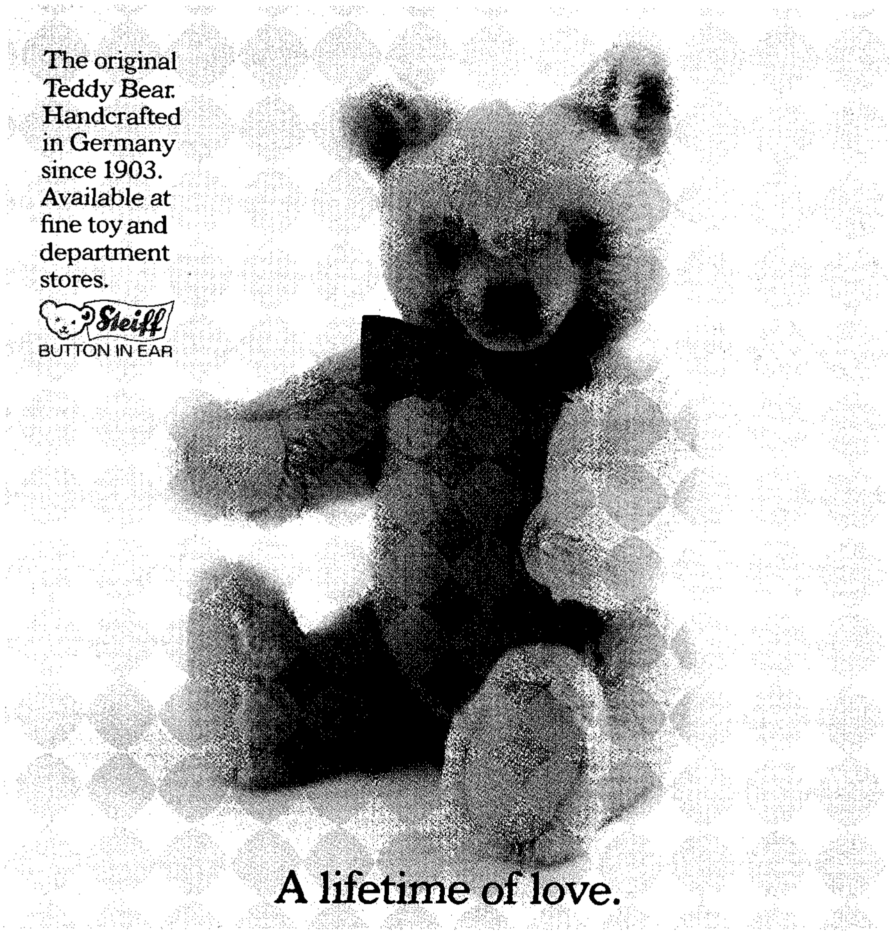
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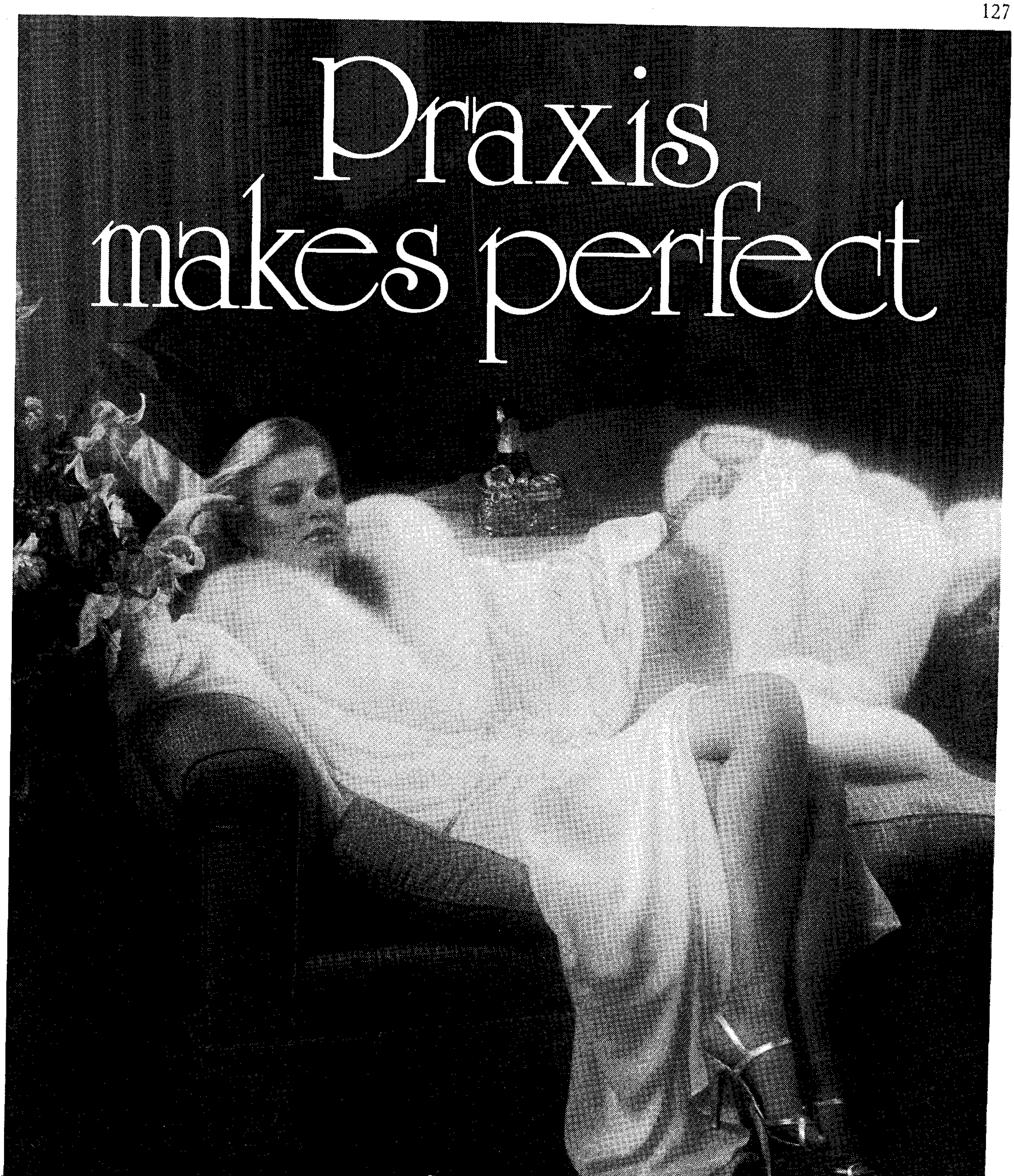
cow Olympics. This time, the occasion was a rise in meat prices: many Poles felt that their meat was being shipped to Moscow for the festivities, and the meat-price decree, issued on July 1st, provoked a rolling series of strikes: workers at one factory would lay down their tools, the government would quickly raise wages and rush in fresh supplies of meat, and the workers would return to work; then, when the workers at a factory a few dozen kilometres away heard about these results, they would go on strike, with a similar set of demands. Warsaw, Katowice, Lublin . . . And then, in mid-August, at the Lenin Shipyard, in Gdansk. Some time earlier, in somebody's idea of a brilliant preëmptive move, the authorities at the shipyard had fired Anna Walentynowicz, a fifty-one-year-old widow and crane operator who was an activist and a mother figure to the young workers in the crews. (They called her Pani Anya—Mrs. Anya.) That was stupid. You don't fire the crane operator. She's the most visible person around, and the workers know she's competent—after all, they trust their lives to that competence every day. In fury over such firings and the recent price increases, on August 14th the workers of Gdansk put down their tools and refused to be dislodged from the factory, their fortress: they had learned their lesson ten years earlier, witnessing the worst massacre in postwar Polish history, and they were not about to leave the plant or be appeased by a few extra slabs of meat. The next day, the strike began to spread throughout the region. (August 15th is one of the holiest days in the Polish Catholic calendar—the Feast of the Assumption, and a day particularly consecrated to the Black Madonna of Czestochowa. On August 15, 1920, in an action that Poles refer to as "The Miracle on the Vistula," General Jozef Pilsudski, at the head of a Polish nationalist army, held off an invading Soviet Bolshevik force on the outskirts of Warsaw—further increasing the stature of the Black Madonna in the Polish imagination.) The strike continued for seventeen days, and the victorious workers returned to their machines on September 1st—the anniversary, of course, of the 1939 Nazi attack on the Polish garrison at Danzig (Gdansk), which set off the Second World War.

This history—this rosary chain of dates—has a twofold importance for most Poles. The first element perhaps applies more to activists and intellectu-



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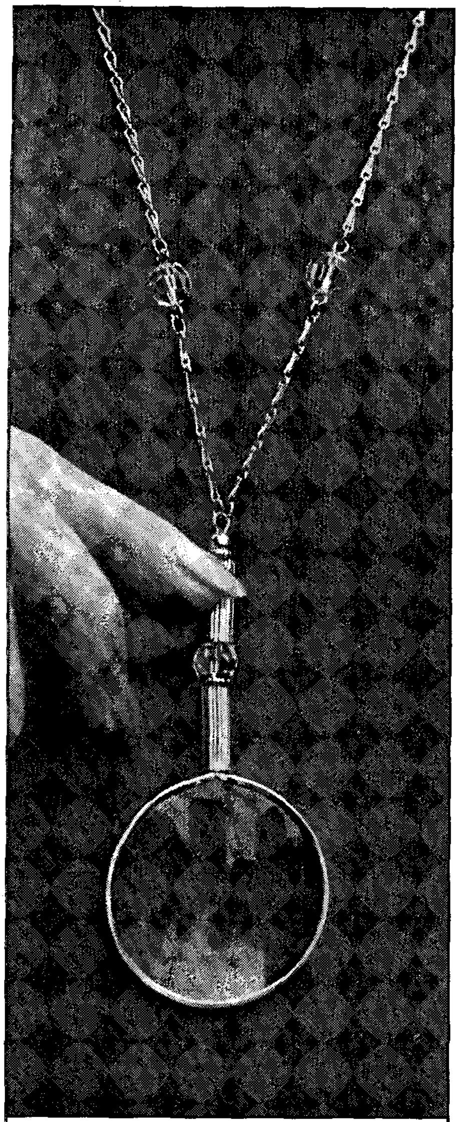

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als. When you ask such people "Why did '1980' happen in 1980, and not in 1976, say, or 1970, or 1968?" the answer you invariably get is "The moment wasn't right until 1980." This formulation is at once Marxist (the various elements of society had not achieved the appropriate configuration and consciousness until 1980) and Catholic (the Moment comes when It comes). In Poland today, these two categories are ineluctably intertwined.

The second, however, concerns just about everyone in Poland, and it has to do with the truly traumatic impact of some of the massacres that make up this litany of dates—to some extent, Poznan in 1956, but especially Gdansk in 1970. In America, by contrast, although we had our share of violence during the sixties (thirty-five people died in Watts in 1965, at least sixty-six in Newark in 1967, four at Kent State in 1970), we got over it. "That's history," we tend to say, meaning "It happens, it's past, all you can do is look to the future." In Poland, when people talk about the massacre in Gdansk the veins in their foreheads pulse and conversation stops dead cold. They cannot get over it. Poles, especially the residents of Gdansk, talk about 1970 the way Jews talk about *Auschwitz: it's almost a transcendent* category. This is partly because the memory of the incident was repressed for so long: virtually no official mention was made of it. The story persisted through word of mouth and secretly passed photographs. (Over the years, an eerie silent conspiracy of commemoration spread throughout the country. Whenever people had occasion to write "1970" they wrote it "19†0." This practice spread even to government documents reviewing the period.) But there's something more, and everyone in Poland seems to sense it: For if these dates constitute the *via dolorosa* of the Polish people, then 1970 was the Crucifixion, and 1980, by implication, the Resurrection and the Life.

IN Warsaw this spring, Woody Allen's "Manhattan" is the big American film. "Three Days of the Condor," "Hair," and "A Star Is Born" are also playing. People still talk about "Taxi Driver." (A university student tells me that it was her favorite recent film, "because it portrays a man who has the courage to be a nonconformist"—so much for what gets lost in the translation.) "Star

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Wars" is having less success than it had in the United States (who needs science fiction?), but "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" is regularly packing them in. A few seasons back, the authorities heavily promoted "Norma Rae," a film about union organizing in a textile mill in the American South; they were hoping to educate their countrymen to the horrific realities of capitalist exploitation, but, according to some Solidarity spokesmen, the message that most Poles came away with concerned the fundamental importance of trade unions. On television, Poles receive weekly transfusions of "The Streets of San Francisco," "Columbo," and—starting just recently—"Charlie's Angels" and "Starsky and Hutch." ("Oh, we love to see all those American cars," a Warsaw acquaintance tells me. "And I particularly love the way American phones ring.") But, for a change, the most talked-about movie in Warsaw this spring is not American but Polish, and you can't even find it listed in the paper.

"Robotnicy '80" ("Workers '80") is a documentary about the Gdansk shipyard strike of that year. Although it was grudgingly passed by the censors (the public would not have stood for its outright banning), it has not been allowed to receive regular distribution, and newspaper advertising is forbidden. On any given evening, it's playing somewhere in Warsaw, but to find out where you have to look in the paper for the theatre where "All Seats Are Sold Out." That's the code. Go to that theatre and you can most likely get yourself a seat for one of the most extraordinary films of recent years.

Before I saw "Robotnicy '80," I had occasion to speak with one of its co-directors, Andrzej Chodakowski, a tall, gentle, soft-spoken man with an uncanny facial resemblance to Sid Caesar. "In August of last year, as the Gdansk strike began to develop, it took our unit ten days of intensive lobbying at Film Polski, the government film bureau, before we received reluctant permission to take our cameras up north," he said. "As usual, the intercession of Andrzej Wajda proved crucial." Andrzej Wajda, Poland's foremost director, is a national hero and often wields his considerable authority to help realize progressive projects in the Polish film industry. "Once we got to the shipyards, it took a while before the workers would let us in. They had the factory completely closed off and were exercising very strict security, trying to prevent the entry of secret-

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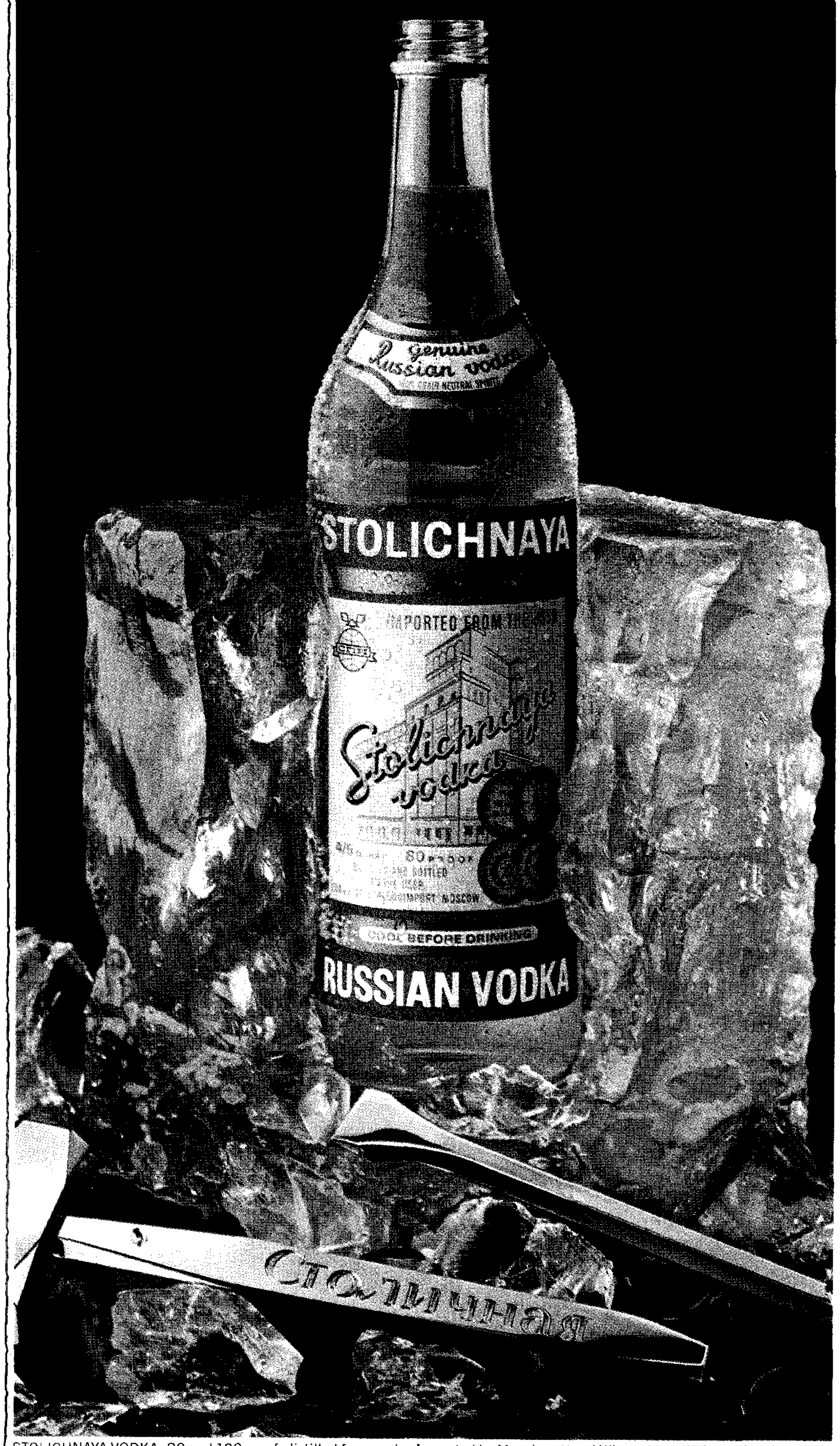

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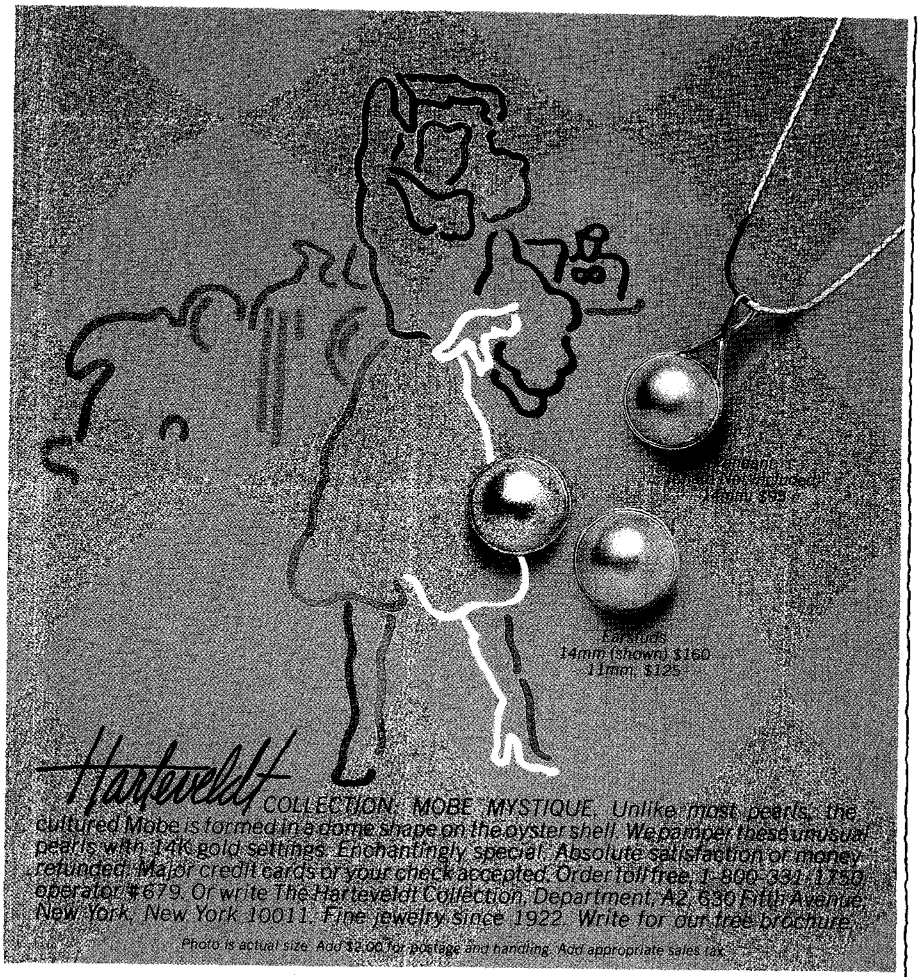
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police provocateurs. They were also particularly suspicious of us because in the past photographs had been used, at the conclusion of a strike, to identify strike leaders, who then mysteriously disappeared from view. This had happened to hundreds of their comrades in the months after 1970. We finally reached an agreement—they could control the footage until after the successful conclusion of the strike, and destroy it if anything went wrong. Once we were let in, filming proved quite difficult. It was a tremendously emotional time, and there were moments when we ourselves were unable to continue—our own eyes became clouded over with tears. Beyond that, we had been able to secure only thirteen thousand metres of film stock, which we had to ration carefully without having any idea how long the strike would go on. During the final days, as tensions at the negotiating sessions mounted, we were particularly anxious, because we were running out of film. But it all came to a happy conclusion, and a few weeks later, at a special midnight screening at the Gdansk Film Festival, we were able to show some of the early rushes. The auditorium was filled with veterans of the strike, and there in the middle of it all was Lech Walesa, flanked on one side by the Archbishop of Gdansk and on the other by the Deputy Minister of Culture. It was incredible—six weeks earlier, this man had been an unemployed electrician."

In "Robotnicy '80," the camera is scrunched right in there during the most sensitive negotiations between the strike leaders and government representatives—but then so was just about everyone else in the yard. The government had asked for secret negotiations, but Walesa and his colleagues insisted that everything be done in the open, and the negotiations were being piped live throughout the plant over the regular P.A. system. Whenever Walesa made a particularly trenchant point, applause swelled up from outside. When Mieczyslaw Jagielski, the shrewd government negotiator, suggested at one point that because of time constraints they should hurry to sign the documents even though a few points remained to be resolved, jeers erupted outside and Walesa calmly declined. "Time?" he said. "Don't worry, we have time."

Meanwhile, outside the negotiating hall the strikers had commandeered the printing office and were hand-printing a daily newspaper, which

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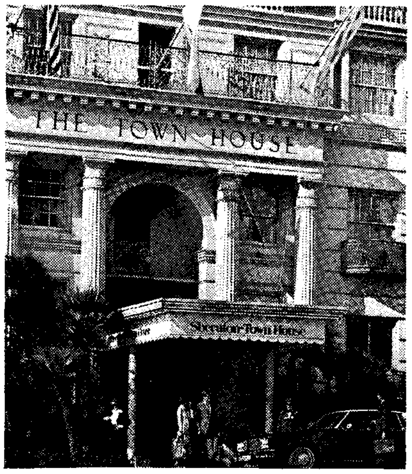

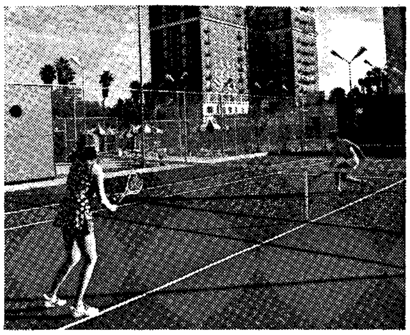

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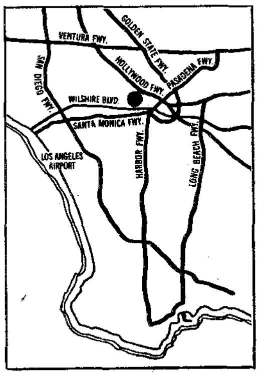

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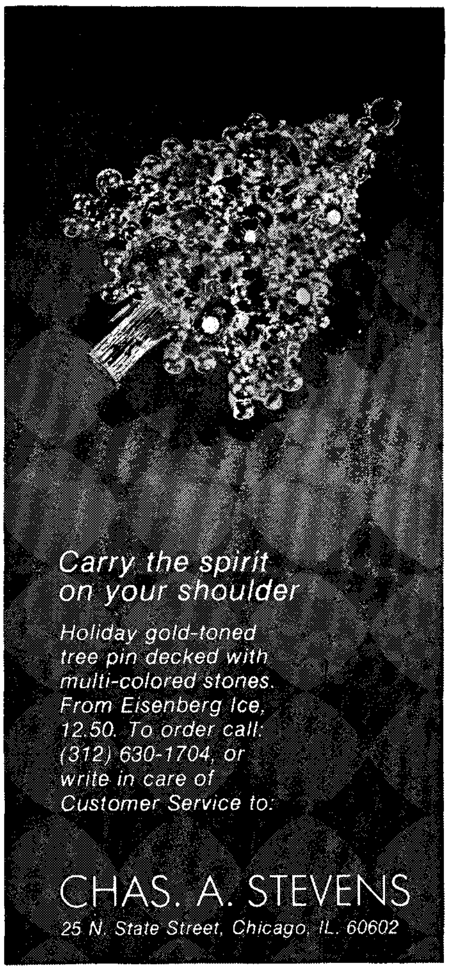
they were passing between the bars of the closed gates to the throngs of townspeople gathered on the other side. Coming in the opposite direction, over the top of the wall, were vats of soup and loaves of bread. At night, the workers slept by their machines, their families having passed them blankets through the bars. The gate was slowly becoming festooned with flowers, crucifixes, and photos of the Pope. On Sunday morning, when the negotiations had reached a critical stage, a priest was brought in to say Mass. In the film, we watch a hush fall over the throngs on both sides of the gate, and everyone falls to his knees in silent prayer. Presently, they sing a religious hymn, and at this point a friend who was translating for me began to cry. "That hymn has been banned since the war," she whispered. "Look! Everyone still remembers the words."

During the negotiations, which covered twenty-one points, Walesa and his comrades were unmovable on the first two points—the formation of an independent union and the right of that union to strike. When the government proved slow in acceding to another of the demands—the release of KOR advisers and other activists who had been herded up in recent days—Walesa warned that the strikers would not go back to work until the advisers were released, and that, once they were released, if any harm should come to them "we have an independent union and we retain our right to strike again."

The government negotiators were whipped; in the film they had the look of people who realize that the jig is up. In the large hall where the official signing ceremonies for the new covenant took place, a cross was conspicuously hanging on the wall between the Polish eagle and a sculpture of Lenin. Walesa signed the document with a huge souvenir pen commemorating the Pope's 1979 visit.

In Poland, the interpenetration of film and political reality is particularly fertile. Many Polish filmmakers start out as documentarians, even though many of their documentaries have been shelved by the censor and never released. One result of the recent political developments has been a loosening of the censor's authority. Among the most popular film series in Warsaw these days is a retrospective of once-banned documentaries, at Non-Stop Kino. Looking at some of these films, you get the feeling that if the Party



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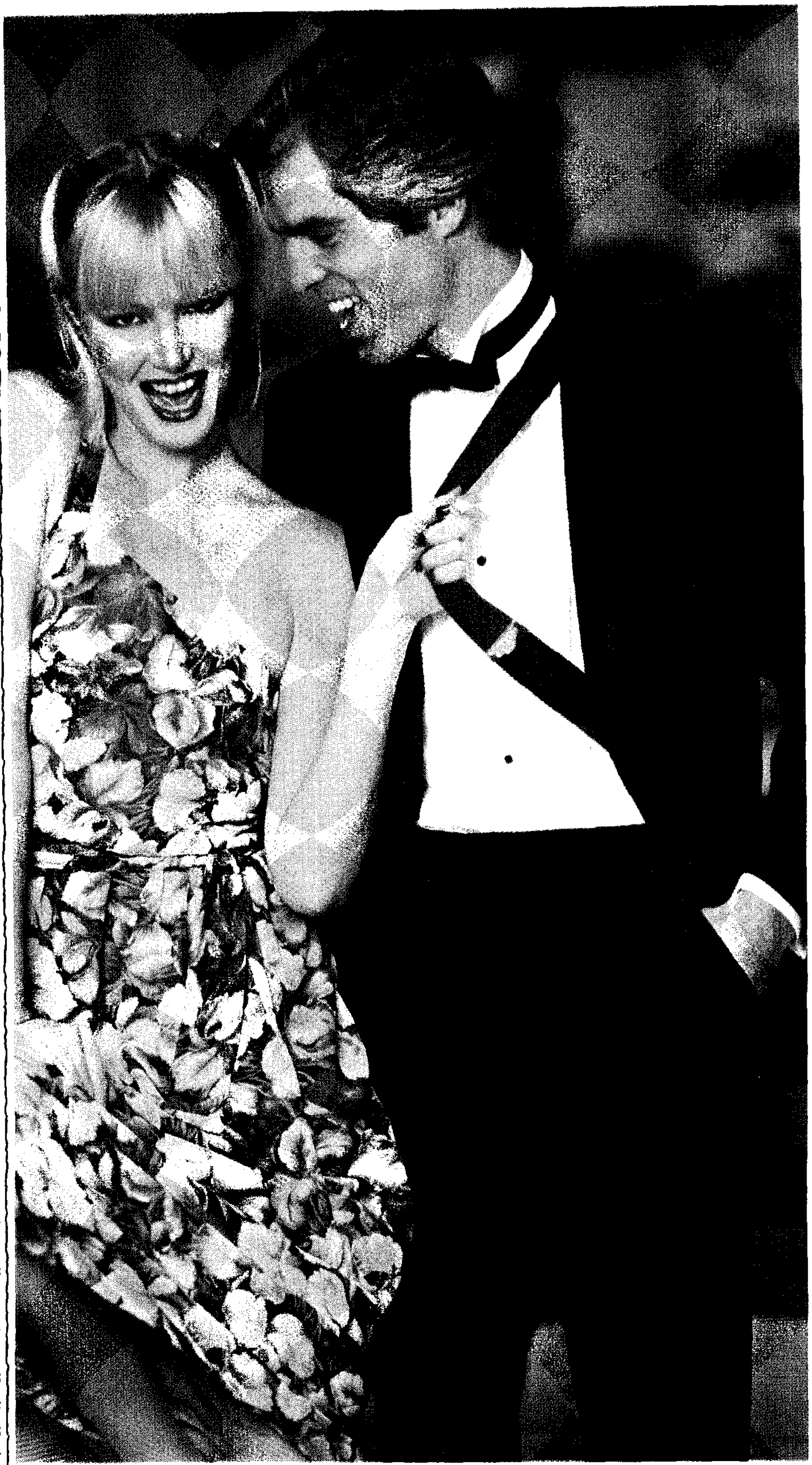
leaders had taken the time to look at the documentaries their minions were busy banning they might have seen the current upheaval coming a mile away.

In a surprising number of Polish feature films, the fictional protagonist is a documentarian of some sort. In "Man of Marble," Andrzej Wajda's 1977 masterpiece, and perhaps the most accomplished film in the genre, a young woman film student obsessively stalks the elusive trail of Birkut, a fictional "workers' hero" from the Stalinist fifties. A Stakhanovite mason whose awesome record at laying bricks had catapulted him to national newsreel prominence, Birkut subsequently fell afoul of Stalinist purge trials and then seemed to disappear. Through such documentarian protagonists, Polish directors during the late seventies seemed to be saying that in a corrupt and stagnant political situation it becomes a heroic task merely to discover and declare a true thing. As the years passed, that lucid insistence recirculated through the Polish body politic, with sometimes surprising results.

When "Man of Marble" was released in 1977, it had clearly been censored. The last scenes, in which Agnieszka, the filmmaker, finally tracks down Birkut's son, Tomczyk, in the Gdansk shipyard, only to discover that Birkut himself died in the 1970 uprising, had been conspicuously mauled. Still, the film proved a tremendous success in Poland during 1978 and 1979; and in 1980, during the strike, when Wajda was visiting Gdansk, a shipworker shouted out to him, "Now you have to tell our story—'Man of Iron.' "

Wajda accepted the challenge. Perhaps no filmmaker has been faced with this kind of national commission—this urgent mandate to fashion the onrush of lived and shared experience, as it is happening, into a mythic legacy—since the days of (of all people) Sergei Eisenstein. Wajda hired Chodakowski (fresh from "Robotnicy '80") as his assistant director, and in a mere nine months they and their co-workers scripted, shot, and edited the new story—this one set against the climactic backdrop of the August events in Gdansk. In the new film, release of which still pended review by the Culture Ministry as of mid-May ("Hell," one director told me, "this one's going to have to be reviewed by the entire Central Committee!"), Winkiel, a washed-up, jaded, alcoholic journalist, receives a mysterious assignment to go to Gdańsk and dig up any dirt he



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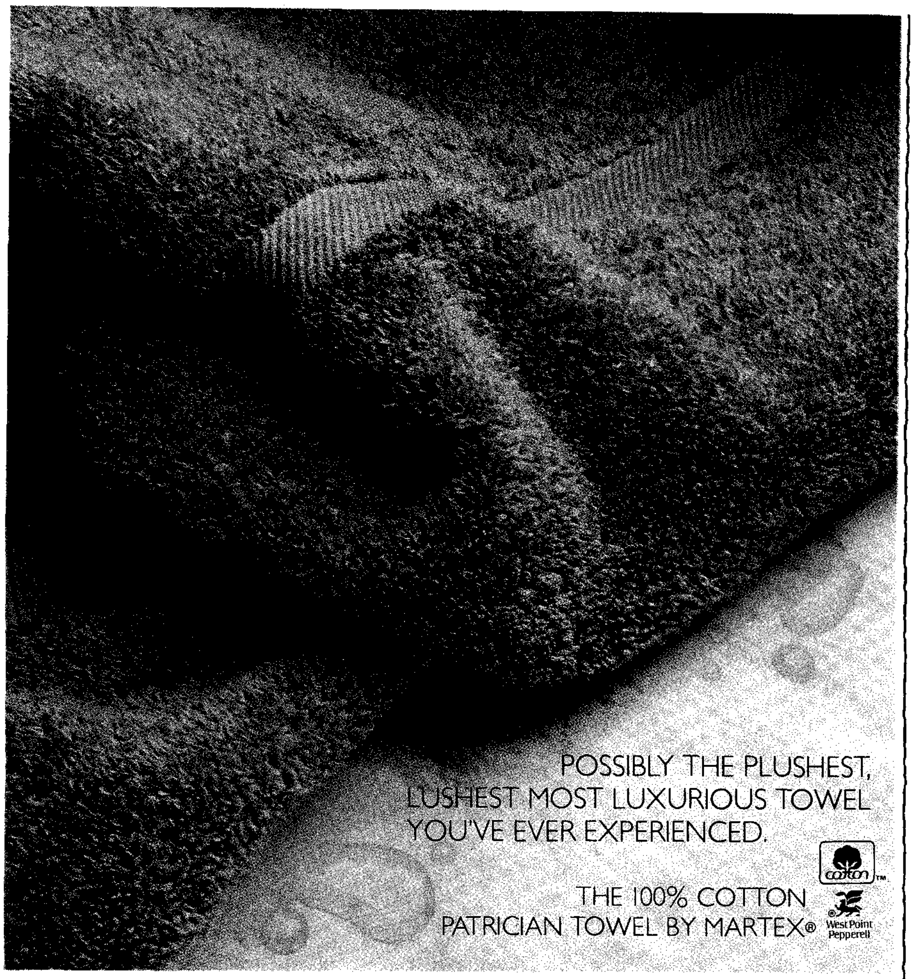
can find on Tomczyk—Birkut's son—who is one of the strike's ringleaders. Through flashbacks, we see Tomczyk's life—his student rage in 1968 when his father wouldn't join him, his own hesitation to join his father in 1970, his grief at his father's massacre, his work in the shipyards, his meeting with Agnieszka, their marriage, their work together in the activist underground, and the birth of their child. Much of the historical footage derives from a restaging of some of the haunting photos now on exhibit in Warsaw; much of the Gdansk 1980 footage is lifted straight out of "Robotnicy '80." The soundtracks of the strikes are actual, including a secret tape someone managed to preserve from the violence of 1970. Lech Walesa and Anna Walentynowicz make cameo appearances. In Poland today, filmmakers can conceive of nothing more compellingly dramatic than what is actually happening before their eyes. Fiction and documentary are merging in a new epic form.

During the Gdansk strike in 1980, only one Party official emerged unscathed and if anything with higher stature in the eyes of most of the workers at the shipyard—Tadeusz Fiszbach, the Party boss in the Gdansk region. "He is the only one of those bastards who can sleep peacefully at night," a Solidarity leader told me in the yards. Indeed, this spring there was rumored to be an insurgent movement within the Party itself to place Fiszbach at the head of the national Party at its coming summer congress. Anyway, Wajda invited Fiszbach to repeat his historic role in a cameo appearance in "Man of Iron," and Fiszbach accepted the honor.

Polish cinema, which has had a good deal to do with generating the moral climate from which the current political renewal is emerging, is itself a victim of the economic climate. Over drinks one afternoon at the Hotel Forum, Ryszard Bugajski, a young screenwriter-director, tells me that while the economic crisis is forcing the political crisis, "it's also rendering some of the political gains somewhat moot." He explains, "What good is getting the right to make films if you can't get the film stock? Today, for example, there are only thirty-five thousand metres of film stock in the entire country, for all the directors in Poland, and because of the foreign-exchange imbalance we can't afford to buy any more."

In publishing, similarly, new and



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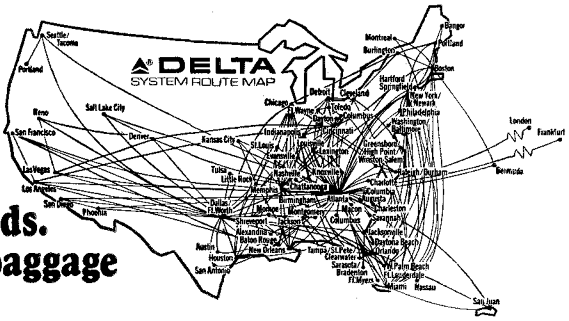
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more liberal standards have been formulated, but an extreme paper shortage means that it can take as long as three years for a book to get published in Poland. In Warsaw this May, you can't buy a Polish-English dictionary if your life depends on it; for that matter, Polish-Polish dictionaries are in short supply. "There's a sense in which the government and the Party are perfectly willing to extend us freedoms they know we can't use," a writer tells me. "In a strange way, they have a vested interest in perpetuating the current economic constrictions."

In other fields, though, the economic crisis is abetting the spread of information. There may be a shortage of film stock, but there's also a shortage of videotape. Consequently, the state television networks, which used to be the most zealously guarded and controlled media outlets, are having to turn more and more often to live coverage, with predictably spontaneous results. One afternoon, I join a group of Poles outside a television store to watch live gavel-to-gavel coverage of the parliamentary debates over registration of the independent farmers' union—sessions whose results are by no means foregone. Few Poles used to take TV news seriously, but today most people watch—particularly the late-night broadcasts, where, like everyone else in Polish society, the TV newscasters seem to be testing the limits of their new situation. Details surface late at night which may disappear the next morning but will sometimes resurface several weeks later in prime time. Nobody quite knows the new rules. Poles watch TV partly for the news and partly for the news of what the news is allowed to say.

IN some ways, the most remarkable thing one finds in Poland these days is the breezy openness of political conversation. The restraints that until nine months ago governed all discourse appear to have melted away. The other day, I had an unusually frank political conversation with a screenwriter in a hotel bar. At one point, he nodded over his shoulder. "That guy over there," he whispered. "Police spy."

I suggested that maybe we should move outside.

"No, no," he said. "It's all right. Everything is open. Let him listen. Maybe he'll learn something."

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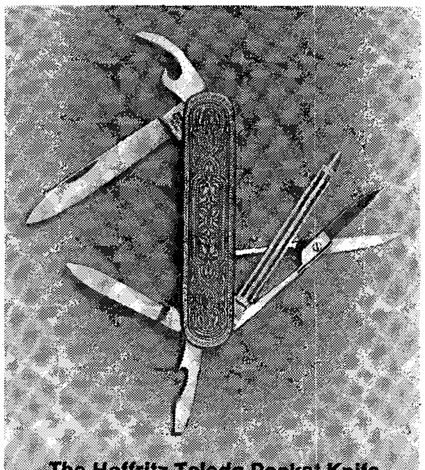

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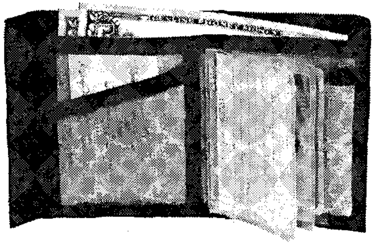

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ish political discourse didn't just happen. The Polish national renewal was preceded, over a period of several years, by countless acts of individual courage. This was particularly the case with the participants in KOR. A writer has shown me some back issues of KOR's *Biuletyn Informacyjny*, from the 1978-79 period, in which, on primitively mimeographed sheets, KOR monitored the various campaigns of police harassment against activist workers on a case-by-case basis. In several issues, you can find accounts of the sporadic arrests and detentions of a Gdansk electrician named Lech Walesa. The thing that is particularly impressive about KOR's bulletin, though, is the fact that at the back of each issue the names, addresses, and phone numbers of the members of the KOR steering committee are openly provided. It's as if KOR were calling to everyone else, "Come on out! Be open. What can they do if we all start taking responsibility for our true dreams?"

I am introduced to Jan Litynski, a fortyish (Jewish) KOR activist, who started out as a mathematician but presently found himself editing *Robotnik*, one of the most vital of the post-1976 dissident journals. His English is extraordinarily good, considering that he's never been to England or America, and I ask him where he picked it up. "In jail," he answers, smiling. "That's where most of us learned our English. We had a lot of free time during the seventies."

I ask him if the transition to activism was frightening for him.

"The worst is the first time they throw you in jail without giving you any idea how long they're going to keep you," he replies. "I didn't know if I could stand that. It scared me. But I survived—one does—and afterward the fear was never so bad."

Nowhere is the new openness of political discourse more breezy, more bracing than in Gdansk, the northern seaport where the repression started to come unravelled. The very first place the taxi-driver takes you when you arrive in the city provides the most bracing evidence of all. Just outside the gates of the Lenin Shipyard rises a towering, gleaming monument to the martyrs of December 16, 1970—a monument that nine months ago nobody would have thought possible, commemorating an event that nine months ago nobody official would even admit had happened. As part of the August 31, 1980, settlement, the shipworkers of Gdansk won the right

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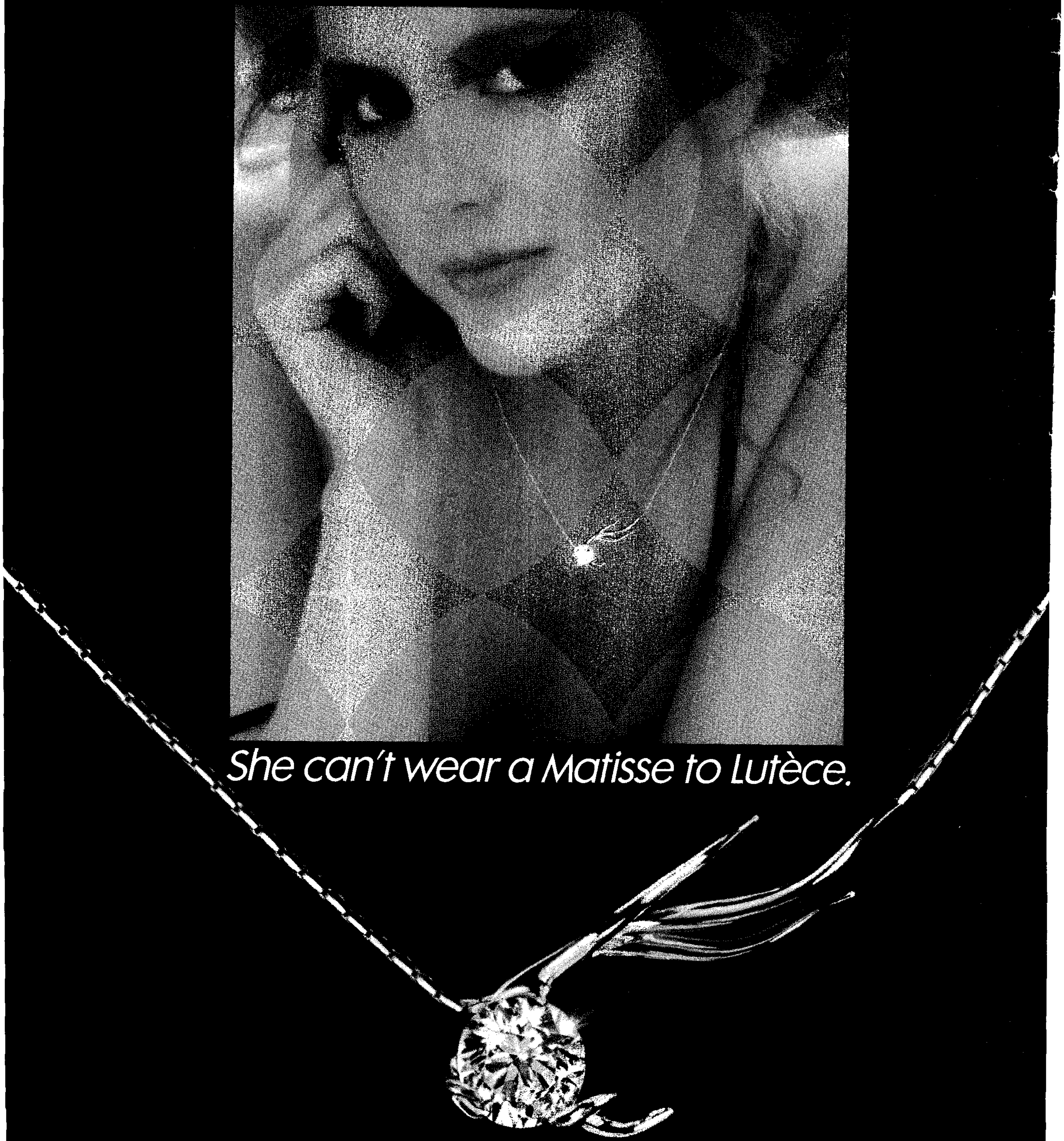

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to build a monument to their fallen comrades. For several years, each December 16th the plaza outside the shipyard entrance had been mysteriously strewn with commemorative wreaths. Now the shipworkers were intent on making sure that by December 16, 1980, the wreaths would adorn a proper altar. "And not some flat low slab of marble," the strikers insisted. "We want it to be visible from every place in the city!" And it is. The memorial was designed by Bogdan Pietruszka, one of the artisans in the shipyard; it was manufactured by the shipworkers themselves in a fever of activity in October and November, as if to mock the government's complaints about their low productivity. In early December, the three huge components were carried out of the shipyard into the plaza in an emotionally wrenching processional: each component was a cross. The memorial consists of three towering crosses joined back to back at their arms in a triangular configuration. They rise a hundred and forty feet above the plaza. On their bases are bas-reliefs of workers erecting the memorial, workers at table with their families, and workers holding strike banners reading "SOLIDARNOŚĆ." Gradually, these bas-reliefs give way to strong beams, piercing skyward. Crucified at the top are three anchors, their arms twisted in allegorical suffering. The image is simple and yet tremendously powerful: it seems to gather up all the themes of the recent Polish experience. Along a fronting wall has been engraved a quotation from a Psalm translated by Czeslaw Miloscz. My taxi-driver tells me that Miloscz, whose books were banned in Poland until recently, will visit the monument and the shipyards this June. While we are looking at the monument, the afternoon shift lets out. Workers file through the gate, as they do every afternoon, and past these crosses, at once a memorial to their fallen comrades and a monument to their own remarkable vengeance. Some of them, as they pass, cross themselves.

Later that evening, while walking through the quaint, exceptionally lovely old quarter of Gdansk, I begin to get a sense of another force that may have animated the 1980 rebellion. From almost anywhere in the city, the cranes of the shipyard dominate the skyline—huge, muscular limbs flexed toward heaven. These machines are absolutely mammoth: looming there, they suggest vast reserves of power

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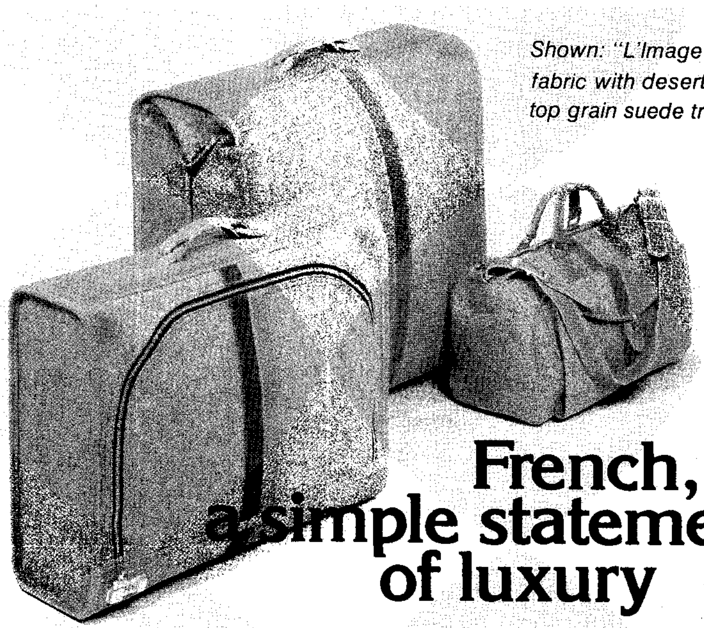

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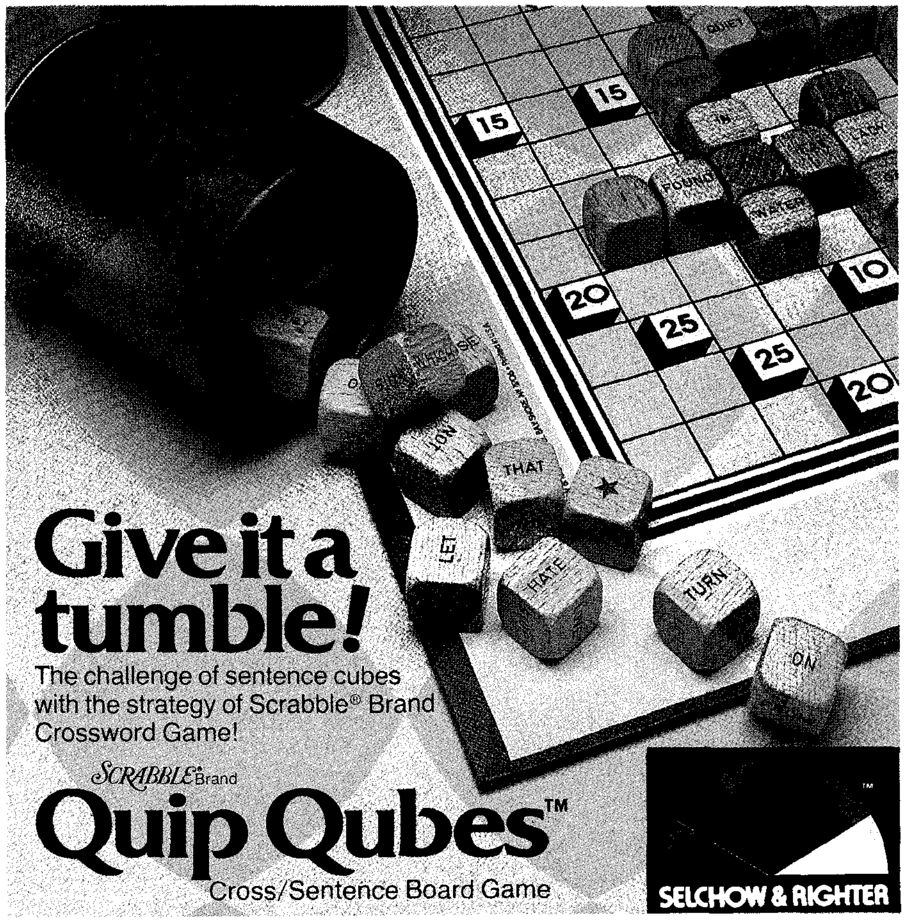
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being held in restraint through Olympian control. It's easy to see how a worker who spent his life around such machines might begin to have delusions of grandeur—how, when he lost patience with the pesky incompetent bureaucrats downtown, he just might begin to imagine he had the power to do something about them.

The next morning, I arrange an appointment with Stanislaw Bury, one of eleven members of the presidium of Solidarity's local chapter inside the Lenin Shipyard. Bury, a strong, roguish man in his late thirties, escorts me into his office. During our interview, people keep barging in, usually without knocking. That's one thing I notice everywhere I go in Solidarity: nobody bothers about honoring a closed door.

Bury explains his position. At the time of the strike, he worked in the yards, but today, as a member of the shipyard local's presidium, he works full time for Solidarity. Each of the sixteen thousand shipworkers (and, for that matter, each of the ten million members of the national Solidarity) commits one per cent of his annual income to the union: sixty per cent of that is kept by the local chapter, and forty per cent goes to the national organization. The administrative functions of the local chapter are handled by the presidium, two of whose eleven members—Lech Walesa and Anna Walentynowicz—in practice spend all their time in another part of town, at the national headquarters. The presidium is elected from among a ninety-four-member council of delegates, who, in turn, are elected by the membership through the local's subdivisions. The presidium meets as a body every day, the council once a week. The presidium is answerable to the council on all issues, and only the council can render final decisions. Each week, the ninety-four delegates pass along complaints and comments from their constituents, and at the beginning of each council meeting the presidium has to report on actions it has taken in response to the previous week's concerns. All delegates and presidium members are elected for two-year terms, with a maximum consecutive service of four years, and they are subject to immediate recall at any time.

Bury tells me that a special regulation requires that at the end of their terms the presidium members return to the yard with exactly the job they had upon joining the presidium, and can-

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not then accept advancements for at least one year. "We are still young at this," Bury explains. "Nine months—hardly even a toddler yet. We are still trying to learn how to make democracy work. It's very hard, and we have no experience. But we are making improvements. For example, we now have a rule that final passage of any item by the council of delegates requires a three-fourths majority vote. We feel that if we haven't achieved that level of consensus we haven't considered the issue long enough."

Each of the nine active presidium members supervises a specifically apportioned territory besides handling general tasks. One supervises internal finances, one supervises elections, one attends to individual grievances, one is developing the groundwork for a workers' council with the collaboration of "experts," one does trouble-shooting . . . "Me," Bury says, smiling, "I'm in charge of propaganda."

I ask Bury if he sees any application at the national level of the lessons in democratic process which they've acquired locally.

"Oh," he says, sighing. "You're asking too much. We are only just beginning to understand horizontal democracy. Vertical democracy will be a labor of many years."

At the conclusion of our interview, I ask Bury whether he could give me a tour of the shipyard itself. In the meantime, a few other Westerners have gathered in the hall—a Canadian historian, a Swedish student leader, an American lawyer—and they all join in the request.

An assistant says, "The yard is a security installation, off limits to—"

"Nonsense," Bury interrupts. "If they're with me, there's no problem."

We leave the office and head for the yard, walking right past the guards, who merely nod cheerfully toward Bury. It turns out that the guards belong to Solidarity.

I never really enjoyed the Socialist Realism that permeates so much of the old American left's depiction of the Pride of the Workers: the kind of thing you find a lot of in "socially conscious" movies from the thirties and forties—all that determined brawn and those broad smiles. But that's what it actually feels like in the Gdansk shipyard. These workers are *proud.* They walk around as if they mattered: they've really proved themselves, and nobody'd better mess with them again. Especially with Bury

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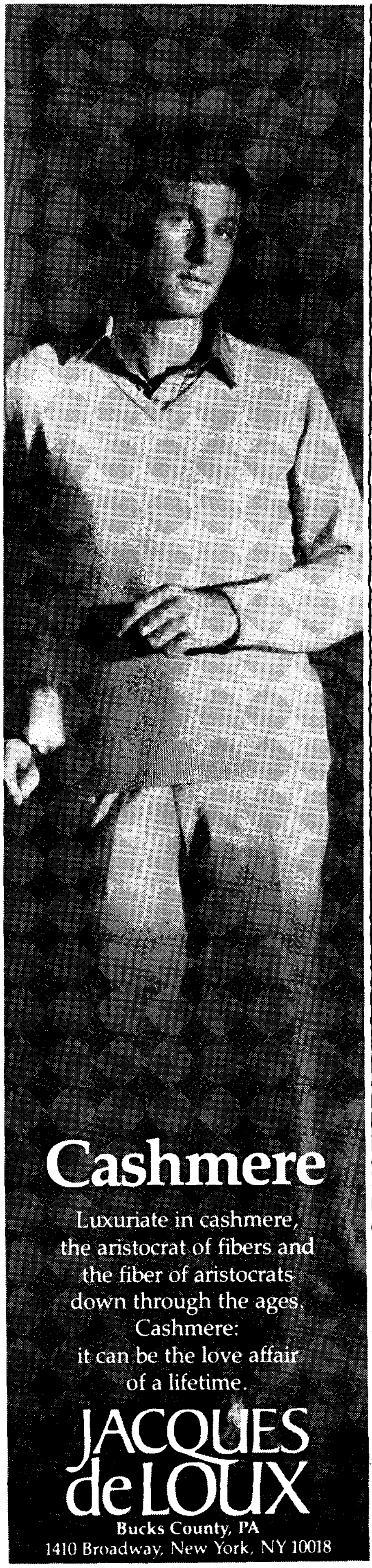

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himself. He ambles around, greeting just about everyone, slowing down to listen to complaints or offer updates on grievances, to accept invitations to weddings or to jokingly chide one worker on his poor attendance at meetings—he struts around as if he *owned* the place. And in a way he does. He and his fellow-organizers, who just a year ago were having to meet in secret and endure endless harassments, are today clearly the authoritative force in the yard.

All around us, huge tankers and container ships are coming into being. At one point, we pass a puny little yacht, incongruously shackled in a dock. I ask Bury about it.

"Confiscated," he says. "Used to belong to the head of the state TV network."

I ask him if he thinks that he and his comrades have been building better ships since Aug—

"Yes!" He doesn't even let me finish the sentence.

It's all quite exhilarating, this walk among the workers. But it's also profoundly disheartening, because, for all their pride, these men and women are laboring at backbreaking jobs under horrible conditions (in one hangar, the brown air hangs suspended, it seems, almost in clots)—conditions that have not changed overnight and are not about to change significantly any time soon.

Poland is a poor, poor country, and this is going to have to be a long, slow revolution.

ONE "Western source," as he prefers to have himself characterized, says during a "deep background" session in Warsaw, "There is, of course, an exhilaration in all this venting of anger, but at some point the economic reality of Poland's situation is going to require some extraordinary maturity on the part of Solidarity's leadership. They've shown they can take the nation out on strike, but can they put it back to work? Specifically, they are going to have to motivate workers to a much higher productivity while at the same time prevailing upon them to accept a sizable cut in their already low standard of living, at least over the short term. It took American unions forty years to reach that level of maturity; it's asking a lot of a year-old organization."

My Western source's celebration of the relative maturity of American labor strikes me as ironic. Two weeks ago, back in the States, I asked Wil-

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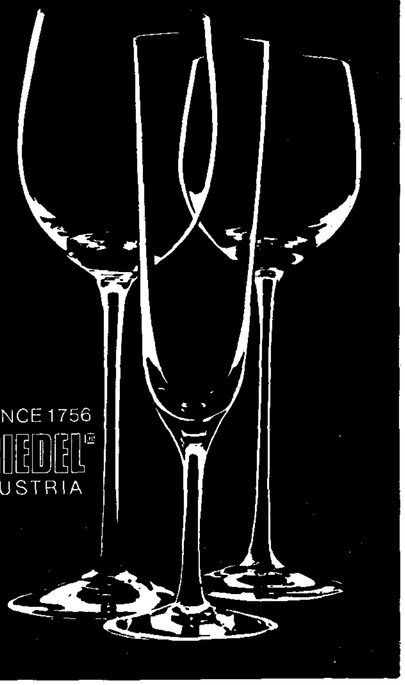

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liam Winpisinger, the head of the International Association of Machinists & Aerospace Workers, which is one of the leading industrial unions in America, what he felt American labor could teach Solidarity.

"Hell, it's the other way around," he replied. "It's what they can teach us. While American labor has been steadily backtracking on all fronts, Solidarity has reminded us what spine is all about. And they've done it by uniting: shipworkers, truckers, coal miners, secretaries, machinists—everyone uniting around a set of general principles. American labor today lacks principle as a movement. And until American labor and the American left generally learn to fashion that kind of solidarity on behalf of principle, we're going to continue to be the pathetic victims of our American bosses, just as much as the Poles were until recently the victims of theirs."

The question remains, however: Just what is Solidarity's plan for the nation? Sometimes Solidarity's aspirations seem very large indeed. According to a banner at the entrance to the Lenin Shipyard, "THE GOVERNMENT GOVERNS, THE PARTY POLITICKS, AND SOLIDARITY SERVES THE NATION." But when you talk to individual union officials the answers are often considerably more circumspect.

"Up to now, we've avoided taking economic responsibility," a staff member at the Warsaw Solidarity office explains, addressing my Western source's concerns more directly. "The government has recently been trying to maneuver us into taking some form of coresponsibility in areas such as productivity, but we've declined to do so until we can fashion mechanisms whereby we can exert substantial leverage in formulating and carrying out economic policy."

Sometimes answers are downright coy. "They got us into this mess, let them get us out," Bury said the day we spoke in his Gdansk office. "Besides, we're workers, not economists."

That abrupt response notwithstanding, Solidarity is intensely interested in the future of economic life in Poland—it's just that it is taking longer for an economic consensus to emerge than it did for the political consensus. Or, to phrase it more precisely, an overwhelming number of Poles have an astonishingly consistent idea of what they don't like in their lives—the distant and arbitrary central authority, the repression, the corruption. They also have a consensus, in general

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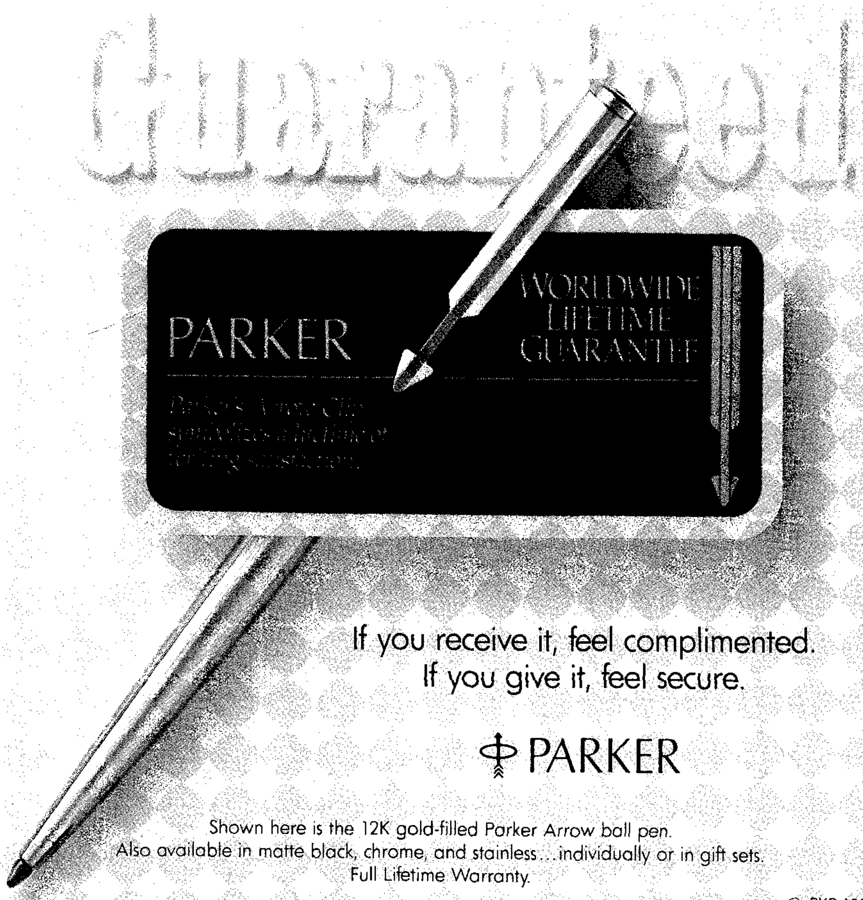

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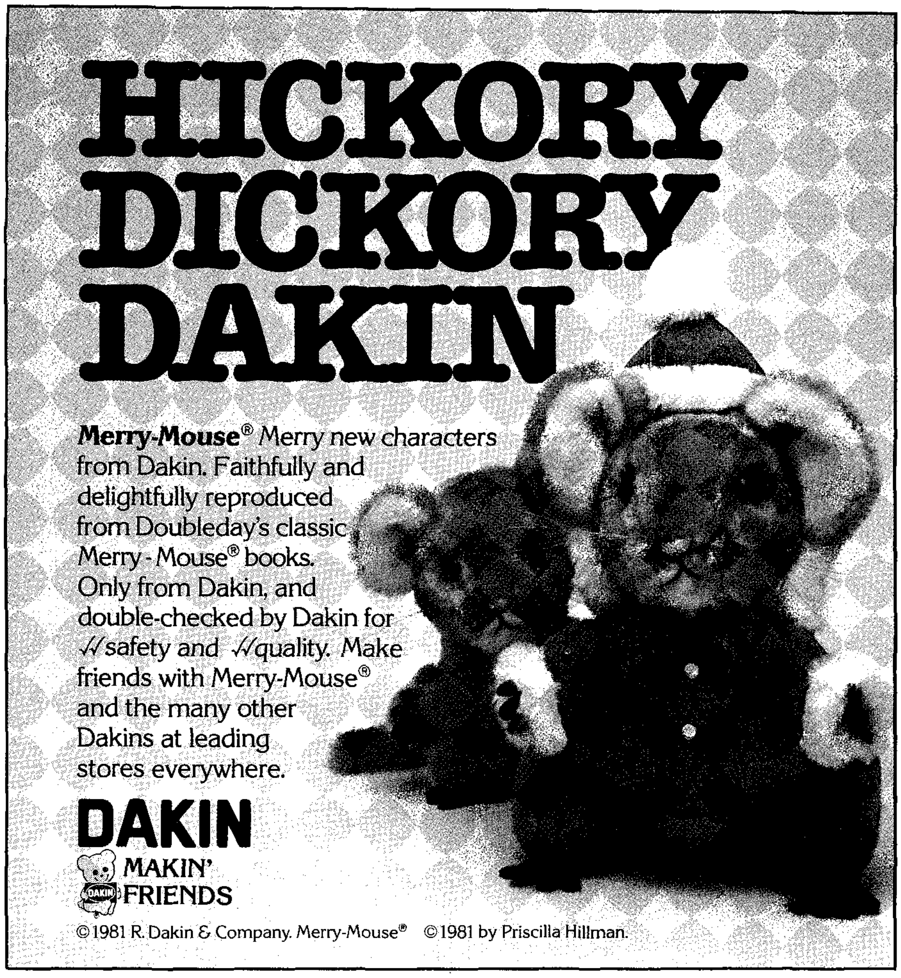
terms, on what they want to replace it with: some sort of democratic worker control in the workplace. But when you get to asking specific questions about what that democratic control will look like, what the workers will democratically choose to do with that control, and how the pieces will fit together, things get very hazy. It's just too soon to tell. And, in the absence of consensus on such precise issues, Solidarity is taking its time.

In a sparsely furnished office at the union's nondescript national headquarters, in Gdansk, I meet Bogdan Lis, the vice-chairman of Solidarity and Lech Walesa's first lieutenant. Lis looks tired—his expression is haggard. His hair is thinning, maybe even beginning to gray. He is twenty-eight. (Walesa is thirty-seven. Andrzej Gwiazda, the old man of the union leadership, is forty-five. Jerzy Borowczak, who was one of the main firebrands during the Gdansk strike and is now a leader on the shipyard-union presidium, has just turned twenty-one.) As exhausted as Lis seems, he still clearly revels in the play of words and silences which so often characterizes an official Solidarity interview. The way some people have worry lines, Bogdan Lis has developed irony lines: they crinkle out from his eyes whenever he feels the need to turn orphic, and he's a master. When he's asked about the Soviet Union, for instance, his face opens into a wry smile that speaks volumes without leaving a quotable trace. "Are you kidding?" his eyes seem to say. "You think I'm going to jeopardize all this for some easy quip? Next question, please."

I ask Lis about the distinction between "political" and "social" realms which seems at the heart of so much of the ongoing wordplay between the government and the union. The government accuses the union of trying to become "political," while the union insists that it's continuing to be merely "social."

"That goes back to the August agreements," Lis explains. "Late in the bargaining, something very interesting happened. The Party has long considered itself to be the leading force in all political and social affairs in this country. In the early drafts of the agreement, there was language to that effect in the text—it basically echoed similar formulations in the state constitution—in which the union agreed that the Party would continue to play such a role. At one point, however, late in the negotiations, when all kinds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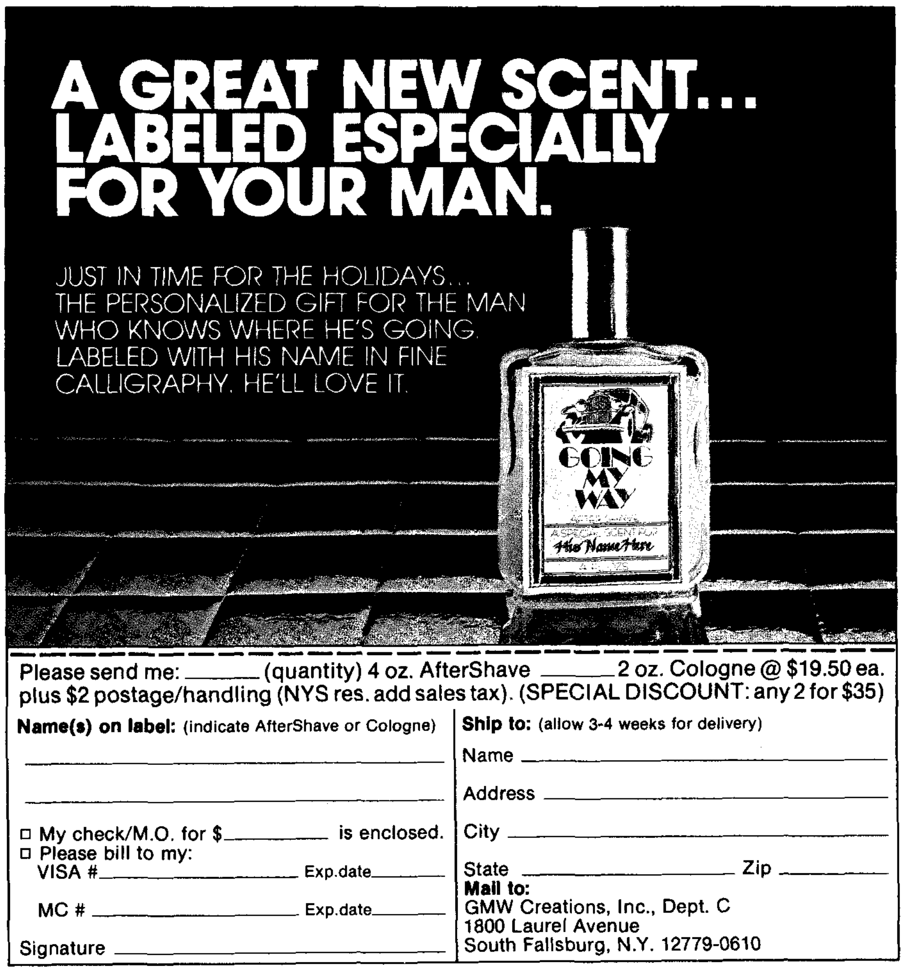
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of other things were going on, we merely deleted the words 'and social' from the formulation—and they never noticed! They signed a document in which all we conceded was the Party's leading role 'in political matters'—and, of course, we still concede that." The irony lines blossom across his face once again.

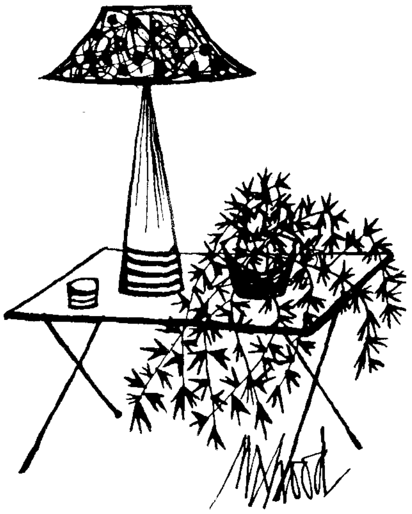
The game really comes into its own when you try to get a union official to specify which issues are "social" and which "political," and this is one of Bogdan Lis's specialties. "The media, for instance, are social institutions," he says. "And therefore Solidarity has every right to demand an end to state censorship. The improvement of working conditions is a social issue, as is the appropriate distribution of wealth throughout the society. The liberation of political prisoners is also a social issue."

"Well, then, what's a political issue?"

"Why, the sort of thing the Party concerns itself with."

Similarly, Solidarity spokesmen often contrast legal authority, which they admit they lack, with moral authority, which they insist they have, the implication being, of course, that the legal authorities lack moral authority—and are, indeed, immoral. A few days later, back in Warsaw, I happen to be watching television with a Polish friend. A Communist Party official is complaining that Solidarity wants to reduce the Party's role to that of a discussion club. "No," my friend says. "He's got it all wrong. The role we have in mind is something a bit more like that of the British queen."

In Poland today, Solidarity officials insist that they speak on behalf of "society." Over and over, one hears such phrases as "The society wants this" and "The society won't stand for



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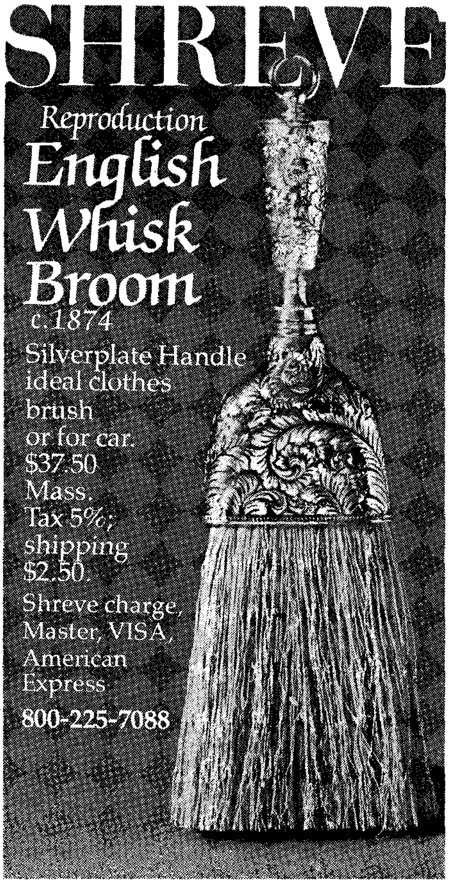
that." And most of the people one talks to in the street concur: not only is Solidarity their representative, it is the expression of Polish society. I have heard several Solidarity spokesmen scoff at the government's accusations that they are anti-socialist. "On the contrary," they insist, "socialism consists in the *social* ownership of the means of production, which is precisely what we advocate."

This last word game, however, yields a kernel of substantive significance—because although Solidarity (and society) may not yet have arrived at a consensus on how to proceed from here, there is virtually no one in Poland who advocates the restitution of a capitalist free market. "There is a profound egalitarian impulse at the heart of the Solidarity movement," explains a Warsaw sociologist who has spent time in the West. "Maybe that's one valuable legacy of the thirty-five years of Communist rule here: people have been exposed to those slogans for so long that now they want to make them real. There has thus far been relatively little individual opportunism. The movement's first concern has been for its poorest members. Wage demands, for instance, have always been on an across-the-board rather than a percentage basis. Everybody, no matter what his current salary, gets an extra thousand zlotys rather than an extra five per cent. As a researcher, I have no objection to seeing a factory worker get paid more than I do; after all, I enjoy my work, while his is often drudgery. And I think my attitude is fairly common among professionals here in Poland. I think I'd be hard pressed, though, to find a similar attitude among professionals in the West."

During my last few days in Poland, the cigarette shortage gets serious. Everybody in Poland seems to smoke. "You would, too, if you'd been living here the last nine months," an acquaintance tells me teasingly. By the end of the week, you can't buy a pack anywhere. Even the PEWEX shops have run out. On innumerable occasions, I see people go up to complete strangers, ask for a cigarette, and get one. I see people with two cigarettes left in their last pack not hesitate for a moment to offer one of them to the most casual of acquaintances. It seems that each person knows that when his pack runs out he'll be able to borrow from the next, and that there will be no hoarding. The country will just share until the shortage has exhausted



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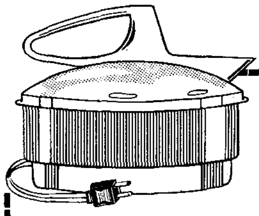

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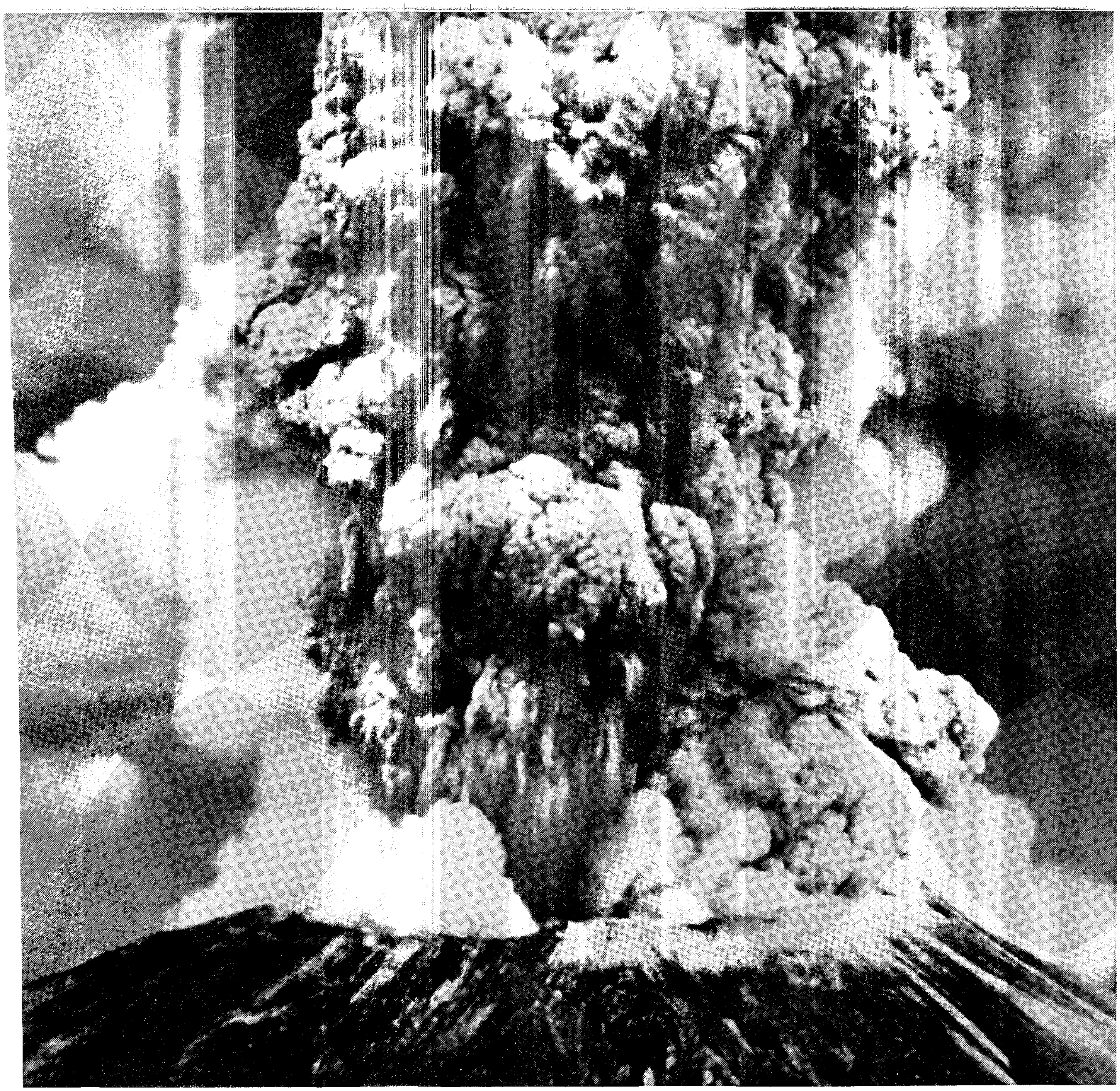

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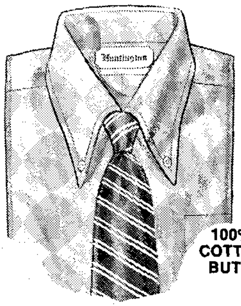

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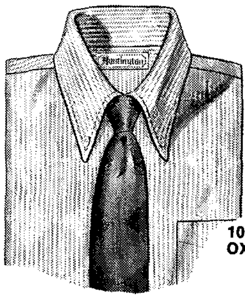

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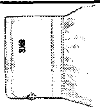

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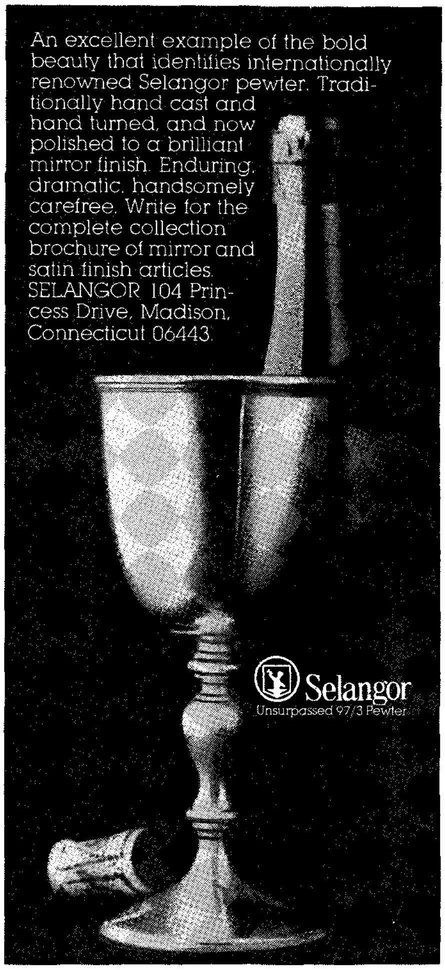
itself. The only trouble is, nobody has any matches.

IN "The Road to Gdansk," a remarkable book on recent Polish history which was completed a mere six weeks before the onset of the August, 1980, strike in Gdansk, Daniel Singer, one of the most insightful chroniclers of the situation in Eastern Europe, concluded:

> The tensions are such that nobody in Warsaw asks whether everything will blow up once again, but when it will happen. The crucial question is whether the explosion can be put off sufficiently to allow for the emergence of a political movement, resting on real social forces, strong enough to move beyond veto power to impose changes in policies and institutions, but also cohesive enough and sufficiently in charge of the situation to dissuade the Russians from taking the plunge. It is difficult to be very optimistic about this race against the clock.

Singer's trepidation notwithstanding, the Solidarity movement during its first nine months has performed extraordinarily well precisely with regard to the criteria that Singer set. Most Poles I have spoken with were as pleasantly surprised by the movement's cohesion, strength, and maturity as Singer must be. But now the questions are beginning to change. It seems to me that today they fall into three general areas: (1) How, specifically, even under ideal conditions, does a body politic begin to mesh its desire for a decentralized system of democratic worker control of the workplace with its need for some kind of integrated national planning? There are no models here. No one in modern history has succeeded in mastering this challenge. (2) How, specifically, given the realities of Polish political life today but for the moment excluding the question of the country's economic situation, can Solidarity move to carry out some of its policies while avoiding any direct confrontation with the Communist Party, on the one hand, and the huge, entrenched bureaucracy, on the other? What will the distribution of power in Poland look like two years from now? And, finally (3), given Poland's actual economic situation, are any of these reforms happening in time? Is it already too late to salvage the foundering Polish economy? To phrase the question a bit differently, will the economic realities allow the Poles any room to maneuver? To phrase it more darkly, are all the things that are happening in Poland today merely epiphenomena—lots of dazzle and firecrackers that blind us



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to the essential reality, which is that the country is going bankrupt and all forms of authority are therefore melting away? Do we have any idea what it means for a semi-developed country to go bankrupt in 1981—what happens next? While almost all the Poles I spoke with expressed enthusiastic support for the Solidarity movement, many were quietly skeptical of the movement's long-term chances. Their misgivings almost always centered on this third area.

One thing that most Poles I spoke with are *not* worrying about right now, in May, 1981, is the possibility of a Soviet invasion. Over and over, Poles have asked me about "the hysterical concern of the Western media over this question of whether the Soviets will invade."

A Solidarity staff member complains, "Some of the American reporters here in Gdansk have been so busy looking out to sea waiting for the Soviet armada that they've hardly even noticed what we've been doing in the yards."

Another corrects him: "Well, actually, most of the really hysterical stories have been datelined Washington or New York or Paris. The reporting out of here has usually been fairly decent."

"It's almost as if the Western media and the U.S. State Department *wanted* the Soviets to invade," a screenwriter comments. "As if what we are trying to do here were in some way as threatening to corporate capitalism as it is to Soviet-style Communism."

Have the Poles themselves worried at any point about a Soviet invasion?

"That was not one of our main concerns," another writer tells me. "There were maybe four days last March, at the height of the Bydgoszcz crisis"—when Solidarity brought the nation to the brink of a general strike by protesting a brutal police attack on three of its regional leaders—"when the Warsaw Pact forces were dragging their maneuvers on and on. For a few days there, yes, it was very tense. It rattled our nerves pretty good. But at a certain point, after they kept threatening and threatening and threatening and *not* acting—well, the threat began to wear thin. Each new threat proved that they were even more scared than we were."

When you ask Poles what they would do if the Soviets did invade, you get a variety of answers. Some say they would fight, some say they would fight if others fought (when you ask where

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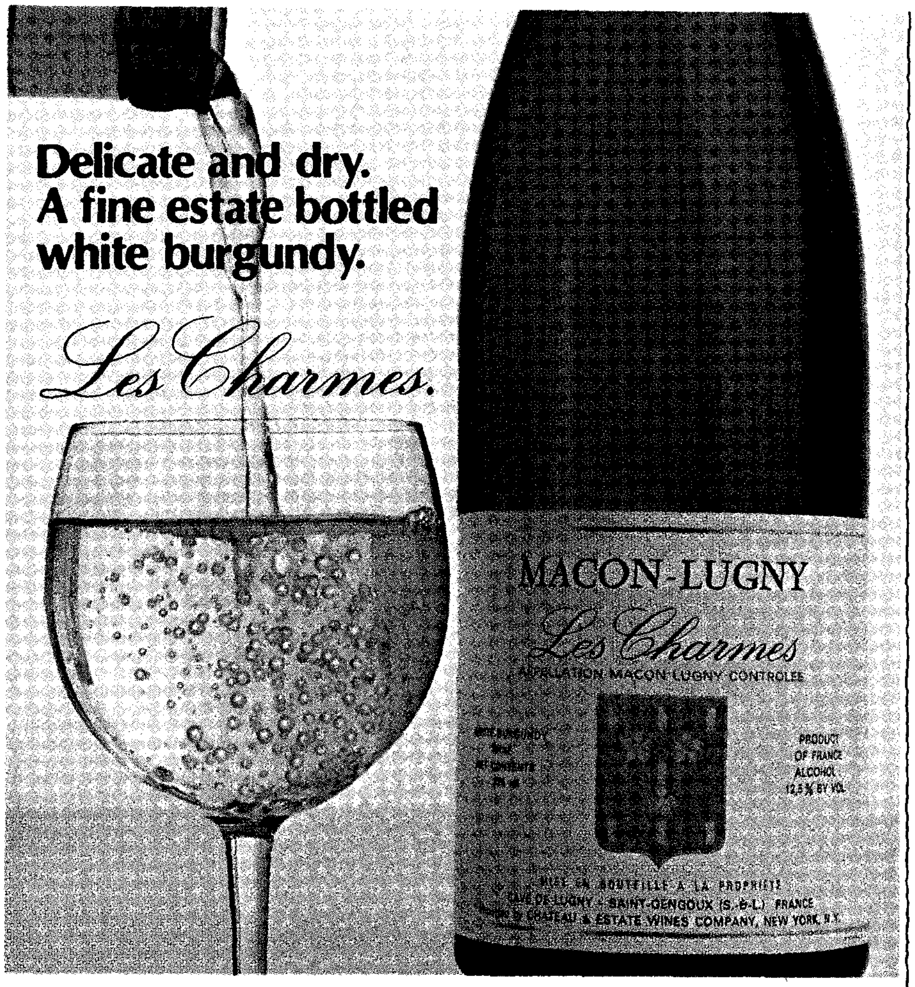
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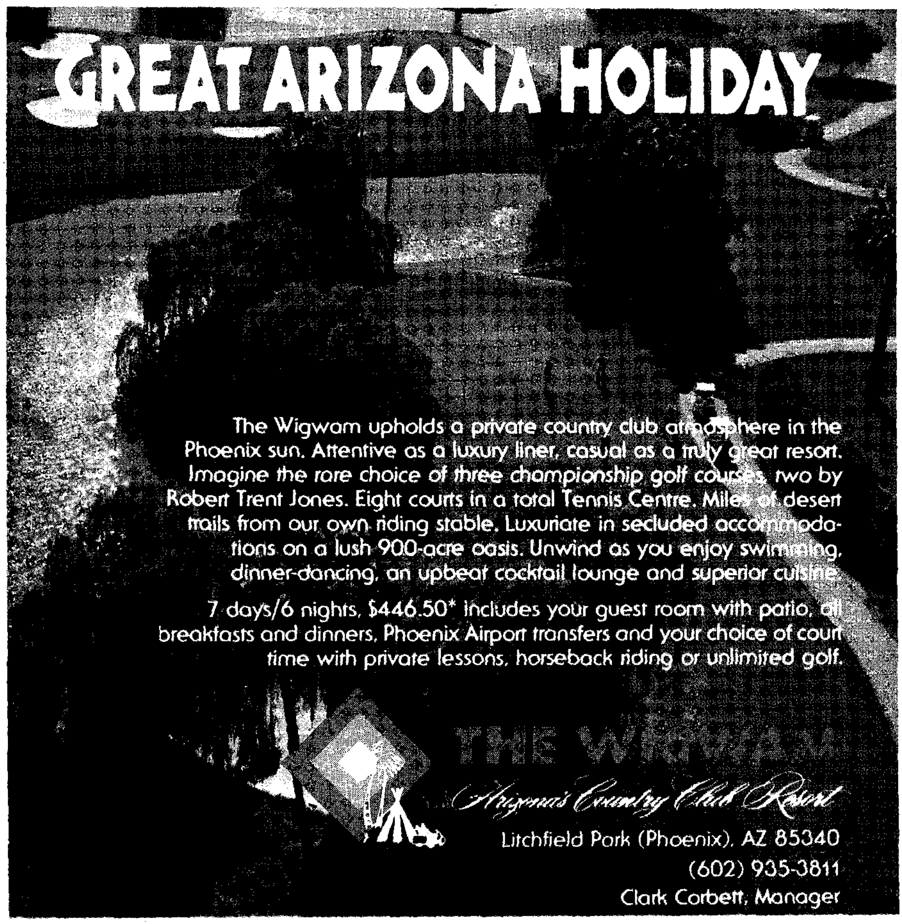

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they would get the arms, they assure you that the Army would provide them, the Army, after all, being made up largely of conscripts, which is to say, of their brothers and their friends), some say they would simply refuse to work, and some say that there are ways of causing damage without specifically resorting to arms. But perhaps the most trenchant reply comes from a man in a Gdansk bar: "O.K., so they invade. So what? We will simply go on doing what we're doing. To stop us, they'd have to send in one Soviet soldier for every Pole, and if they did that, one by one, one on one, we'd convert their entire Army."

"Look," another man at the bar says. "The Russians are no longer allowing any of their citizens to get tourist visas to visit Poland, or Poles to get visas to visit Russia. You think they're going to go and expose four hundred thousand of their young, impressionable future workers to what's going on here?"

The more time you spend in Poland, the more irrelevant the Soviet Army seems. After a while, the question of a Soviet invasion just seems beside the point. As you line up the arguments for and against such an invasion from the Soviet point of view, such a strategy appears transparently counterproductive. Having said that, one should also note that recent history provides no particular ground for deeming temperate consideration one of the principal characteristics of top-level planning in either of the superpowers. Still, it should be clear that, given the extremely constricted economic situation in Poland today, the Soviet Union finds itself with all kinds of opportunities for leverage without having to resort to outright invasion. To say that an invasion is unlikely, therefore, is not to dismiss the significance of the Soviet factor.

Thus the Poles come hurtling back toward summer, the first anniversary of their remarkable resurgence. All over Poland, people are looking toward the immediate future, toward what promises to be an extremely eventful few months: The Communist Party convocation has been set for July and will be preceded by a wide-open round of grass-roots balloting. By late August or early September, if it has the time to pull it together, Solidarity hopes to hold its first national convention, with delegates elected from all over the country in balloting that will in one way or another involve all ten million members. With the Polish primate, Cardinal Wyszynski, lying near death, the Catholic Church may likewise be experiencing a major period of transition. Czeslaw Milosz will be returning from exile in June to accept an honorary doctorate from the Catholic university in Lublin, and then he will visit the shipyard in Gdansk. In one form or another, Wajda's film "Man of Iron" should be opening. Meanwhile, on the stage, another returning exile, Roman Polanski, will be appearing as the naughty-boy genius Mozart in his own production of Peter Shaffer's "Amadeus."

"You have no idea how things have changed," the filmmaker Ryszard Bugajski tells me one afternoon in Warsaw. "Today, you see all this activity, all this energy. At the beginning of last summer, there was so much depression, so much hopelessness. It wasn't even like hitting your head against a brick wall. Rather, it was like running up against a wall of butter—it gave a little, but never enough, and in the meantime you got all sticky and soiled. Now, at least, things are tangible—the challenge is solid."

On the eve of my departure from Poland, at a coffeeshop in Warsaw, I ask a staff member from the regional Solidarity office how long she thinks the reforms can continue, how far they can reach, whether there is a line that they will not possibly be allowed to cross.

Without a moment's hesitation, she replies,"We crossed that line, back in August, 1980."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

Leslie Dunn O'Brien performed 'Revolutions,' an improvisational piece she choreographed.—*Photo caption in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

In her sleep?

•

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Unemployment is one of the major causes of crime, Sousa said. The police already know who the criminals are and, under a Sousa administration, they would be identified and offered jobs, he said.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin & Advertiser.*

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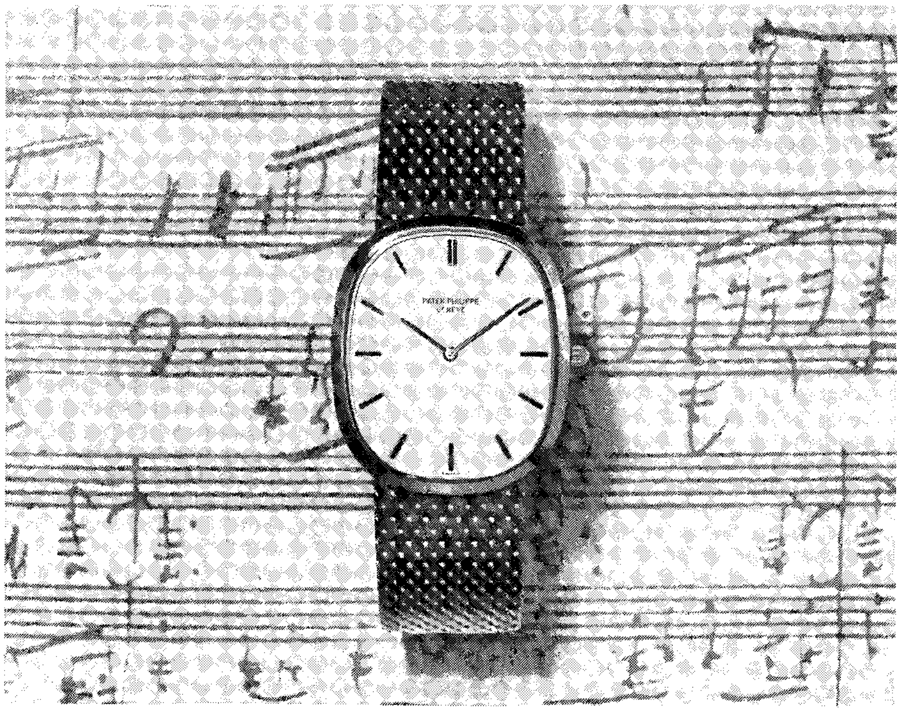

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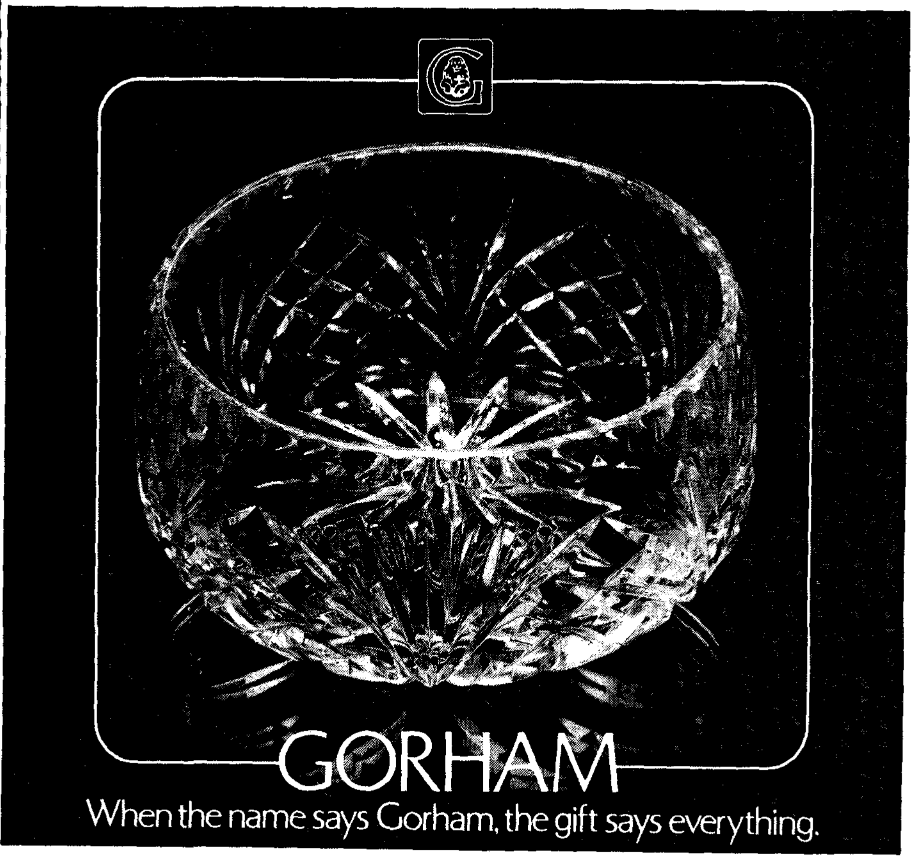

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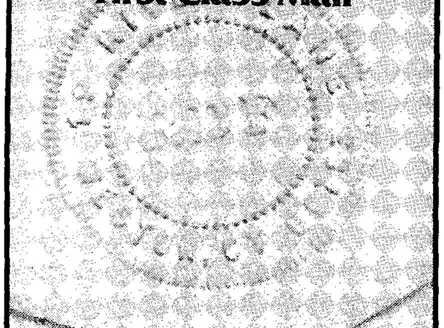

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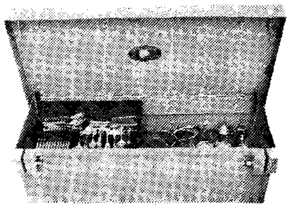

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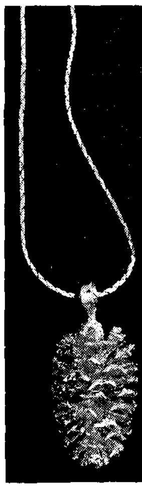

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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

JONATHAN BOLT'S "Threads," which opened the Circle Rep's season last week, is about an actor who returns from Hollywood to the North Carolina mill town where he grew up, in order to be with his dying mother and also with his younger brother and his estranged father. Once there, he is lionized by the townspeople, most of whom are poor workers at the mill, as is his father. The action is made up of brief, rather amusing scenes, and some touching and tense ones, too, and it starts and finishes with a reminiscent monologue spoken by the younger brother, informing us (somewhat in the manner of "The Glass Menagerie") that the events of the play took place years before. In the course of the action, we learn the reason for the bitter antagonism between the returned son and the father, and a number of other matters are cleared up as well.

Mr. Bolt is himself an actor, and "Threads" is very much an actor's play, in that the parts—the roles—are much stronger than the whole, the whole being tame (though seldom boring), and the audience being three giant steps ahead of the characters at every turn of the plot. Nevertheless, there is a plot, and there are characters, who speak authentic-sounding regional dialogue. The performance (as is to be expected at Circle Rep) goes well, under the direction of B. Rodney Marriott; though the Circle Rep may not be a rep, strictly speaking, it is certainly a company. Jo Henderson redeems what could have been the sentimentality of the mother by the humor, astringency, and validity of her acting; Jonathan Hogan is good as the son come home, and so are William Andrews as the father and Ben Siegler as the younger brother. Patricia Wettig and David Morse are very funny as a pair of kooky hick neighbors. Set by David Potts, costumes by Joan E. Weiss, and lighting by Craig Miller.

TO celebrate its twentieth anniversary, La Mama—with the estimable, courageous Ellen Stewart at the helm—is devoting this entire season to revivals of plays by the most notable Off and Off Off Broadway dramatists of the sixties and seventies. Some of the plays made their first appearance at La Mama, some didn't; Ed

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Bullins' "Clara's Ole Man," which I saw last week, was done originally at the American Place thirteen years ago. That production, by the New Lafayette Company, directed by Robert Macbeth, was a thrilling one; the La Mama production, again directed by Mr. Macbeth, was anything but thrilling, but the play—a horror comedy about a big, dangerous lesbian, her idiot sister, and the lesbian's pretty young partner, who makes the mistake of bringing a new boyfriend home for the day—proved to be as funny and strong and frightening and indelible as it seemed at first viewing. Some of the acting was pretty good, and that of Mr. Bullins, as a drunk who enters near the end, was excellent. The schedule at La Mama, which includes the work of such playwrights as Sam Shepard, Paul Foster, Rochelle Owens, and William Butler Yeats, can be found each week in the Goings on About Town section of this magazine.

—EDITH OLIVER

◆

QUESTION—I am a full-time worker at Indiana University, and I am confused by the university's pay policy during holidays. On holidays, I get paid time-and-one-half for four hours but I work eight hours—then you get a day off. Why can't we get paid for eight hours work? L.G., Bloomington.

ANSWER—HOT LINE contacted Glenn E. Thompson, director of the IU Payroll Department with your question. Thompson said with the exception of the spring holiday and the Friday after Thanksgiving which are not premium days for pay purposes (employees are allowed a mutually agreeable future day off from work with pay), biweekly paid staff employees are granted time off at a time-and-one-half rate, or are paid additionally at a time-and-one-half rate.

The decision on payment or time off is left to the discretion of the department head. A review of your work schedule, attendance and pay records for the holiday period you question revealed that the university's policies were properly applied with the exception that your overtime was not made timely, Thompson said.

He said you were scheduled to work on Friday, July 3, the day Independence Day is observed at IU, and on Saturday, July 4. The department paid you at a time-and-one-half rate for your work on July 3. You received eight hours of pay at a straight time rate on July 17 and 2.67 hours at a time-and-one-half rate (this equates to four hours) on July 31. The 2.67 hours should have been paid to you on July 17. You were given Saturday, July 4, off as your holiday and paid for eight hours at a straight-time rate.

If you are confused or have any further questions, you can call Thompson.

—*Bloomington (Ind.) Herald-Telephone.*

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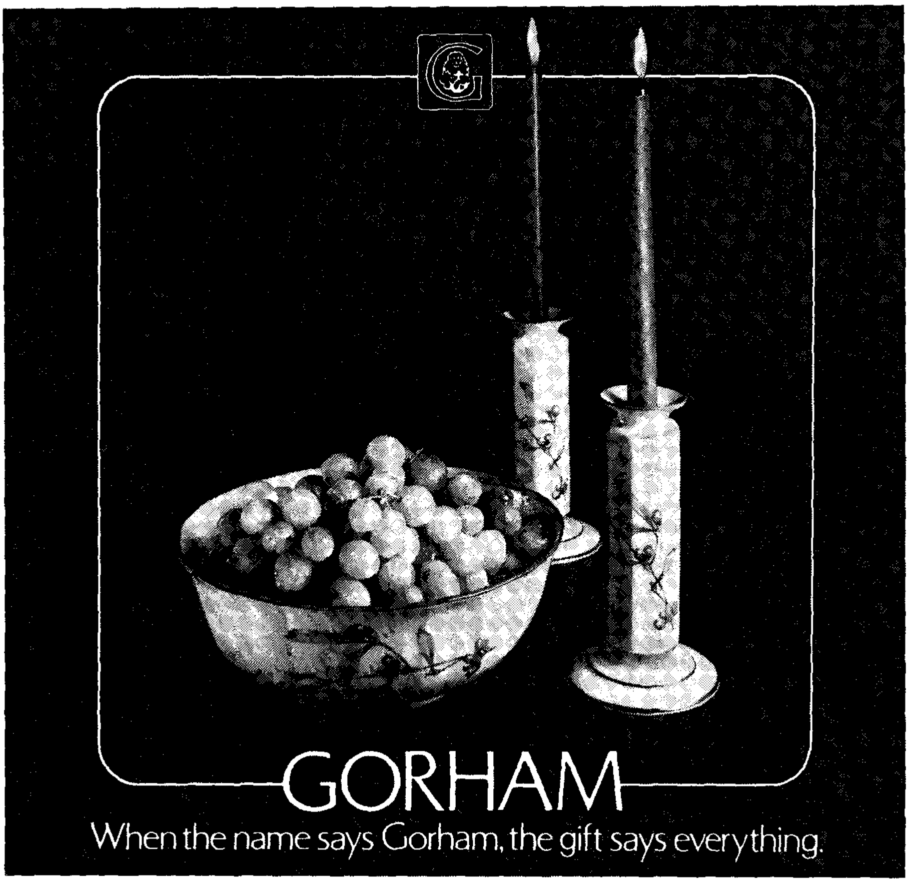

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JAZZ

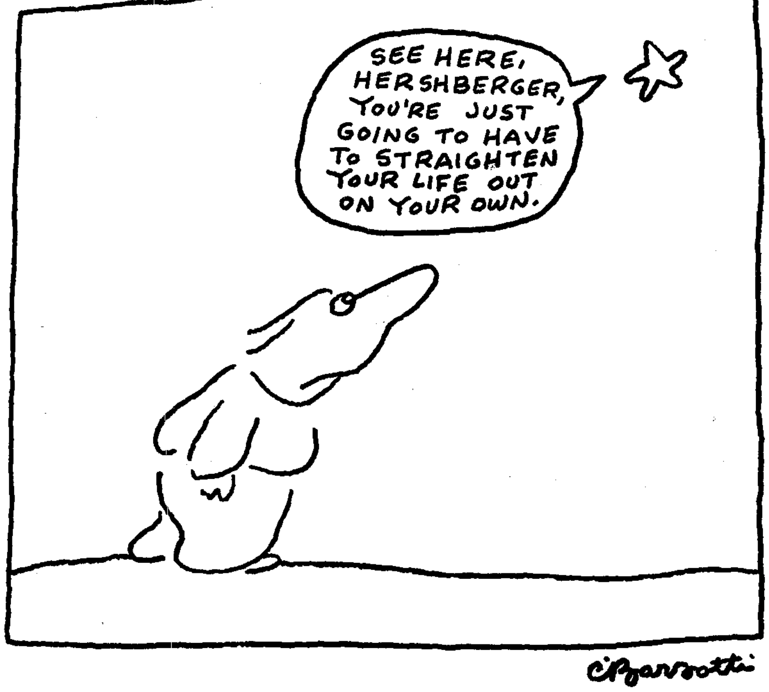
Ellington Theatre

REFUSED admittance to the Broadway musical stage except for the short-lived "Beggar's Holiday," done with John Latouche in 1946, Duke Ellington created his own musical theatre. This was not surprising, for he was, with his ornate courtesy, his cool, sharp humor, his sometimes arcane dress, and his tinted, mocking speech, intensely theatrical—and so was his often programmatic composing. "Jump for Joy," produced in Los Angeles in 1941, and "My People," produced in Chicago in 1963, were elaborate revues in which the music dominated the acts. (That is also the case in the current "Sophisticated Ladies," despite the highly touted dancing and singing.) "A Drum Is a Woman" was a fantasy written in the mid-fifties for television. "The River" was an almost Bunyanesque allegory done for American Ballet Theatre in 1970. And his so-called Sacred Concerts were unique extravaganzas that were premièred at Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, in 1965, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, in 1968, and at Westminster Abbey, in 1973, not long before he died. These last were the most ambitious of all Ellington's compositions, and they came to seem to him the most important things he had written. "I am not concerned with what it costs," he wrote of the first Sacred Concert in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress." "I want the best of everything possible. I want the best musicians, the best singers and coaches—amateurs or professionals—and I want them to give the best they have. I want all the help I can get and to say what I hope I am good enough to say because this is the performance of all performances—God willing." Ellington's Sacred Concerts never matched the dimensions of Berlioz's Requiem (four brass bands, full orchestra with sixteen kettledrums, a five-hundred-voice choir), but he did his best to fill the empyreal spaces of the cathedrals and churches and temples he worked in. His band was the base, and to it he added choirs, the cathedral organ, male and female vocal soloists, narration, and dancers, tap and ballet. The results were wildly uneven. Some of the songs—"Come Sunday," "David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might," "Heaven"—had the density and fervor of religious music. Others were romantic, and even lachrymose: they sentimentalized God, possibly making Him an adjunct of Ellington's revered mother. Some of the dancing was showy and superfluous, and so were some of the band instrumentals (long drum solos). The performers were erratic, and varied from the sublime (the great Swedish soprano Alice Babs, the tap dancer Bunny Briggs, the band itself) to the melodramatic (the singers Jon Hendricks and Tony Watkins, and the dancer-choreographer Geoffrey Holder). But when everything came together it was spectacular.

This happened in the "David Danced Before the Lord" done at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in December of 1965. There, in full aural and visual flower, was Ellington's vision. The number, which was recorded during the concert, begins with a short, annunciatory band chord, and this is immediately followed by Briggs dancing fast, light steps. He continues by himself for sixteen measures, and drops into loose, rangy half-time steps. (He dances throughout the number, which lasts six minutes.) The saxophones play the lovely steplike thirty-two-bar melody, which, like a lullaby, covers less than an octave and a half and is built largely on sequential notes. It is played in half time to the dancing, and this sets up an exhilarating rhythmic tension. A choir chants the words over the band in singsong fashion, which further enriches the rhythms, and in the next chorus the choir hums the melody while the band plays countermelodic figures—beautiful little flags of the sort that Ellington ran up again and again in his best work. The band falls silent, and the choir chants for a chorus, backed by Ellington and the rhythm section. (Don't forget the continuing rattling, clicking, stomping drone of Briggs' feet, and how, every once in a while, he throws in wild, offbeat, two-footed steps, which pleasantly jar everything around him.) The choir rests, and Ellington and Briggs do a charging duet for a chorus. Then the choir hums the melody again, there's a pause, and Briggs gives an electrifying shout, which is answered by sixteen bars of ensemble band shouts. At the same time, the drummer (Louis Bellson) solos, the choir chants, and a clarinettist sails into the stratosphere. This mad five-tiered float careers along for eight bars, and—bang!—Briggs dances out into the sun by himself for several easy measures, and the piece comes to rest with a final band chord.

Part of Ellington's third Sacred Concert was given a trial American run at Queens College in 1975, and recently it was announced that it would be played in its entirety at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. But, for whatever reasons, the concert, given a couple of Sundays ago, was limited to snippets from all three concerts, which were done by a troupe that included the Mercer Ellington band, the Byrne Camp Chorale, the soloists

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT


SEE HERE, HERSHBERGER, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN YOUR LIFE OUT ON YOUR OWN.
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McHenry Boatwright, Alpha Brawner-Floyd, Anita Moore, Tony Bennett, and Phyllis Hyman, the tap dancer Honi Coles, an Alvin Ailey group, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as narrator. (Fairbanks' Hollywood-English accent fitted Ellington's New York biblical words uncommonly well.) Nine numbers from the third Sacred Concert were played (about half of the whole), and they sounded much like the earlier concerts. But there were affecting moments: David Young's tenor-saxophone solo, backed by the chorale, in "The Brotherhood;" the chorale singing "Alleluia" softer and softer, accompanied only by a bass; and Joe Temperley's a-cappella baritone-saxophone solo on "The Majesty of God" (Temperley's tone is strikingly close to Harry Carney's, but it lacks Carney's great *bottom*), and the succeeding quiet, ascending organ chords from the band. "David Danced Before the Lord" was among the ten numbers taken from the earlier concerts, but it was short and choppy. Coles never had a chance to get his momentum going, and the towering last chorus was omitted. Boatwright and Brawner-Floyd were lugubrious and often off pitch, while Hyman and Moore, who did gospel songs, and Bennett, who did a fine Ellington song called "Somebody Cares," swung.

It was strange not having Ellington up there. He was at his seignorial best at his Sacred Concerts, and he somehow managed to make their disparate parts blend. In "Music Is My Mistress," he unwittingly told us how: "As I travel from place to place . . . taking rhythm to the dancers, harmony to the romantic, melody to the nostalgic, gratitude to the listener . . . receiving praise, applause, and handshakes, and at the same time doing the thing I like to do, I feel that I am most fortunate because I know that God has blessed my timing, without which nothing could have happened." He left us his music, but he took the timing.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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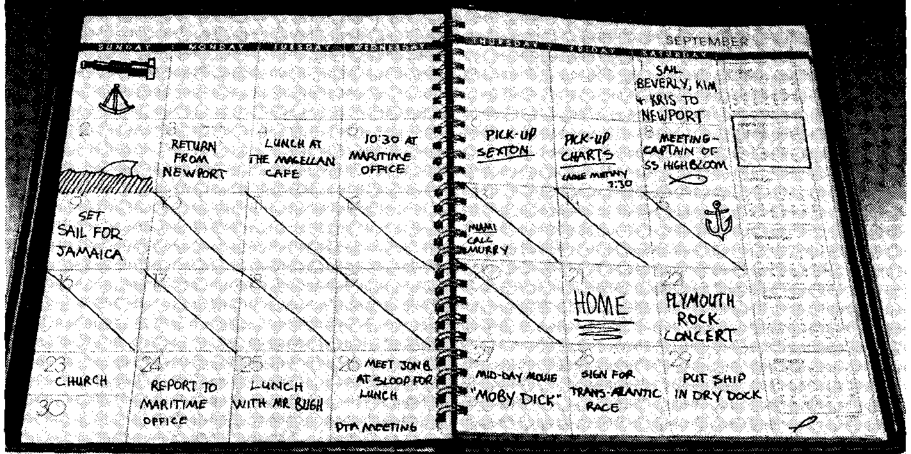
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHAT do women writers wear? Biographies, letters, diaries, and autobiographical writings of women from the past leave us with many snapshot glimpses, and sometimes with homely details. The sketchiest descriptions of how literary women looked and chose to dress can have the perennial immediacy, the mysteriously compelling life, of these women's voices in their books. Here's a wasp-waisted Colette wearing a dashing black fur toque as she steps out with her little bulldog in the Bois. Virginia Woolf in a comfortable old cardigan and stockings she mended last evening by the fireside is writing away in the potting shed. Dorothy Richardson's autobiographical heroine is venturing forth from her boarding house after performing yet another miracle on her shabby old evening dress by means of a cheap piece of lace. George Sand, when she encounters Robert Browning, is wearing rather too fine and fashionable a gown—a shade too "*endimanchée*," he relates (along with copyable details) to his wife. George Eliot, yearning to be loved, leaves off her translation of Spinoza to experiment with a modish Parisian hairstyle, supposed to soften her powerful features. Edith Wharton, having been dressed with intimidating elegance for dining out, may be seen in bed the next morning, with her writing board on her knees, wearing a funny, old-fashioned silk cap.

Fresh in our minds, thanks to the new biography by Victoria Glendinning ("Edith Sitwell: A Unicorn Among Lions," published by Knopf), we have the quite amazing clothes style of Dame Edith Sitwell. Edith Sitwell's life, like that of many another writer, was a process of defining, perhaps even reinventing, herself—of giving birth to herself in her own image. Like many another woman, she used clothes to further that process—albeit, in her case, in an utterly fanciful and unconventional way. Her girlhood was awkward and painful, and her nose, hands, limbs, and body were so freakishly long and thin by prevailing Edwardian standards as to virtually exclude her from a normal life of matrimony. On the foundation of her original self and circumstances and out of instinctive self-defense, she built up the Gothic edifice of a highly visible and highly eccentric public persona. Her style evolved, by means of ever more intricate historical allusions and accretions of glitter that blinded or dazzled, into a walking version of some madness that could have been commissioned by King Ludwig of Bavaria. With her weird, sculptural hats, which played on the commonly noted resemblance between her profile and that of an effigy on a Plantagenet tomb; her massive rings, made of chunks of semiprecious stone and designed to draw attention to hands about which she was supremely vain; and her strange, shapeless robes and cloaks made from Liberty brocades or upholstery fabrics, she must certainly have merited Elizabeth Bowen's description of her as "a high altar on the move." "If one is a greyhound, why try to look like a Pekingese?" her biographer quotes Dame Edith as saying. "I am as stylized as it is possible to be—as stylized as the music of Debussy or Ravel." Not for the title of her best-known work alone is the poet's name indelibly associated with the word "façade."

It would clearly be foolish to draw general conclusions about women writers' dress from the example of Edith Sitwell, whose style in both verse and clothes was so energetically sui generis. In fact, any such generalizations would depend on the viewing of literary women, past and present, as a group, whereas, of course, they encompass an enormous range of types, with retiring, introverted scholars at one end of the spectrum and formidable grandes dames and show-biz figures at the other. Perhaps there really are women writers who are wholeheartedly devoted to content rather than form in their work and who are also completely oblivious of the way they look out in the world. Women writers dress differently according to their temperament, way of life, income, and—perceiving themselves and being perceived

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as either plain or beautiful—what they choose to make of their natural looks.

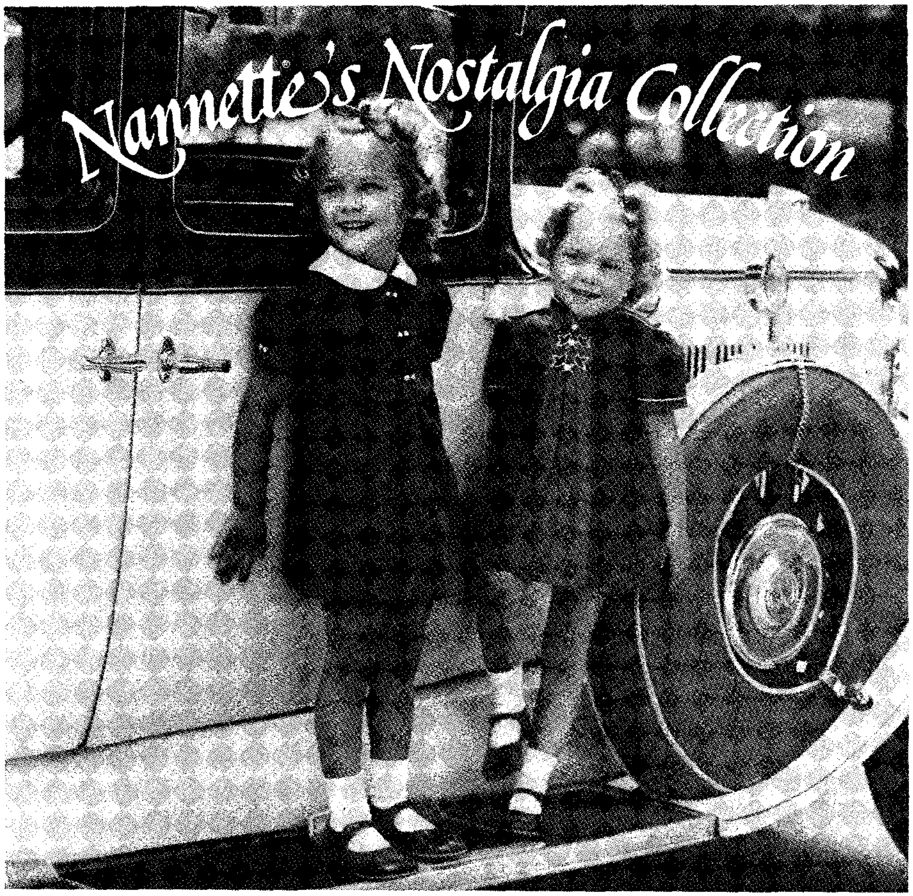
PERHAPS if one *were* to imagine women writers as a group, and pose them hypothetically beside a group of women actors or bank executives, they might look less fashionably dressed. But since fashion is largely to do with being part of a group—going along with the swim of people like oneself—whereas being a writer is largely to do with being an individual, one might not be surprised to find women writers holding more complicated views on fashion than women who are not writers. Being able or unable to keep in fashion forms the basis of a delicately oscillating self-scrutiny by Miriam Henderson, the alter ego of the novelist Dorothy Richardson, in the autobiographical series called "Pilgrimage." She finds a certain humiliation but also a pride in the poverty that keeps her making do—scheming up ingenious and sometimes startling new ways of trimming the same old hat. In time, necessity forms the basis of a whole philosophy of eccentricity and originality in dress. Like her poverty, it is a badge of honor and a part of the hard-won independence that has permitted her to think of becoming a writer.

In conversation with a friend who is a working woman like her (but more content to define herself as such), Miriam tells her friend that she is more fashionable, or "smart." Miriam says, "It may be quite right, perhaps you are more sociable than I am."

Her friend replies, "One is so conspicuous if one is not dressed more or less like other people."

Miriam says, "That's what I hate; dressing like other people. If I could afford it I should be stylish—not smart. Perfect coats and suits and a few good evening dresses. But you must be awfully well off for that. If I can't be stylish I'd rather be dowdy and in a way I like dowdiness even better than stylishness."

This almost coveted costly stylishness involves, in Miriam's mind, I suspect, tailoring of rather masculine sobriety of color and strictness of line. Many women writers have adopted this authoritative severity, this no-nonsense, dark-suited approach to their public life over the years, as if in recognition of the androgyny that is supposed to characterize the artistic mind. Some women writers—notably George Sand and Colette—dressed on various occasions and at different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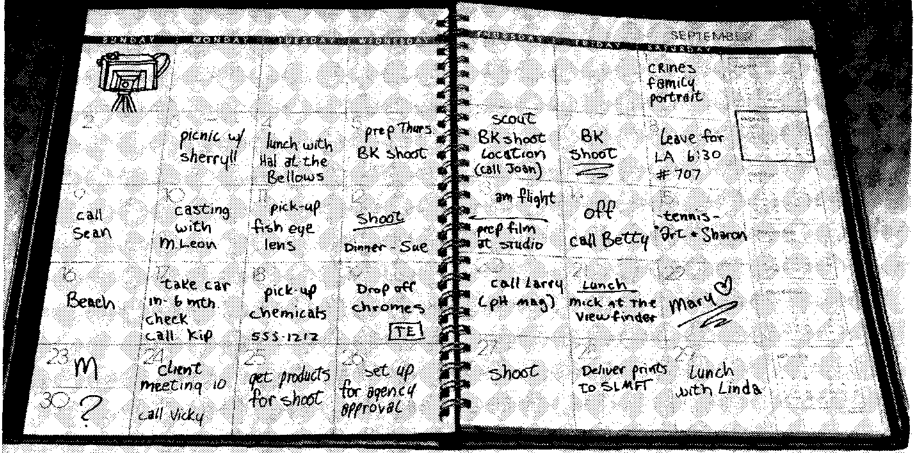
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stages of their lives both in men's suits and in intensely feminine fashions. As for Edith Sitwell's style, so rooted in art history and childhood dressing-up fantasy, it doesn't seem exactly masculine or exactly feminine. On the whole, however, the loose Pre-Raphaelite dresses, the hats and furs and mandarin-length fingernails seem female, although of some exotic variety of femaleness which is safely shut away like a natural-history specimen beneath the glass dome of a bell jar. Unlike Miriam, she would not have openly endorsed the philosophy of dowdiness—even though the majestic garments she trailed around in for years eventually acquired a venerable and aristocratic air of tattiness. But she, too, once declared roundly that she "wouldn't dream of following fashion."

What Edith Sitwell's life and style did have in common with those of other women writers was the divide between her appearances in public and her hours spent practicing the solitary business of putting words down on paper. This divide was, like everything else about her, an exaggerated one. She was not unique, certainly by today's standards, in both being a writer and performing in public the role of writer. But in her case the performance went far beyond the present-day custom of appearance on a talk show or two upon the publication of a new book. In their heyday in the nineteen-twenties, especially, the private social life of Edith and her brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, was so feverishly public that it brought the great critic Dr. F. R. Leavis to his famous summing up: "The Sitwells belong to the history of publicity rather than of poetry." Edith Sitwell knew "everyone." The writers all wrote descriptions of her appearance in letters and memoirs; artists and photographers, fascinated, made scores of portraits of her; gossip writers put her in their columns. And in addition to the highly visible amateur performance of her social life there were Edith Sitwell's actual performances, on the stage and the lecture platform, reciting her own work. But, as Mrs. Glendinning observes at one point in her story, these performances, private and public, posed a danger for the poet: "Being a star and an icon was no substitute for writing."

Dame Edith's garb, which she saw as a spontaneous expression of herself, might also be taken as a form of self-parody, and even of disguise. Like

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many writers, she seems to have been of a shy, secretive, hypersensitive nature, at once unworldly and ambitious. Onlookers who do not share such a temperament—or those who, sharing it, cope with it in an entirely different way—are sometimes astonished that its possessors might cultivate flamboyance and seek out the stares of the vulgar crowd. But in some way the tender and retiring tenant of a gaudy self-made carapace of style regards herself as perfectly safe and as if magically unseen. The impulse and the will to carry through an unorthodox style are no casual matter. The way Edith Sitwell dressed her person was an intense, ritualized art form, which she practiced alongside and sometimes instead of her writing. In the last decade of her life, she gave a regal interview to *Harper's Bazaar* under the title "My Clothes and I." In spite of its humor ("I couldn't possibly wear tweeds. . . . People would follow me on bicycles") and its oddly disingenuous disclaimers ("I am entirely unselfconscious, always"), this was not idle fashion-magazine chatter. Her revelations—about being supplied by Miss Pery, the millinery buyer at Whiteley's; about the aquamarine that Osbert found in China or the necklace that Millicent Rogers made for her in the pre-Columbian style; about going to Peggy Sage for her manicures—seem a reverent, poetic incantation, as if she were reciting a rosary. In common with many other women writers, past and present, Edith Sitwell wrote in bed. The *Harper's Bazaar* interview did not omit a seemingly intimate but finally guarded view of Dame Edith "working in bed." At the last moment, when the audience has been led right up to the bedside of the writer, caught in the act of functioning as a writer, a gauzy scrim of discretion is thrown up and we are permitted only to see the writer *almost* writing. "I do all my writing in bed," Dame Edith asserts, but she goes on, in the same breath, "I sit there reading and knitting bed jackets to wear while I'm writing. They are white with intricate work down the front. I found the pattern before the First World War and know it by heart by now." The picture-within-a-picture-within-a-picture conceit of knitting bed jackets to wear while knitting bed jackets and so on down the years forever is pure Edith Sitwell. There is something more generally feminine and literary, though, to the tone—protective, affectionate, ironic, slightly detached, and far from unself-

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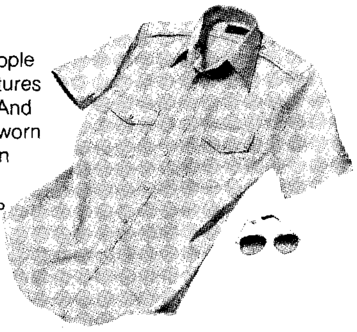

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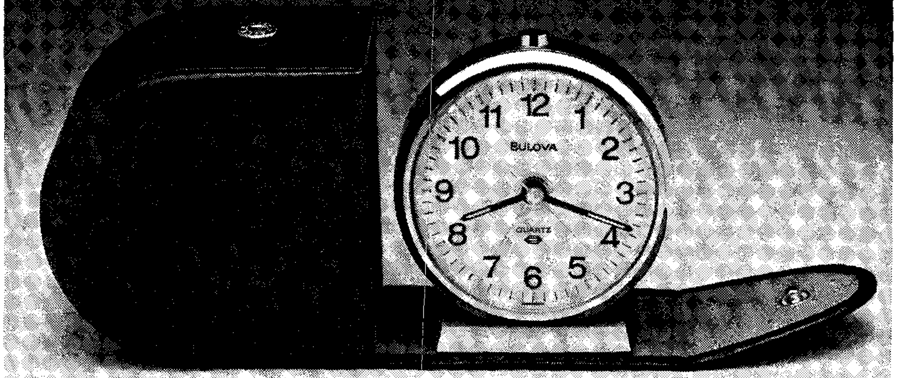

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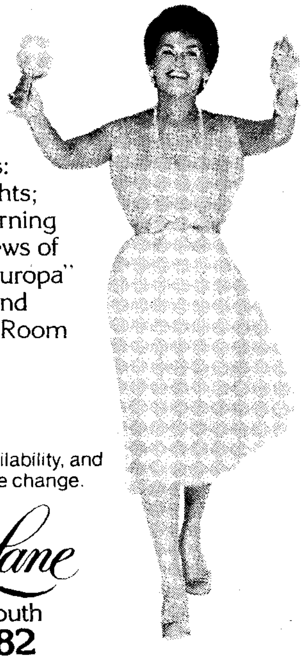

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conscious—of this sketched outline of her clothed portrait. It is as if by describing the elements of her appearance she were writing her autobiography.

THAT many women writers work in bed—in a bed jacket or some sturdier woolly to keep their shoulders warm in winter—we know from acquaintances. This habit has less to do with any quality of women's writing—lolling and imagining among the pillows or dreaming away on divans while more businesslike men writers put in their purposeful hours behind huge desks—than with the tricky problem faced by women who work at home and also run the household without help. As long as she stays in bed, the woman writer is insulated from the prosaic saucepans and dirty kitchen floors—as safely cut off from "reality" as if she were cast adrift on her own little ship. The French fashion magazine *Jardin des Modes* ran a picture story earlier this year on the way women writers dress for work at home, and based it on the assumption that they wore some comfortable sort of second skin, if not actually a kind of dishabille. The story, called "Belles de Lettres," is one of many that this fashion magazine alone could pull off with dignity. And, for a hundred cultural reasons, the magazine itself could only exist—with its endearingly feminine and feminist attitude, its witty artwork, and its frequent quotations from Mallarmé and Balzac—in Paris. These photographs, of some half-dozen well-established French women authors who are seen first in their idealized fantasy of their writing clothes (silk pajamas and lace-encrusted peignoirs) and then in some outfit corresponding more closely to reality (men's flannel pajamas, several layers of old sweaters, and ski socks), do more than avoid tastelessness; they are charming and quite moving.

Each of the writers is also invited to say something about the part that clothes play in her life. One of them expresses a vague desire for some single uniform she could put on in the morning, as her lover puts on his business suit, and so be satisfactorily defined for the course of the day. In the end, though, this strikes her as too rigid, and she is committed to pursuing the fluid definition of herself through her writing. She is disturbed by gifts of clothing, even from people who love her, because they impose on her a definition of self, a wholeness that is not her own. She is so solicitous about this whole self, and so protective of it, that she doesn't take the risk of owning a mirror large enough to show more than bits of her person at a time. Women get accustomed to chopped-up images—eyes, nose, and mouth in a powder compact; the back of the head in the hand mirror; the feet and ankles in the sloping glass at the shoe store—but it seems particularly writerlike for the women in the *Jardin des Modes* story to do such head scratching about whether or not to make a philosophically and psychologically connected shape from the random jigsaw bits of mirror.

How women look, and how their looks change in the course of their lives, is not a frivolous question. It is a part of their experience, perhaps a crucial one, and, as such, a valid target for the curiosity of writers. Women writers have been known to study their own looks as well as those of other women. They have even been known to seek the confirmation of their existence in the mirror as well as in the works they write. Once, in a movie about Devil's Island, two solitary-confinement prisoners were permitted to swivel their heads through the bars and, after years without a mirror, to scrutinize each other. "How do I look? How do I look?" they asked each other anxiously. When the woman writer stands looking at her reflection in the glass—dressed up in some stylish façade for going out in the world, or in her work gear of baggy-kneed pajamas and out-at-elbows sweater—there is no more of vanity in her than in those prisoners. "How do I look?" she asks as her eyes meet the eyes in the mirror. She listens carefully for an answer, because it might prove quite illuminating. —KENNEDY FRASER

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The date of annual balloting for town officials and warrant articles was set for the first Friday in March, the annual town meeting to be the following Saturday. The change caused a bit of confusion, when one woman claimed the first Friday in March might fall on a Saturday.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

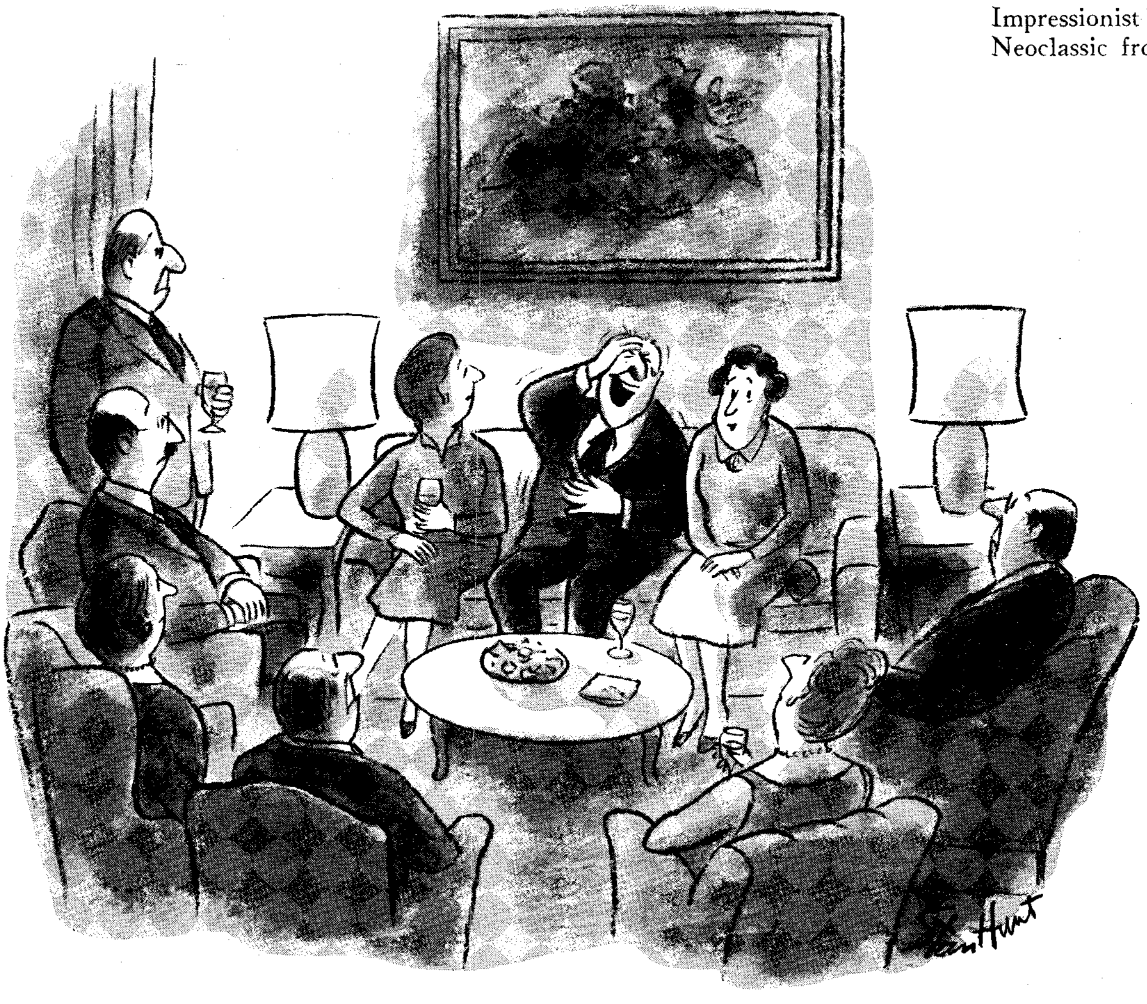
Celebration

AMONG the works the Boston Symphony Orchestra commissioned to mark its fiftieth anniversary, in 1931, were Stravinsky's Psalm Symphony and Prokofiev's Fourth Symphony. Among those it commissioned to mark its seventy-fifth, in 1956, was Roger Sessions' Third Symphony. This year's centennial commissions range widely, and the celebrations continue into 1985. Peter Maxwell Davies' Second Symphony appeared earlier this year. Michael Tippett's full-evening oratorio "The Mask of Time" is planned for 1984. Roger Sessions' Concerto for Orchestra had its first performance on October 23rd.

Sessions will be eighty-five next month. His concerto is the work of a great composer at the peak of his powers. It lasts about fifteen minutes, is for large orchestra, and is in three linked sections: Allegro, Largo, and Allegro maestoso. The composer's own program note on it is brief. After a paragraph recalling his debt to the Boston orchestra, from the age of fourteen ("I have often said that the orchestral *sound* of the Boston Symphony as I first heard it impressed itself on my musical memory and strongly affected my own style of orchestral writing"), it continues:

> In the first section, alternately playful and lyrical, the woodwinds play a very prominent role; this is followed by a slow section. . . . In this part, a solemn Largo, the brass instruments play the main role. . . . A contrasting middle section extends the register by introducing the high woodwinds and more movement. After a climax the music of the previous Largo returns. . . . A trumpet call . . . introduces the final section, which is festive in character. A short concluding statement, three phrases long, brings the piece to a quiet end.

Anyone deciding from that that the strings must play less than their usual dominant role would be right. There are no specifically string episodes, although when the strings do carry the burden of the argument for a few measures the effect is beautiful. They join in tuttis but otherwise seldom play all together. Divisions of the family contribute individual lines to the texture and at times support the winds with doubling or by shaping a new melody culled from the notes of various wind parts. Sessions' Concerto for Orchestra is not at all like Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra (which was also composed for the Boston Symphony, in 1943). Instead of sharp-cut, distinct, contrasting movements and the effect of spotlights playing upon now one part of the platform, now another, there is a single, intricate, poetic span. One ascends it with animated tread, moves with slow wonder across the central reach, speeds pace again toward its close, and at the end pauses for a moment, quietly rapt, to consider both the journey made and the realms to which it may lead. The concerto is exuberantly contrapuntal, like most of Sessions' music, but the sound is not thick. Back in 1959, when Tossy Spivakovsky and the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, played Sessions' Violin Concerto, Elliott Carter observed that to divide Sessions' work into three periods—Impressionist beginnings around 1923, Neoclassic from about 1926 to 1937, and thereafter Expressionist—could shed some illumination even while doing violence to the facts. Two decades later—a heroic-romantic opera, the great Whitman cantata, and five symphonies later—divisions are even harder to make. I recall Carter's remark because "Impressionist" is a word I reach for in trying to describe the scoring of the new concerto—the Impressionism of "La Mer," which is richly and rigorously constructed, and filled with picturesque detail at once motivically controlled and set down so surely that the "picture" moves and dances. The solo wind melodies (toward the close of the central section, there is a wonderfully serene, lyrical period for solo trom-

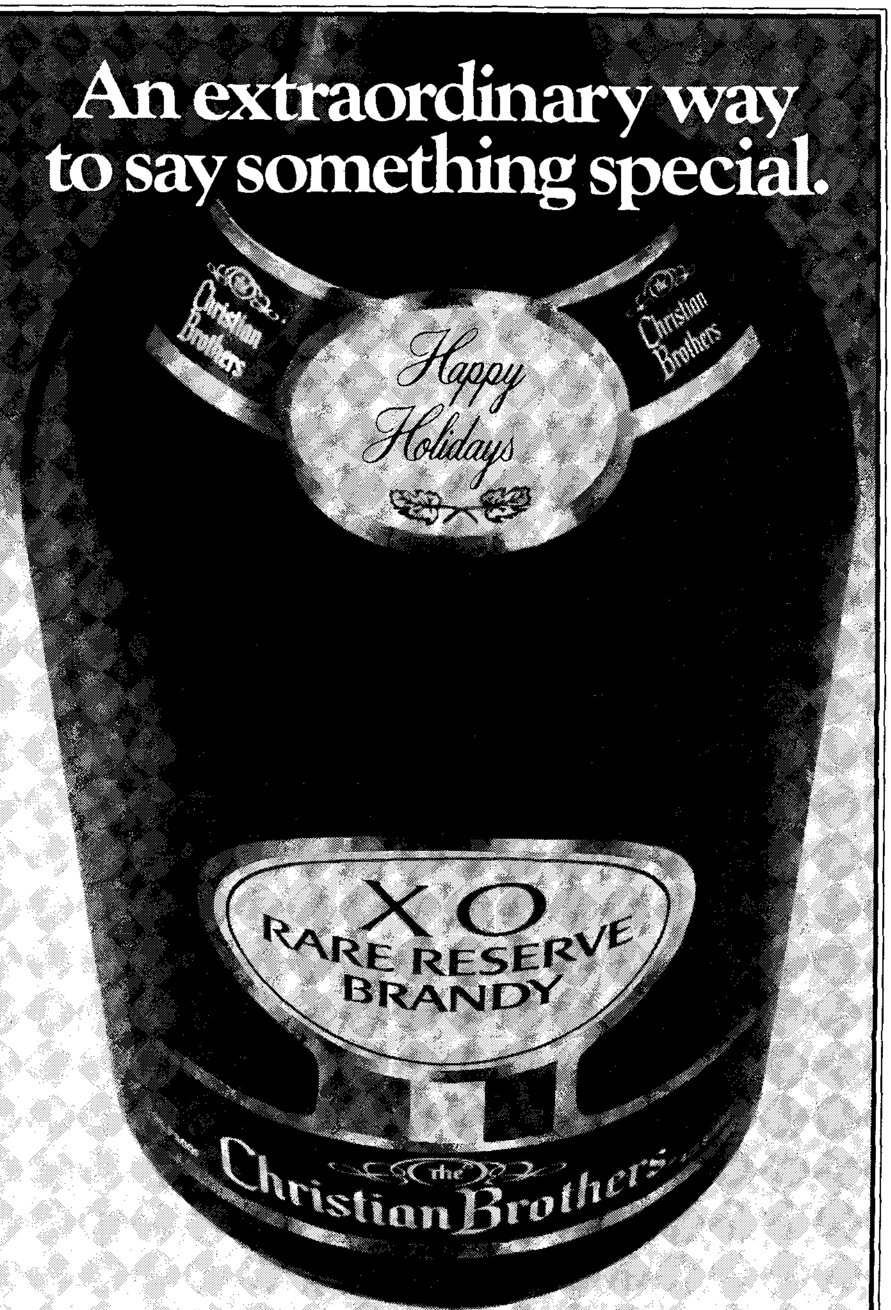


"Orrington loves a good laugh."

bone while flute, oboe, then flute again trace soft, ecstatic larksong high above) and a recurrent ticktock of the xylophone, a deft touch swiftly restabilizing the pulse after passages rhythmically ambiguous, suggest links with Sessions' previous work, the Ninth Symphony, which appeared in 1980.

In a 1950 essay, "How a 'Difficult' Composer Gets That Way" (reprinted in "Roger Sessions on Music," the collected essays published by Princeton), Sessions said, "I would prefer by far to write music which has something fresh to reveal at each new hearing than music which is completely self-evident the first time, and though it may remain pleasing makes no essential contribution thereafter." New hearings—except of the works that are recorded—are hard to come by. Boston played the First Symphony in 1927, the Third in 1957, and has played neither since. The New York Philharmonic commissioned the Eighth Symphony for its hundred-and-twenty-fifth-anniversary celebrations, in 1968, played it then, and has not played it since. The Philharmonic's record of Sessions performances is poor indeed: the Second Symphony in 1950, the Violin Concerto in 1959, the Eighth Symphony in 1968, the Third in 1976. (The BBC Symphony has probably done more of Sessions' music than any American orchestra.) Some major works await a New York performance—among them the opera "Montezuma" and the cantata "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" (a piece that many would put into Columbia's hand if she could hold but a single score representing this country's highest musical achievement). "Montezuma," however, is due at the Juilliard in February. In an article on Sessions written for the December issue of *Keynote*, WNCN's lively, valuable (and often challenging) music magazine, David Hamilton suggests that not only listeners but also performers are missing much they might enjoy, and he essays some matchmaking:

> The Violin Concerto is a natural for Itzhak Perlman, who would relish both its technical challenges and its expressive potential. The "Idyll of Theocritus" I commend to Jessye Norman and Colin Davis; it's just the kind of high-protein music for which they command the emotional range and intensity. And there are symphonies enough to go around: for Claudio Abbado, Michael Gielen, Bernard Haitink, James Levine, Leonard Slatkin, Edo de Waart—all of whom should find significant



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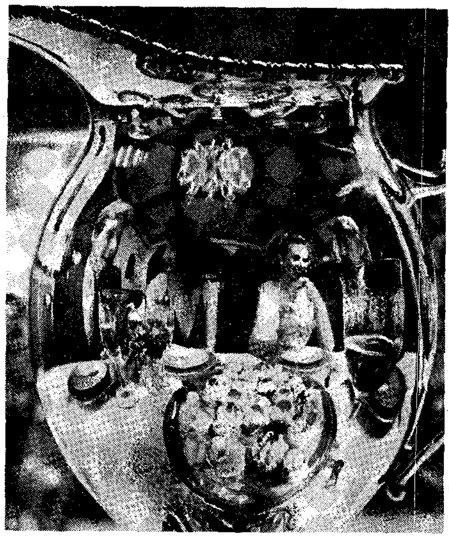

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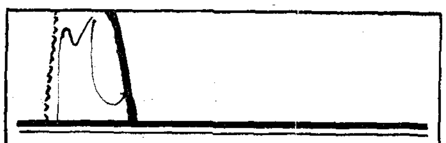
aspects of Sessions' musical language congenial and stimulating.

Seiji Ozawa conducted the Boston performances (and recording) of "Lilacs" in 1977, and now the Concerto for Orchestra, and so may be counted something of a Sessions champion (even though he and the orchestra have now set out on a world tour to play only Beethoven, Schubert, Stravinsky, Bartók, and Webern to audiences in Japan, France, Germany, Austria, and London). The performance of the concerto was, I thought, conscientious rather than idiomatic. The details hadn't yet fallen into place. Not all the melodies *sang*. (But the first trombone, Ronald Barron, was poetic.) The tempo of the outer sections was surely a shade slow. The score proposes more variety of dynamics than we heard. But then performers and listeners alike need to find their way into Sessions' music. Later Boston performances—if ever the orchestra does play the concerto again—will surely reveal a work still more eloquent and exciting. And other conductors, other orchestras will surely take up with enthusiasm a piece so vigorous, so beautiful, and—for listeners, at least—so little "difficult."

SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT is seventy-six. His first three string quartets are early works, composed between 1934 and 1945, before his huge lyrical flowering in the opera "The Midsummer Marriage." Beethoven—and specifically, Tippett recalls, annual Beethoven cycles played in London by the Busch and the Léner Quartets during his student days—was the large influence on them. By the time he composed the Third, he also knew Bartók's quartets. The three are rewarding pieces (the Lindsay Quartet has recorded them on a Oiseau-Lyre disc), all marked by formal adventure—each contains at least one fugue—by a love of Tudor polyphony as found in viol fancies, and by an exuberant, dancing quality all Tippett's own. Beethoven has never been far from Tippett's music and is very near the surface in the Piano Concerto, the Third Symphony, and the Third Piano Sonata. When Tippett composed a Fourth String Quartet, in 1977-78, he wrote a Beethoven-steeped finale, with imagery derived explicitly from the "Grosse Fuge." Before it, a long, lyrical Andante carries the main charge of the work. The first movement is a mysterious "coming-to-birth" intro-



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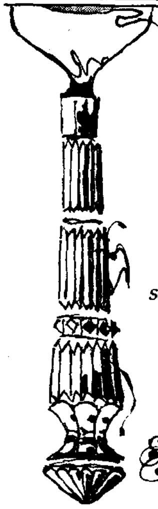

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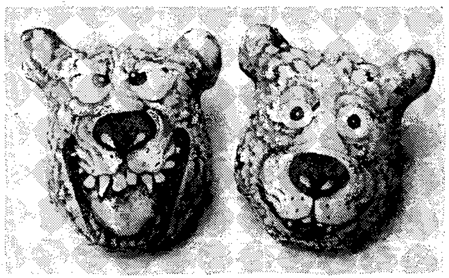

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duction—ponticello chords trembling into life and line—which leads without break into a vigorous linear Allegro. Tippett's late style is not less lyrical or exuberant than his early style (though less abrupt than the middle style of "King Priam" and the Second Piano Sonata), but it represents utterance pared to essentials—almost in the manner of Beethoven's late Bagatelles. A surprising amount of the string writing is in only two real parts.

The Lindsay, which introduced the new quartet at the 1979 Bath Festival, played it at Carnegie Recital Hall last month, and it was good to hear. Before it, Haydn's Opus 74, No. 3; after, Beethoven's second "Razumovsky." Those performances had the intensity, the freedom, the sharp musical insights for which the Lindsay is in Britain so much praised. The quartet, a colleague there once wrote, "is remarkable not only for the strength and panache of all its members, but for the collective concentration with which it pursues its sharply defined musical purposes. There is a strong sense that each player is given his head, and yet that all the heads seem to think the music the same way." And so, indeed, it did seem. But I was unprepared for quite so much faulty intonation; perhaps string quartets, like pianos, can be shaken out of tune by travel.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Beginnings

THE Y Chamber Symphony, at the 92nd Street Y, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, both included premières in their first programs of the season. The Brooklyn concert, designed as a birthday tribute to Charles Ives, presented alongside Ives' famous "The Unanswered Question" a little orchestral dance by Henry Cowell, "Saturday Night at the Firehouse" (which Mrs. Cowell believes had never been previously played), and a tiny *tombeau* by Lou Harrison, "At the Tomb of Charles Ives." Though neither lasted more than five minutes, each made an indelible impression: the Cowell was an unpretentious mixed-up barn dance, filled with echoes of childhood innocence; the Harrison was a quietly original jangle of dulcimers, psalteries, and strings, fastidiously organized and creating a subtly exotic effect. Ives' own piece wrought its mysterious spell: the questioning

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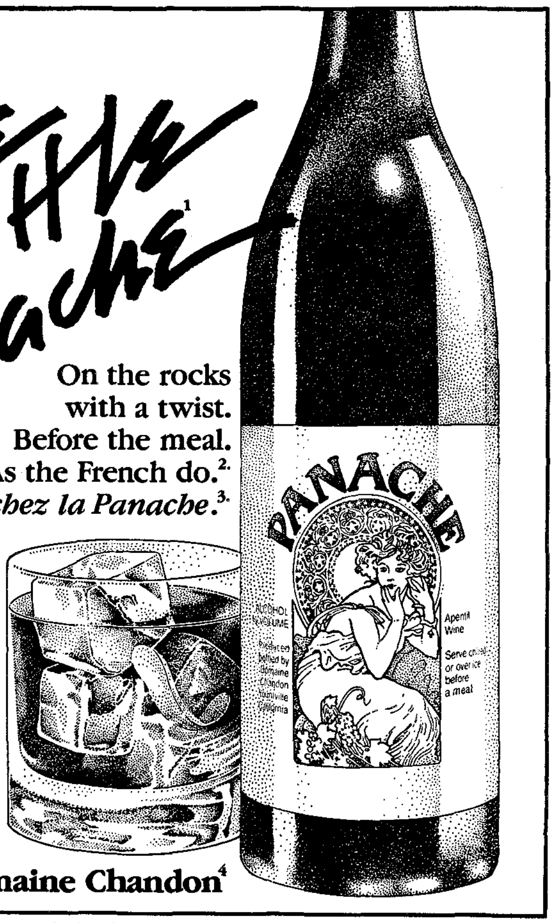

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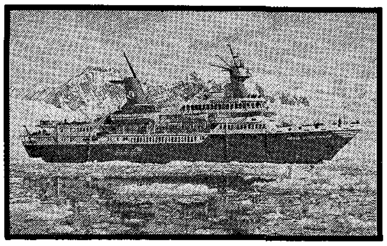

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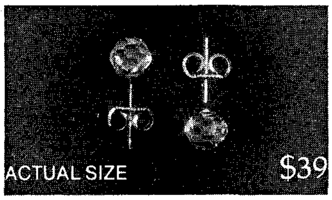

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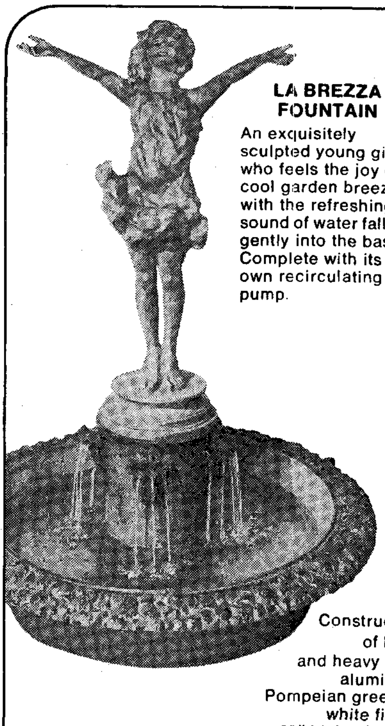
solo trumpet was placed in the topmost gallery of the hall, and the answering flutes onstage delayed their responses to the last possible moment. Lukas Foss, who conducted, chose to use a small group of strings for the ethereal opening; he introduced the full complement later, and that drew too much attention to their sustained chords. The rest of the concert was less striking. Donald Gramm was bland in Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death," though it was a clever idea to allow him, as a pair of encores, Moussorgsky's and then Beethoven's settings of Goethe's "The Song of the Flea" (the first orchestrated by Shostakovich, and the second by Stravinsky). Mr. Foss raced through Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, without any first- or third-movement repeats. It was a warm, likable account, a little comfortable but always alive. The balance, however, was spoiled by blaring trumpets and horns.

The Y Chamber Symphony launched its concert with a confident performance of Stravinsky's "Pulcinella." The playing was not always sophisticated, especially in the wind section (where Stravinsky placed so many of his delicious manipulations of the eighteenth-century originals), *but there were good contributions* from first viola and cello and from the brass; Irene Gubrud, Grayson Hirst, and John Ostendorf managed well the unrewarding task of adding a vocal texture to the instrumental writing. It's worth mentioning that the composer of the Concertinos—once attributed to Pergolesi—from which Stravinsky borrowed one movement is now known to have been a Count van Wassenaer. Two new recordings of the Concertinos (by I Musici, on Philips, and the Camerata Bern, on Archiv) celebrate the solution of that musicological puzzle. The hero of "Pulcinella," however, is the scarcely better-known Domenico Gallo, whose trio sonatas—also once thought to be by Pergolesi—provided seven movements on which Stravinsky worked his transforming wit. The New York première in the Y program was "Sādhanā," by Paul Creston, which was commissioned by four orchestras and was first performed by the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, under Gerard Schwarz's direction. This sixteen-minute ramble through twelve variations on a pair of themes, inspired by the writings of Rabindranath Tagore, was affectionate in



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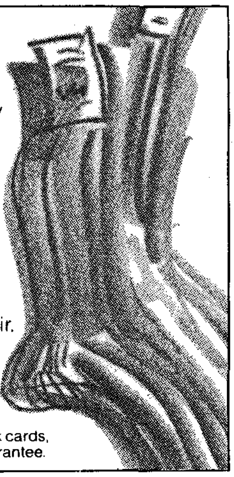

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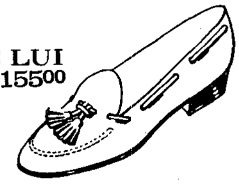

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tone; it provided a fine vehicle for Andre Emelianoff's beautifully molded cello playing. The music was old-fashioned, and none the worse for that, but it was weakly structured and entirely unmemorable. The concert ended with an unlovely performance of Chopin's First Piano Concerto from Shura Cherkassky.

Electric Phoenix is a quartet of singers who work with a technician to produce new and unfamiliar sounds. The ensemble is English, but its work owes something to that of the Extended Vocal Techniques Ensemble, of San Diego; two of the pieces with which Electric Phoenix introduced itself to New York recently, at Symphony Space, were written for the American group. Roger Marsh's "Not a Soul But Ourselves" is a working of texts from "Finnegans Wake," and it makes brilliant use of both ensembles' ability to manipulate fast, soft speaking and singing by means of close microphones and sound-mixing. William Brooks' "Madrigals" employs a panoply of vocal styles—screeching, singing, noises from throat, nose, and head, harmonics, breathing, and wildly exaggerated (but precisely notated) speaking—to take apart four compositions, including Orlando Gibbons' "The Silver Swan" (rendered unrecognizable by the use of distorted phonetics) and Stephen Foster's "Nelly Was a Lady" (which becomes a hilarious parody of barbershop style). The virtuosity of Electric Phoenix is astounding; its purely musical skills can be judged from the impeccable tuning and split-second timing of the small fragments of conventional material in the program. Its problem is creating a significant musical repertoire: the two other pieces in the concert were less successful. David Bedford's "The Way of Truth," based on writings of Parmenides, was clear in its outline but meandering in its musical direction; Henri Pousseur's "Tales and Songs from the Bible of Hell," a half-hour work based on Dowland's "Lachrymae," was filled with unintelligible texts and effects that verged from unfunny humor to the deepest seriousness. At the London Promenade Concerts this summer, the group introduced a new Pousseur work, "Agonie," which, though less striking in its details, had a more powerfully atmospheric and concentrated effect, especially in its dying moments, than this extravagant fantasy did.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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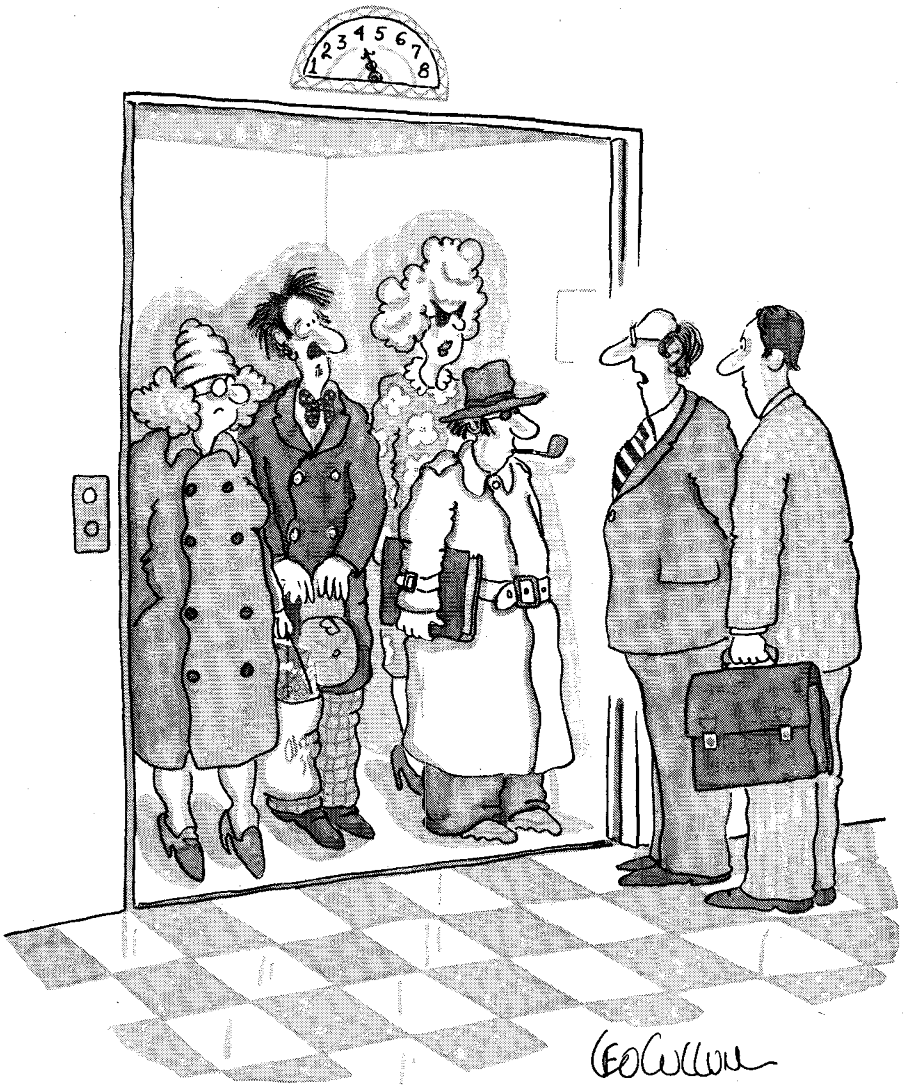
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Childhood of the Dead

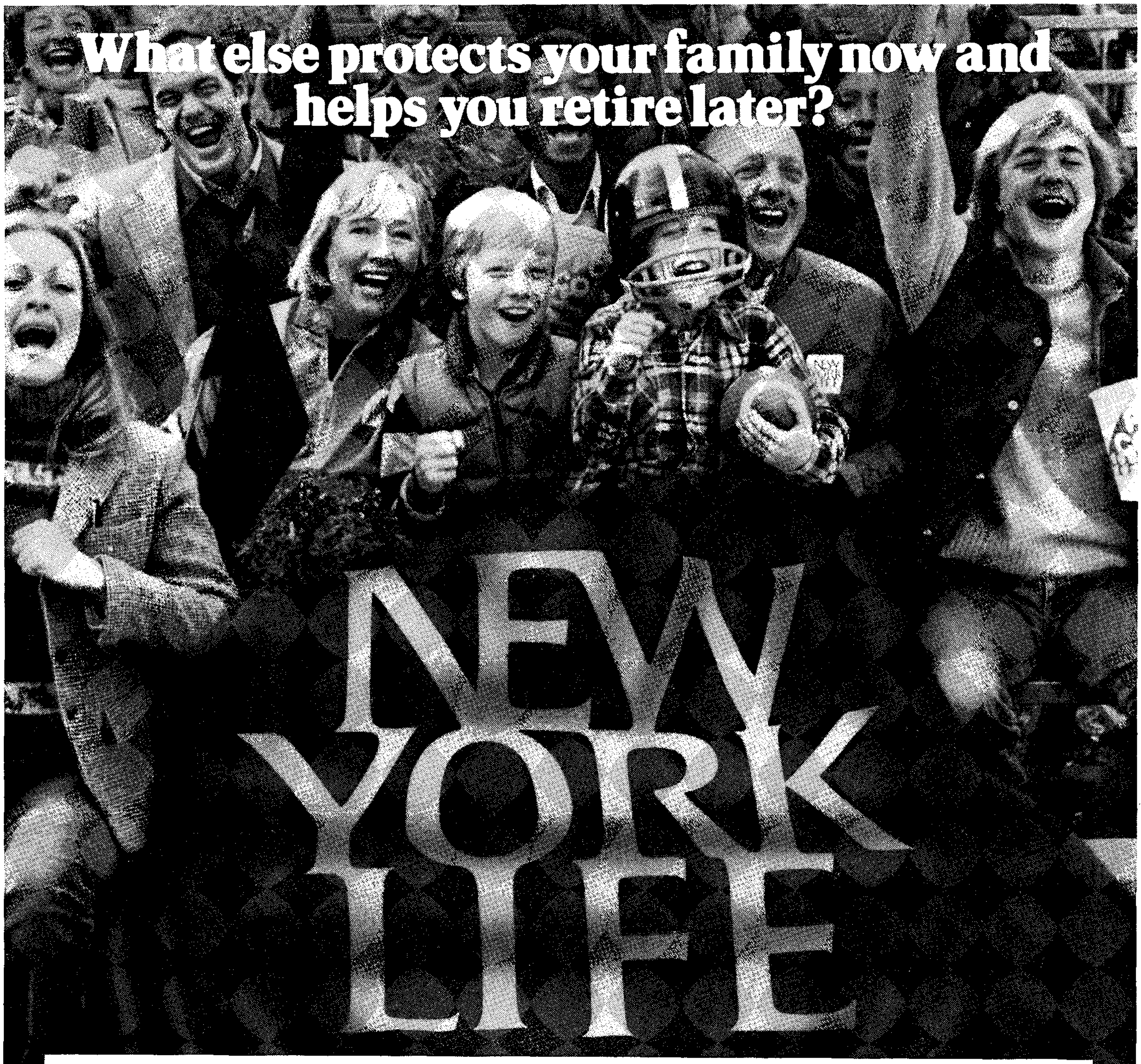
THERE are three million abandoned children in Brazil—swarms of scavenging, thieving street kids. Unwanted—many of them children of prostitutes or unmarried mothers—they're born into vagrancy; turned loose by parents who can't feed them or send them to school, they learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle. It's their only way of surviving. In the Brazilian movie "Pixote" (pronounced "pee-*shoat*"), a judge has been murdered on a street in São Paulo, and the police have to take some action, so they routinely round up dozens of these kids, including the ten-year-old Pixote (Portuguese slang for Peewee), and throw them in a reformatory. There, behind rotting walls, Pixote (Fernando Ramos da Silva) watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is. He sees boys beaten and killed, and he learns to say nothing when the guards and officials come around and ask questions. A bully spits in his milk and he drinks it down, because if he doesn't he'll be in trouble with one group or another. He stares as if he weren't there—his round eyes go dead, and his truculent baby face is indifferent. But he's a little camera taking it all in, and he's quick—he learns how to maneuver.

A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others stick together like a family; they snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home and they rob them, at gunpoint. When you see children who are treated as an urban infestation—who *are* an urban infestation—you recognize the enormous difference between countries where kids get an education and countries where large numbers of them don't. (The slum children who were recruited to act in this movie can't read or write.) As the director, Hector Babenco, sees it, there's something essential missing in Pixote: no one has ever made him feel that his life had any value. He's a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied his mouth turns down and he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface. He kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime.



"Let's take the next one, Stoddard. These people aren't going anywhere."

When the boys are on the grayish beach in Rio, Babenco isn't doing travel-poster shots of Sugar Loaf. "Pixote" has its own look—a very distinctive pinkish glow, as if the film stock were infused with the colors of dawn—and there are lovely pale-salmon tones and grays and browns. The incidents don't appear to be set up for the camera—things just seem to be happening and every image is expressive. (Well, maybe not every one: when the whore brings an American back to her fleabag, he's such a crude, swag-bellied gringo that the picture seems, fleetingly, to be pandering to audience hostility.) What goes on in this movie is different from what goes on in American movies. The imagination at work is both romantic and anti-romantic, and the mixture has the intensity that reaches back at least as far as "Don Quixote." (Babenco, who wrote the script with Jorge Duran, from the novel "Infância dos Mortos," by José Louzeiro, may have chosen the film title for its ironic echo of Quixote.) Brazil is steeped in poverty and paganism and Christianity and Pop; starving teen-age transvestites—Indian and Negro—put on wigs and call themselves Marilyn. Babenco's imagery is realistic, but his point of view is shockingly lyrical. South American writers, such as Gabriel García Márquez, seem to be in perfect, poetic control of madness, and Babenco has some of this gift, too. South American artists have to have it, in order to express the texture of everyday insanity. In Colombia a few years ago, I saw soldiers stationed on street corners who wore gold spiked helmets and carried machine guns; they didn't look down as a shrivelled little girl of perhaps eight, bent over parallel to the pavement from the weight of a huge



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bundle of wood on her back, passed by at their feet. The little girl, who will undoubtedly be deformed, walked past buildings with enormous billboards advertising American action movies; Yul Brynner, Burt Lancaster, and other stars are giant deities looming over the cities.

When Pixote and his pals mug somebody, the camera pulls back so that we have a view of the whole area: we get the social picture, and we see them dart in, score, and run off. It's fast teamwork, like a football scrimmage; each mugging has its own choreographic plan. But most of the incidents in the film aren't so distinctly shaped. They're loose and sometimes a little blobby. (When the kids and the whore, Sueli, lock one of her customers in the trunk of his car and drive off to celebrate—they park, turn up the car radio, and dance—we're distracted by wondering what's happening to the poor guy in the trunk. In other scenes, we wonder what happens to the fresh corpses.) Throughout the film, though, even when the acting is minimal there are no wrong notes in it. (Babenco says that the children themselves "guided" him, and came up with ideas that changed perhaps forty per cent of the script.) And the lighting is extraordinary: in the second half, and particularly after Sueli appears, the tones shift from the pastels to bright pinks and reds, and at night a boy's Afro acquires an orange aureole from the light reflected from neon signs. But Babenco doesn't build the film rhythmically, and you don't feel the dramatic intensification that you do when a structure is beautifully worked out. (There's a particularly confusing episode in which the guards pack some of the boys into a van and send them to a prison.) "Pixote" doesn't have the purity of "Shoeshine" or the surgical precision of "Los Olvidados." It's effective cumulatively, and, because of the strength of feeling that Babenco has put into it, it becomes more and more devastating. Babenco is only a first-generation South American (his parents—Russian and Polish Jews—left Europe in the mid-thirties and went to Argentina), but he's not afraid to be florid, and his excesses are some of his finest moments.

At its best, "Pixote" isn't a political film, except in the larger sense in which films such as Vigo's "Zero for Conduct" and Jean Genet's "Un Chant D'Amour" are political films. I think "Pixote" has some relation to those

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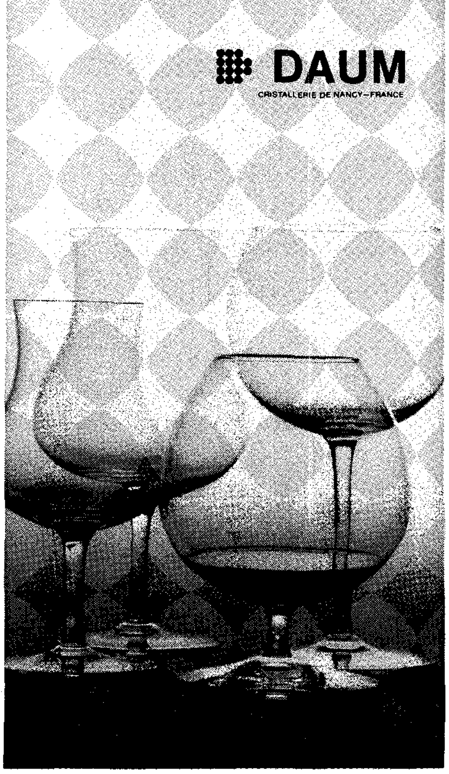

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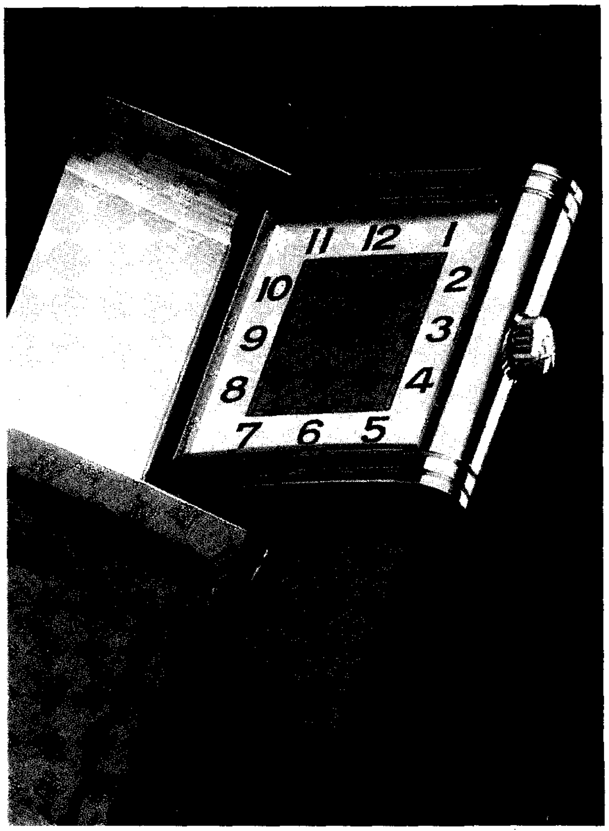

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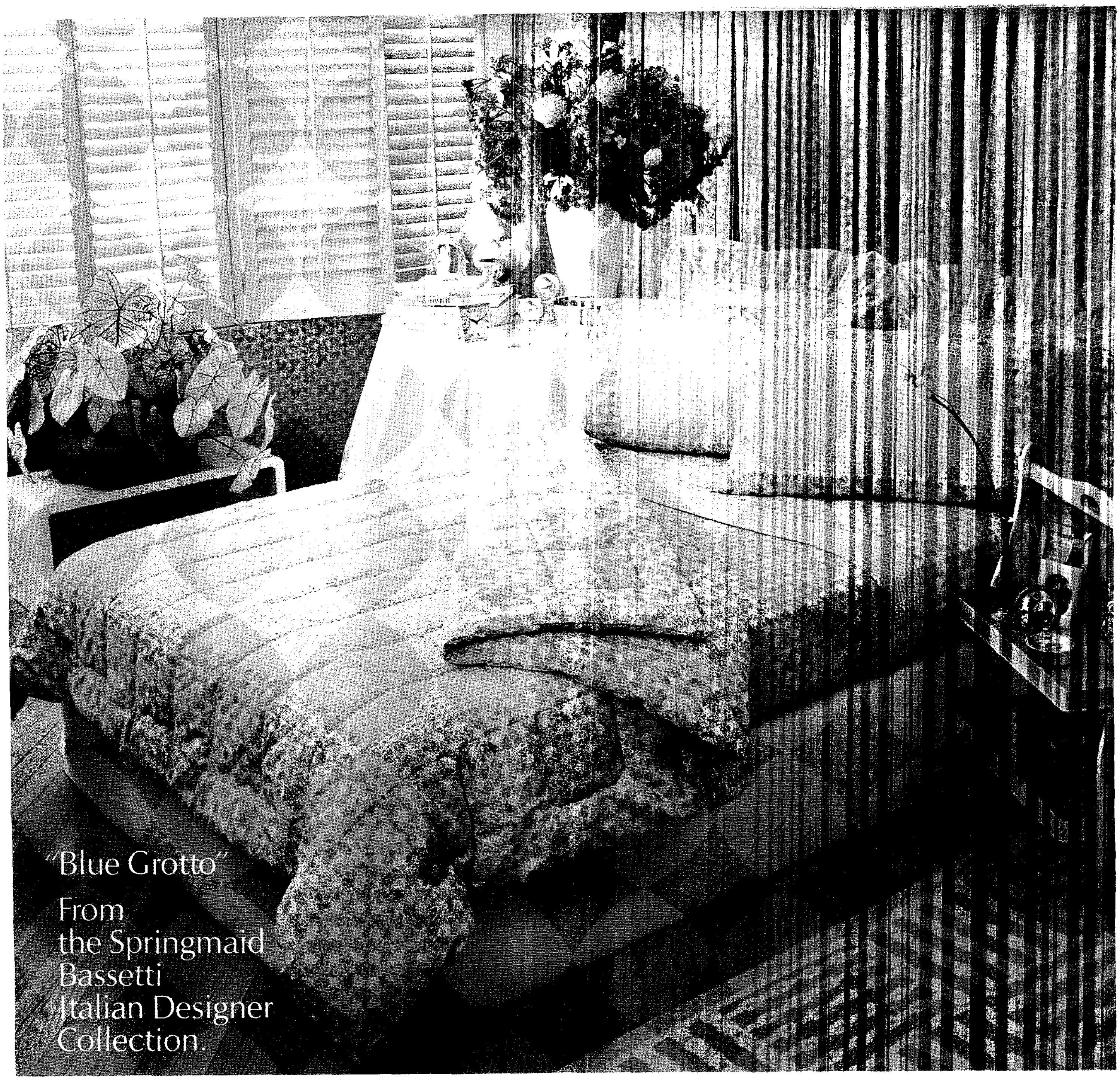

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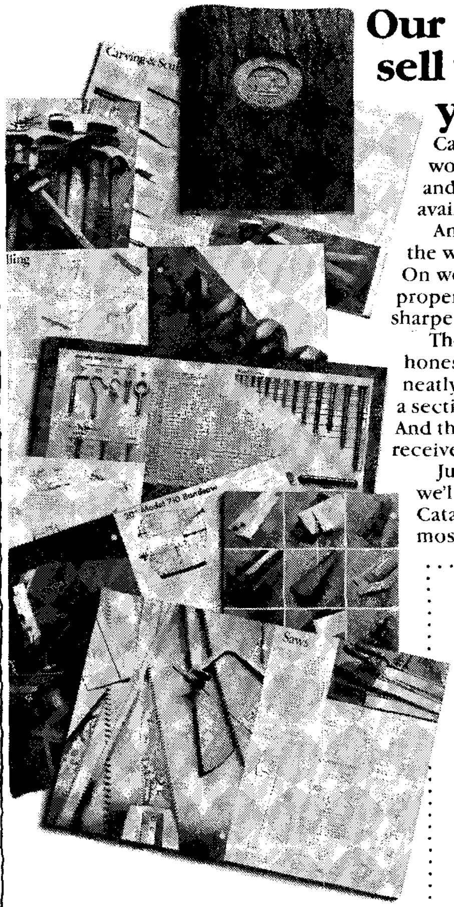
Springs Springs Mills, Inc., Consumer Products Division, 104 West 40th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10018 two pictures—certainly it shares their feeling for the ecstatic—and it may also relate to several Fellini movies. It has a fairly obvious thesis: when you see the handsome Babenco in the prologue and then meet Pixote, the child resembles the director so startlingly that it's almost as if Babenco were saying, "This could have happened to me or to you or to anybody who was deprived of minimal care and affection." The film is too pat and predictable when the kids start being destroyed by their contact with adults. And it's too clever when Pixote sits on Sueli's bed staring at the TV, then at Sueli and one of his pals going at it, and back at the TV; you register that the kids are making another attempt—a grotesque attempt—to construct the family they never had. Babenco is wildly ambitious, in the manner of gifted young artists: he's attempting to be a poet while making points for us to process. But the richer characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera)—transcend the demonstration. Jorge Julião, who hasn't acted before, and Marília Pera, who is a leading Brazilian stage actress, give such full performances that they take the picture to the ecstatic levels that Babenco hoped for.

The swanlike Lilica, who has a classic transvestite look, is in terror of his next birthday. (In Brazil, children under eighteen can't be prosecuted for criminal acts; they're merely sent to reform schools, like the one we've seen.) Lilica is a soft creature, flamingly nelly—an imitation of a young girl without parody. Emotionally, he's the most courageous kid of the bunch. The brutality he has seen inflicted on others hasn't made him callous; it has deepened his understanding and made him more loving. Pixote's soul hasn't been awakened; Lilica seems all soul. He's like a male version of the Giulietta Masina character in "Nights of Cabiria," except that he's smarter and funnier, and much younger. He suffers romantic tragedies, but he doesn't go long without falling in love again.

Sueli is the whoriest whore imaginable. When we first see her, she has just given herself an abortion; she's feverish and full of hate. Pixote is frightened by the sight of the bloody fetus, and she cruelly, vindictively forces him to understand what it is. In the scenes with her, as she begins to have a swell time with the kids, dancing and drinking and coupling, the



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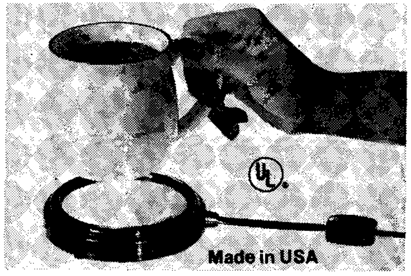

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movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. Sueli is alive in the most brutal sense. When Pixote, who has accidentally killed one of the other kids while trying to help him, vomits, she takes him in her arms and consoles him. He puts his mouth to her breast and hangs on, suckling. He won't let go. What he's doing is perhaps too overtly Oedipal and symbolic, but it's an amazing scene, because of Sueli's violent response. She's repelled by his attempt to become her child; she pulls him off her and throws him out. This sick, broken-down streetwalker may have cradled him in her arms for a minute, but she doesn't want the burden of this child any more than she wanted the fetus she threw in the waste can.

After I saw "Pixote," I had an opportunity to speak with Babenco, and since the street kids in the movie are all boys, I asked, "What of the girls?" His answer was "Their lives are ten thousand times as bad." I was left wondering whether his two women characters—a treacherous drug dealer, Debora, also aging, who kills one of the four boys, and Sueli, who takes Lilica's young lover away from him and destroys the remnants of the family—are supposed to be an indication of how poisoned the girls' lives are, or are part of a melodramatic myth. The film is apparently nonjudgmental, but at a deeper level it's judgmental as hell.

No matter what act of horror Sueli has participated in, she's elated—ready for a high time. She takes a savage's delight in the spoils. She may suddenly weep, even as she's dancing, but the tears are strictly for herself. Sueli needs Pixote and the other kids to make a party out of the horror of her life; horror *is* her party, and after some gullible john has been robbed she dances as if at a tribal celebration. She's a mother who thrusts children away or takes them as lovers. Babenco must have intended her to be the opposite of what he intended the children to be. (The kids do horrible things, but they don't rejoice in them.) Lilica's is the most sexual presence in the movie; he represents tenderness, love. Sueli represents annihilation—and the uglier her deeds are, the more hauntingly beautiful she becomes. (That's where Babenco shows class, and a genuine feeling for the mythic.) Marília Pera, who appeared in the first of Babenco's two earlier features, is best known as a comedienne and for her roles in shows such as "My Fair Lady." Playing Sueli must have been a

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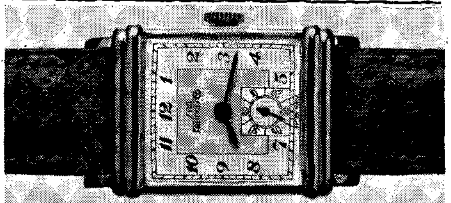

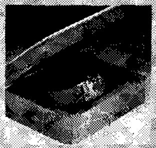

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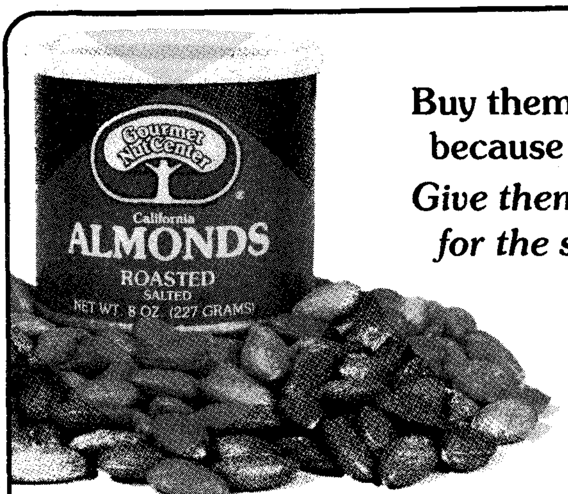
deliverance for her; dusky and aquiline-faced, she has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Babenco is too didactic about Pixote's blank slate; the sociological component of this film doesn't get at much that we don't know, and what the camera is going to find in most of the boys' faces has been predetermined. But Marília Pera's face registers the immediacy of the moment. Her Sueli is like a raging sun; when the inexpressive kids revolve around her and feel they own her, it's almost as if she were their only chance to learn what can be in a face.

It's not the boys' innocence that the movie seems to be about but their innocence in relation to the camera. Pixote sits still and the camera gets nothing from his impassive face; we may halfway accept Babenco's notion that he's so young that there's nothing written on it yet, and that his impassivity is his survival technique. But isn't it really that he's a blank because he's not an actor? Sueli darts around and the camera picks up everything she feels. The picture comes to life with Sueli, because she's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imagining, in the way that Medea and Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth and Jocasta and Euripides' fierce Helen of Troy were spawned, and because the actress is so sharply and completely there.

The picture isn't quite great, maybe because you can see it struggling to be, and the end (a lyric, ironic switch on the "Vitelloni" ending) is awfully portentous, with the rejected Pixote, gun in pocket, kicking a can as he walks down the railroad tracks—a baby bandit on his way. You know it's supposed to make you think. But what I thought about was a male fantasy of barbaric, rejecting females, and an actress whose display of passion wiped the little non-actor kids off the screen. "Pixote" is good enough to touch greatness; it restores your excitement about the confusing pleasures that movies can give.

MICHAEL CRICHTON directs like a technocrat. This ties in with a small problem he has with his scripts: he can't write people. His new film, "Looker" (it's his fourth), gives the impression of having never been touched by human hands; it's a shiny, cold job of engineering that manages to turn even Dorian Harewood, as a Los Angeles police lieutenant, into a piece of furniture. The plot is pseudo-scientific piffle about the machinations



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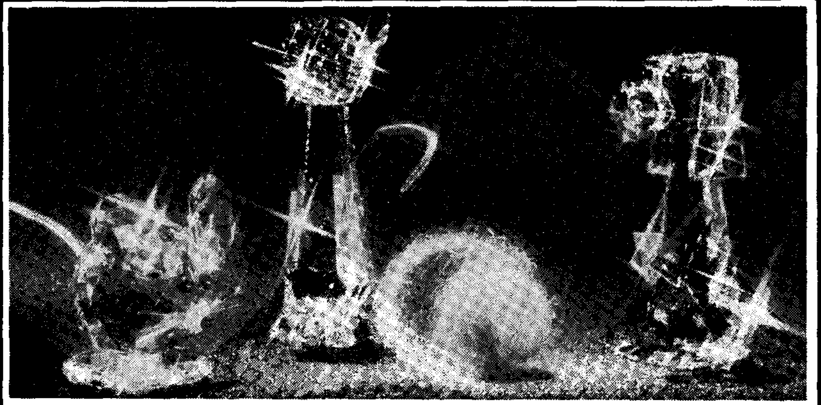

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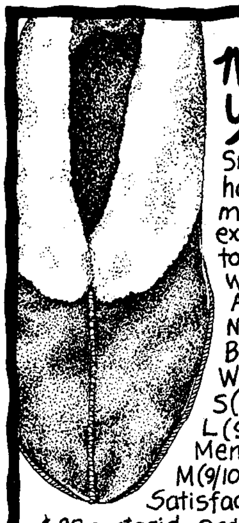

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of the head of a conglomerate, played by the now completely white-haired James Coburn in the desiccated-amoral-old-bastard manner of John Huston. This old rascal's laboratories at Digital Matrix are developing computer-generated images to make hypnotic TV commercials for political as well as economic use. To the rescue of civilization as we know it comes Albert Finney, like a lame tortoise. Finney gives what looks to be the laziest performance by a star ever recorded on film. Boredom seems to have seeped into his muscles and cells; he's sinking under the weight of it, and the only part of him still alert is his wiry hair. He plays an eminent plastic surgeon who has "perfected" several women models according to mathematically exact specifications supplied by Coburn's lab; his highest point of animation comes when he selects Vivaldi for the day's accompaniment to his tiny incisions. (There can't be much choice: he could hardly use "Kitten on the Keys" or Terry Riley's "In C.") He's the target of a murderous thug who is so characterless that if he didn't wear a thick-brush mustache we'd have no way of recognizing him from one scene to the next. With no people around, "Looker" is as empty as Crichton's "Coma" would have been without Geneviève Bujold.

The picture begins promisingly, with a couple of the models who have been worked on by the doc coming to mystifying violent ends. But Crichton's iciness is effective only when he's ingenious; he isn't, here. The plot explanations seem to be babble. It isn't clear why Coburn's evil scheme requires models to be surgically perfected in order to be the basis for computer images, especially since the hypnotic effect of the images is achieved only with the models' eyes. And we never learn why the girls are then marked for destruction. For that matter, we don't find out in what way Coburn's elaborate technology is more effective than simple subliminal messages. Thinking about this movie could give you frostbite of the brain. Susan Dey is the pertly pretty heroine, who poses another riddle. We're told that she, like the others, has been physically perfected, down to the shadow of a millimetre, but she has a highly visible individual feature—a friendly little wart on her belly that should set off alarm systems or topple the towers at Digital Matrix.

At the end, it comes as quite a surprise that Doc Finney is meant to have

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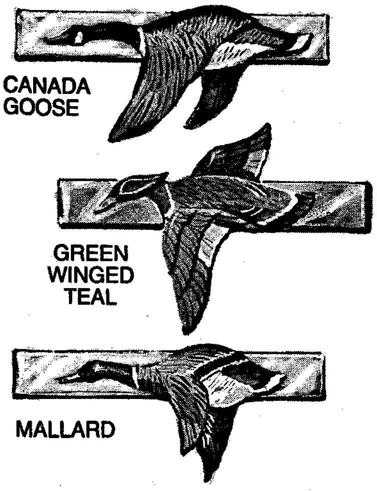

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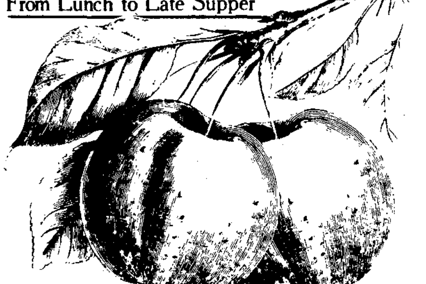

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a sexual interest in this charmingly blemished beauty. So *that's* why he was trudging around trying to keep his eyes open. (He'd need electric shock to consummate the union.) When the man with the mustache shoots hypnotic flashes at Finney that are meant to numb him, you think, What a waste of special effects. Couldn't Crichton, with his medical background, invent an excuse for the doc's thick torpor—make him a sufferer from narcolepsy, at the least? This is the film that should have been called "Coma." What's worst about it may be the exact, knowing readings that the actors give their computer-generated (or close to it) dialogue. So much care has gone into this dumb, hollow thing, and all it does is sell a few impressively constructed semi-nude models. In the big climax, people stalk each other amid computer-generated images just like the men and humanoids stalking each other in Crichton's "Westworld;" it's a little early in his career for a recap. He tries to tone up the purpose of "Looker" by providing a cautionary statistic and then having a disembodied voice repeat it at the end. It sinks in, all right: one and a half years of an average American's time is spent watching commercials. But there is no qualitative difference between this affectless, impersonal film and a commercial. There was no reason for Finney to rouse himself. One and a half years plus ninety-three minutes.

JOHN BELUSHI is a reactor: he includes his own appreciative response right in with his jokes. In "Continental Divide," there's nothing left for Blair Brown, who plays opposite him, to do. Hell, even with his being both comic and straight man, there's hardly anything for Belushi to do. The waddling bopper of "Saturday Night Live," whose greatest weapon was surprise—we never knew what he'd do next—is trying to be a romantic hero, and so the grossness and bellowing are gone. Now he's—well, winsome. And predictable. The script is a Lawrence Kasdan original, and you can see why actors love Kasdan's work: there's a single plot thread, so they're onscreen practically all the time, with almost no subsidiary characters and no action to cut away to. There's no subtext, either—just nothingness, with this tidy, old-fashioned structure laid on top of it.

Belushi plays a muckraking Chicago reporter so famous that everyone

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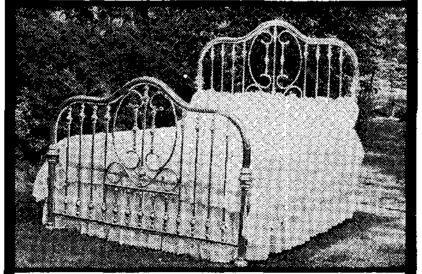

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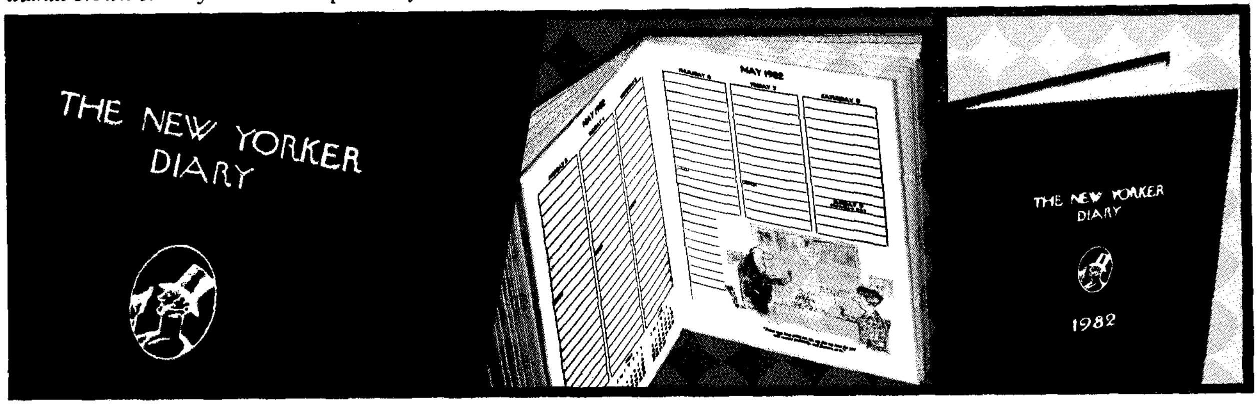
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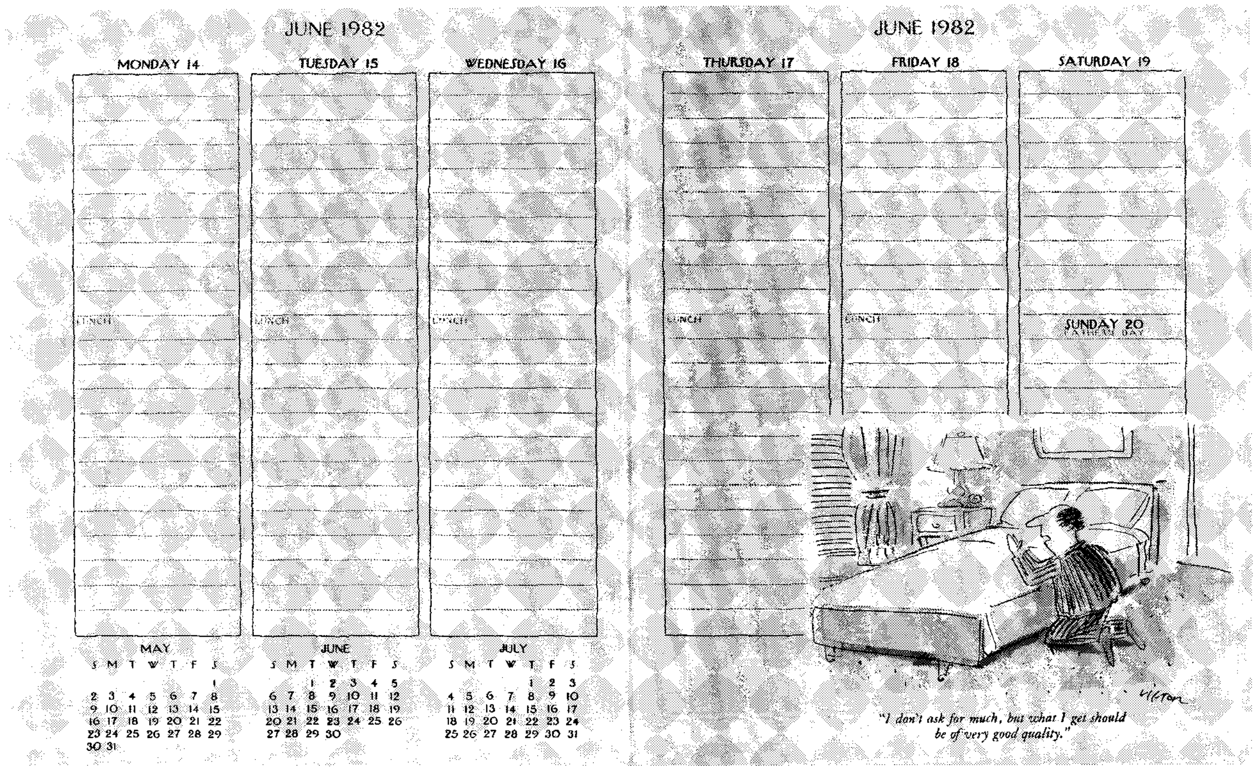
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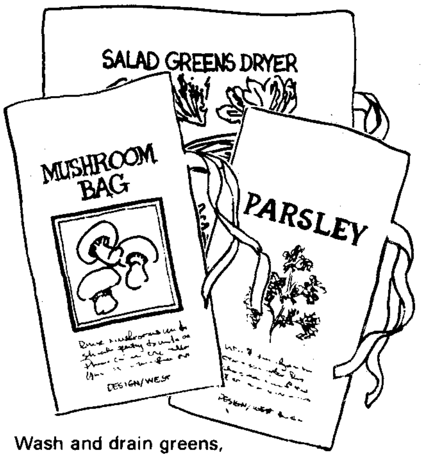

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on the streets knows him. (And so they would, if he appeared on TV often enough or did beer commercials.) Blair Brown is a saintly ornithologist who lives on a mountaintop in Colorado studying the American bald eagle. (She seems consecrated to this task, as if it were to be her complete life's work.) Kasdan has them meet when the reporter, in danger of being murdered by crooks he has exposed, is sent up to her cabin to interview her. He is smitten. Then Kasdan is at an impasse: how can he get these two together in marriage without taking either away from a dedicated endeavor at one particular site? Kasdan is working with the formula of the genre typified by the Tracy-Hepburn "Woman of the Year" (a generally dismal picture, in which she was an unfeeling careerist and he was Mr. Fatherly Understanding). But Kasdan has eliminated all the conflicting interests and the psychological impediments to a happy marriage, leaving the physical separation as the only obstacle. There's nothing left for the movie to be about except how the hero and heroine can conquer space. And at the end the picture fudges even this—somehow or other they're going to, without anyone's telling us how. But before that we wait and wait as the director, Michael Apted, tries to create a little texture out of the void. He manages a wisp of embellishment for incidents such as Belushi, the city hotshot, becoming a helpless tenderfoot in the ornithologist's rough environment, and even getting mauled by a mountain lion, and Blair Brown taking him up to the mountains to show him the continental divide, the "oldest church in America." This meant-to-be-awe-inspiring moment fizzles, because the cinematography, which is crisp in Chicago, is lifeless and rather blurry in the Rockies. The characters' mild quandary drags on and on. What the movie never even whispers (because it would be bad sexual politics) is the simple fact that neither of these people cares enough about the other to give up anything. "Continental Divide" could be called "Endless Like."

"BODY HEAT," which Kasdan both wrote and directed, is a forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. It's an unusually controlled film, especially considering that this is Kasdan's first time out as a director. It's clear that he accomplished exactly what he set out to do, but planned silliness may be the most

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ominous kind; it could mean that he's silly. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man and a femme fatale in white, and insinuating hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know whether he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. And the talk has an echo-chamber effect: if you know the movies that it's modelled on, such as "The Postman Always Rings Twice," when Kasdan's seductress describes her husband as "small and mean . . . and weak," you wait for "and Greek." Eventually, the terse, racy metaphors patterned on the Bogart-Bacall exchanges dwindle away. The hard-boiled double-entendre dialogue that was developed in the thirties and forties as a joke—a way of kidding the restrictions on sexual language and behavior—is ludicrous in a contemporary film with four-letter words and naked lovers; if Kasdan's lovers had gone on using their gaudy patter when they were clawing at each other, the picture might have been a great camp comedy.

Back in 1966, when Jacques Demy made what was his idea of a Hollywood musical, "The Young Girls of Rochefort," he didn't really understand the mechanisms of American musicals—what made them move. He produced a strange, stilted movie with dancing that was static. I don't think Larry Kasdan "gets" *film noir*, either; those dark, twisted thrillers enjoyed their own malice, and the turns of the plot created a weblike atmosphere, and there was a reason for all those seedy, malignant characters in the background—they made the stars shine. Yes, the visual style was calculated, even deterministic, but there was a little motor inside the picture.

"Body Heat," like "Continental Divide," leaves out just about everything that made its genre watchable. Kasdan has found an actress (Kathleen Turner) who is tall and has a lovely voice. But he poses her as if she were a hot number, and she works on her smolder with such diligence that if she has any sensuality in her it's completely blocked. In general, the most

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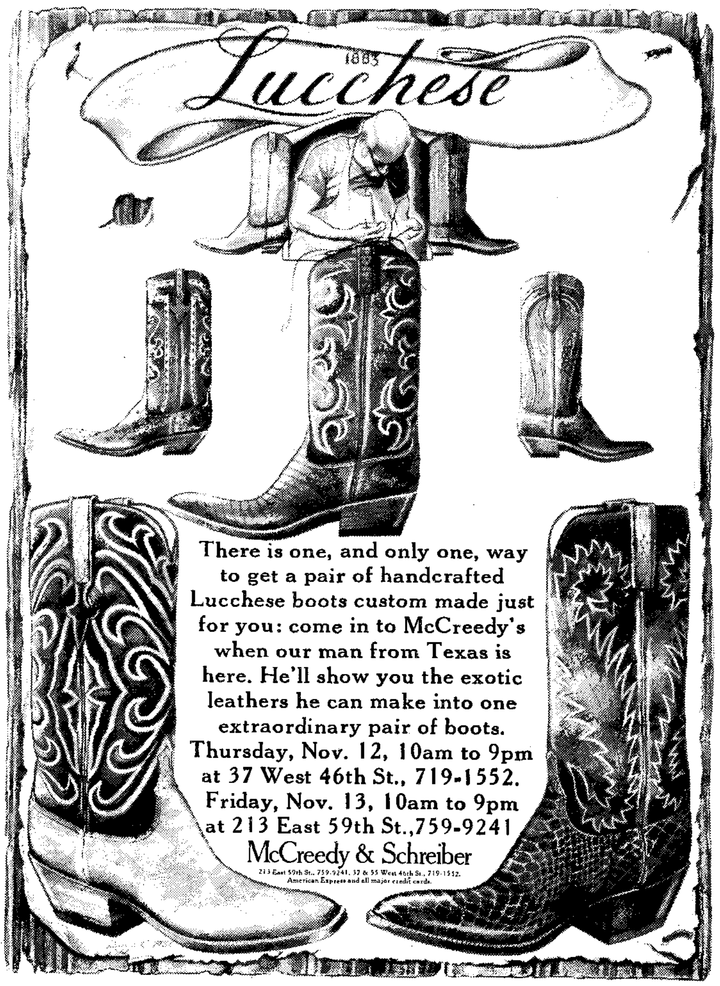

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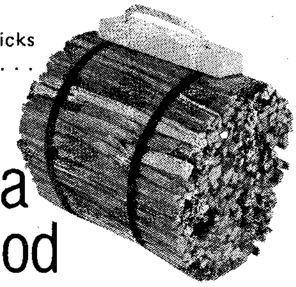

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embarrassing thing a performer can do is to act more sexy than he or she appears to be, and Kasdan has led Turner into this trap, but she's so remote that she isn't even embarrassing. She lures a lawyer (William Hurt) who's a chump to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna), as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. If we felt that this siren enjoyed her perversity and control—as Barbara Stanwyck did in "Double Indemnity"—there'd be some humor, at least, in her ensnarement of the lawyer. Or if she had Stanwyck's smeary mouth and cheap, teasing way of rubbing against her fall guy, there'd be the suggestion of zingy, nasty sex. But what she's hiding never peeps through. She's groomed and cultivated, like Lauren Bacall in a fool's reverie. And maybe because Hurt's role doesn't call for much range or any bravura, he gives his least entertaining screen performance yet. I never thought that I'd compare anyone unfavorably with Fred MacMurray, but MacMurray in "Double Indemnity" made a better chump. Hurt does some small clever things, but he's too tight and held in. We don't see ourselves in him; we did in MacMurray. And we certainly don't see ourselves in Turner—she's like nothing human.

The actors in the few minor roles are considerably livelier, and one, Mickey Rourke, who plays Teddy, a professional arsonist, has an awareness of danger that almost makes you feel you're at a real movie. Teddy moves warily, and when he talks about how to set a fire he's hunched over, leaning in close as if he were sharing state secrets with you—he delivers his lines in a diplomatic pouch. When Ted Danson, who plays the assistant district attorney, unexpectedly takes a little leap and does a few tap steps, it's like a shot of oxygen. People praise Kasdan for his sense of structure, but it's really just formula, and when you're sitting there watching the femme fatale and her prey you feel as if you're looking at a void. The lovers sweat constantly—lavishly. But it might as well be dew. Kasdan's formal style doesn't allow for passion; if his actors had any he'd have to stamp it out.

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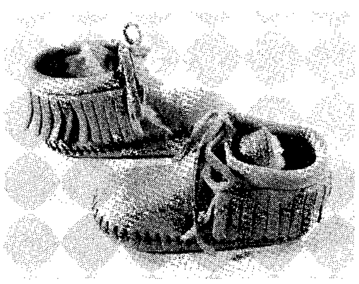

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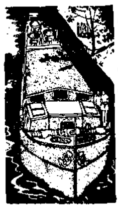

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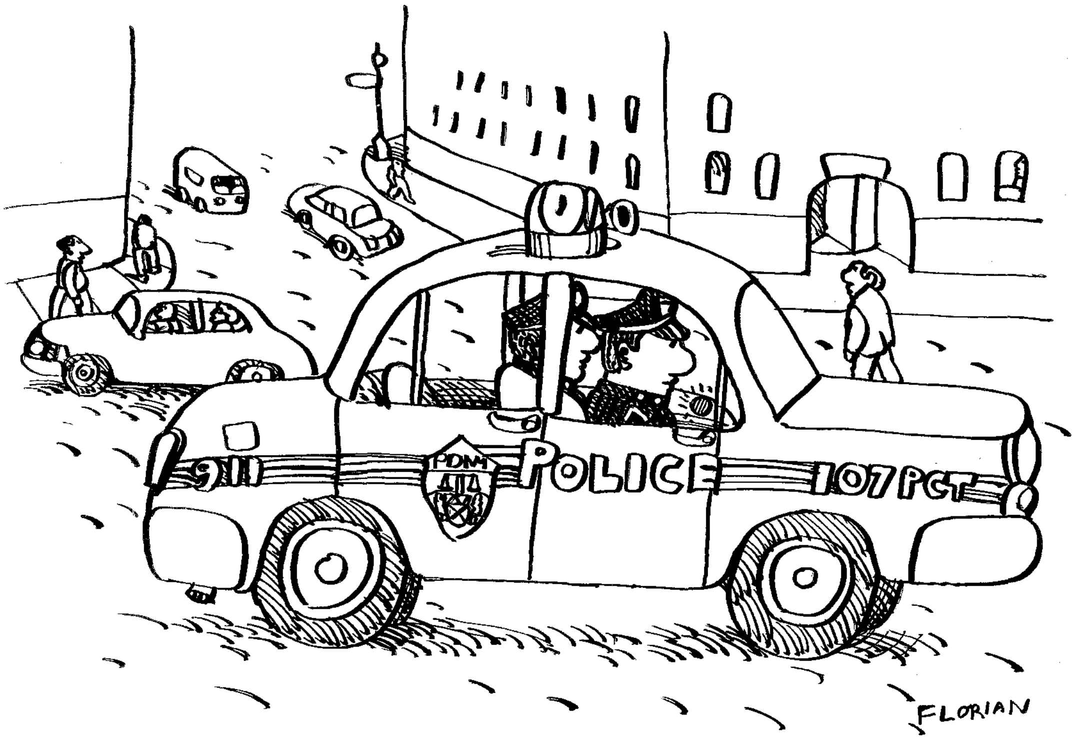
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, OCTOBER 26

MY concierge is Portuguese. She comes from Trás-os-Montes, the northeasternmost province of her country—a region of stony, arid land and peasant freeholds and such poverty that half the population has had to emigrate in the past twenty or thirty years. Senhora Gonçalves—Mme. Gonçalves, she is called here—went to Angola with her husband. They bought some cows and kept a little dairy farm outside Luanda, and, being simple, faithful people whose politics echoed their parish priest and their own wary isolation, they did not think much about whether they were wicked *gros colons*, oppressing Africans, until the revolution started in Angola and their two young sons had to leave the farm to fight. The Gonçalveses liked Angola. It was a vast and bountiful country, and, best of all, it was warm. Both the Gonçalveses had known winters in Trás-os-Montes when peasants like themselves had had to sleep in the straw with their pigs and goats and cows and dogs, and even their hens, around them, warming their farmsteads, so to speak, with barnyard heat. The Gonçalves sons are in Brazil now, working in factories. Mme. Gonçalves put them on a freighter out of Cabinda in 1973, when the fighting was terrible, and then she and her husband fled. They went to Zaire, which had been advertising itself in the Luanda papers as a "land of promise," and then they went home to Portugal, where there was no work and no housing—and not much of a welcome, either—for the *retornados* of Europe's last great African empire. They ended up in France, along with a million other Portuguese, looking for jobs.

Mme. Gonçalves is a tiny, tidy woman—correct and delicate. Strangers on the block often take her for a Frenchwoman. She knows that Parisians always prefer a woman to a man as their concierge—that they think of a good woman, vigilant behind the curtains of a little office on the *rez-de-chaussée*, as somehow setting the proper tone for a courtyard. And so she is formally the concierge here—guardian of the mail, gatekeeper to everybody's company. Actually, like most of the Portuguese concierges on the block, she has turned the building over to her husband. M. Gonçalves strolls his courtyard as if it were the *praça* of some little private village of his own. He is so familiar to the neighbors now—with his long, woebegone Trás-os-Montes face and his big ears and his sudden wide, wide smile—that most of them have stopped complaining about the courtyard door's being always open, so that he can tip his cap and say "*Bom dia*" whenever anybody passes. Mme. Gonçalves herself works as a maid, days, for a diplomat around the corner, making better money. Nights and weekends, she takes in sewing; by now she is something of a neighborhood couturiere. She sews by hand—apologizing for it, explaining to each new customer that she left her Singer sewing machine at her sister's house in Bragança, along with her pattern board and her measuring stick, which marks off hems in a little *poof* of chalk. Mme. Gonçalves does not really believe that she has found a home here. She thinks that some calamity—a war, perhaps, or the kind of poverty she knew as a girl in Trás-os-Montes—will uproot her, that she will have to pack everything and move again. In their way, her sewing machine and her measuring stick with its rubber atomizer full of chalky powder are hostages to Portugal. But the truth is that after eight years here she is practically Parisian. Like the Parisians on the block, she talks about *l'émigration* as something that has to do with migrant workers on yearly contracts with the big factories outside Paris and Lyons and Clermont-Ferrand, or with Indo-Chinese refugees, or with the West Africans and North Africans who arrive in the *métropole* looking, perhaps, for old colonial attachments as well as jobs. She has never considered our street in the middle of Paris—or the people on it—as being in any way connected with the violent new demography she sometimes hears about on the TF 1 nightly news. Our street is respectable. It is a busy street, busy with shops and stalls and local commerce, and ending in a market. Jacques Hillairet—a ninety-five-year-old Army colonel who has been spending his retirement documenting the history of every house on every street in Paris—describes it in his "Dictionnaire Historique des Rues de Paris," noting one by one the carved wooden double doors that open onto deep and surprisingly eccentric eighteenth-century courtyards. Most of these famous



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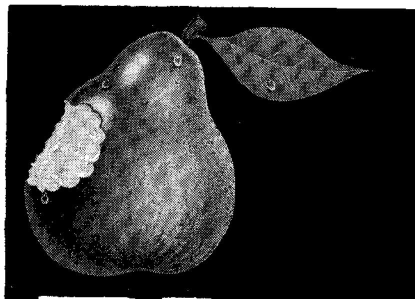

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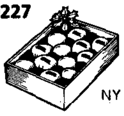

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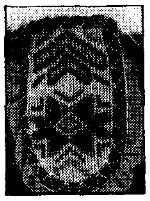

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doors are thick with paint now, and most of the old houses, by the looks of them, had a couple of extra stories added to them during the Second Republic—"1848 public housing," Edgar de Bresson, the filmmaker, who lives in the quarter, calls it. That extra height gives the houses (which, after all, were once important, even stately houses) a kind of gawky charm—like French boys grown too tall for the good gray trousers they have to wear to school. It saves the street from seriousness, makes it gay and rather lovable. At any rate, it is the sort of street that Parisians love—part *quartier populaire* and part *quartier bourgeois*, which means that the restaurants are good, and, usually, the plumbers. Everybody knows everybody else, everybody gossips. Mme. Gonçalves admits that there have been changes here during her eight years. Sometimes she mentions approvingly that "important people"—rich people—have been moving in. Or she worries about the children on their way to school who have to pass the new bookstore down the block toward Raspail, where two middle-aged women of obvious refinement sit behind a long glass table, presiding over a connoisseur's display of illustrated first editions of sadomasochistic literature. She speaks of changes, but she does not find anything unusual in the fact that a fifty-four-year-old peasant from Trás-os-Montes and Angola—someone who would never think of spending money for a new measuring stick when she had a perfectly good one only seven hundred miles away in Bragança—can be seen on the street most evenings after the eight-o'clock news walking to fittings with an old broom on which the skirt and culotte lengths appropriate to this year's fashion have been marked off in bright-red crayon. It would surprise her to learn just how much the life of the building and the block *has* changed in eight years. Late in the afternoon, as soon as she gets home from the diplomat's house, she and her husband make their own *passeio*. The first butcher they pass comes from Paris, and then there is the butcher from Auvergne, and then the butcher from Dahomey. The grocers on the street are Arab, Berber, and Italian. The two plumbers are Italian, too, and the man who works at the corner hardware store and lives across the street is Portuguese. The waitress at the café next door comes from Sri Lanka, the family serving *entrecôte aux clous de girofle* at the restaurant a

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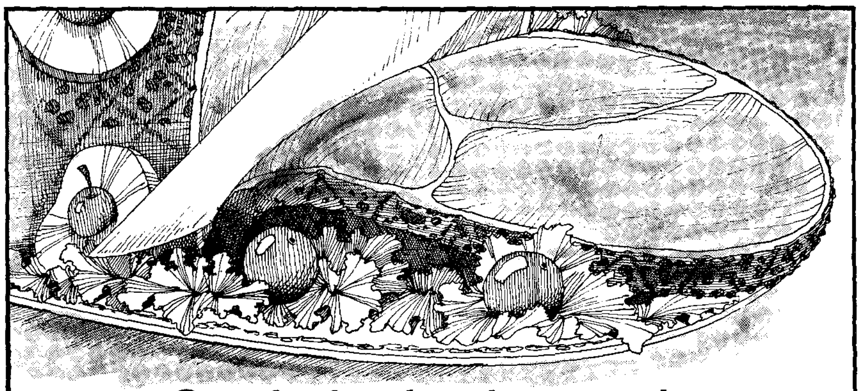
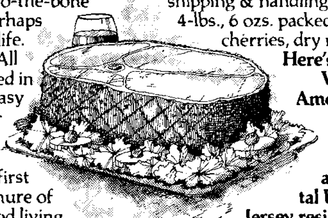
little further on is Tunisian, and the boys carrying late deliveries from the drugstore and the local wine *négociant* are Vietnamese boatpeople. The neighbors whom the Gonçalveses consider exotic are mainly the Parisians, who have always been here: the fussy spinster, say, who manages the laundry *à poids*—twelve francs a kilo of wash, or nine francs if you are willing to collect it wet—and the old couple at the *poissonnerie*, who still get up at four every morning to choose their fish at the wholesale market in Rungis.

THE season of the *rentrée* is always an occasion for Parisians to contemplate themselves. It may even be that Léon Blum's legacy of the paid vacation is less important as a respite for the common man than as an excuse for uncommon people to indulge themselves in this kind of occasion every year. In any case, the intellectuals of the Sixth and Seventh Arrondissements, refreshed and tanned, and even a little bored with the balmy pleasures of the provinces, have come back to another autumn's worth of books and seminars and dinner talk about French thought and French politics and French culture. This year, they are reading a book about French writers during the *drôle de guerre* and the German Occupation—"La Rive Gauche," by an American journalist named Herbert Lottman, who has evidently lived here long enough to qualify as an honorary Parisian. Pierre Boulez is conducting Pierre Boulez at the Festival d'Automne. Samuel Beckett (forty-four years on the Left Bank himself) is seventy-five years old, and Paris celebrated that at the festival with a Beckett cycle—produced, as it happens, by New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture. The Giscardiens have come home furious from a summer sulk—they talk as if they were all going to be rounded up in their party clothes and guillotined, to the cheers of an ungrateful populace. The Mitterrandists are getting the best tables in the best restaurants and scrapping among themselves for position in the new Élysée establishment. And after seven years out of fashion *le discours politique* has made its own *rentrée*. Everybody is talking politics—arguing, complaining, savoring anticipations of great blessings or great disaster from what has come to be called "the socialist experiment." Everybody has a mission. Most people in Europe have found a mission lately. Germans have





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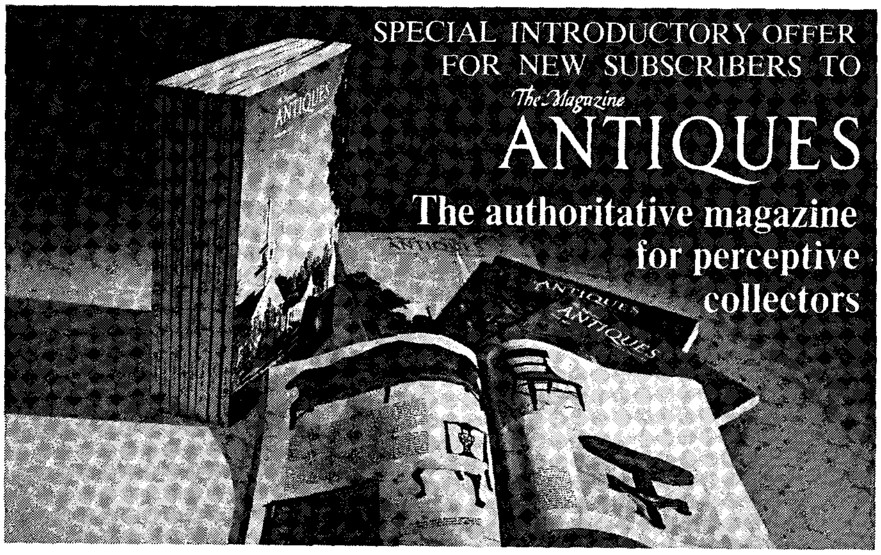

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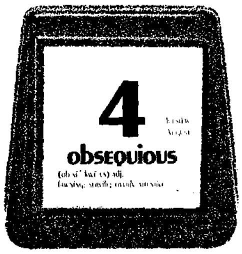

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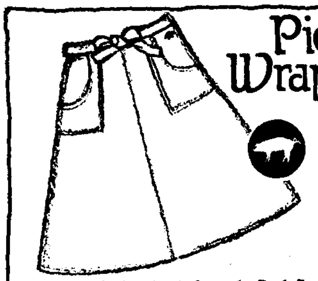

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taken up a cloying nationalism and talk about Germany's new destiny as a kind of *Rheinmädchen* of European peace and sweetness. Poles, in the midst of their social revolution, are in a sacred fervor of Polishness. And now the French are going to redeem the world—and especially the Third World—with their socialist experiment, folding the weak and needy under a mantle of inspiration and protection as wide as a gendarme's winter cape. Some of this, of course, has to do with power and profit—with staking out a sphere of influence in an already divided-up world—and is not really very different from what Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was up to a year or two ago in the oil sheikhdoms. But it also has to do with the fact that there are as many as five million immigrants like Mme. Gonçalves in France now, with the fact that one in every four French citizens has a foreign parent or grandparent. In 1965, when François Mitterrand lost to Charles de Gaulle, there were about two million immigrants. In 1974, when he lost to Giscard, there were almost four million, but they were mostly migrant factory workers living in *bidonvilles* and *villes nouvelles* on the periphery of cities, effectively isolated. Today, Paris is the capital of a kind of implosion of ethnicity. There is a Third World *sur place* in France, and the French mission lately is to "recuperate" that world, as they say here—to connect it to French civilization and French history. Encouraged by the mood in Germany and the election in Greece and the crowds cheering him in Mexico, Mitterrand obviously wants to preside over a new European socialism, with France as its inspiration and the monuments of French culture and French republican history as the symbols of its origin and achievement. History. Memory. Being French. These are the themes of Mitterrand's new government—the source of its appeal and its confusion. Western Europe has had other socialist governments since the war. What makes this particular government momentous, at least to the French, is that the people in it tend—or pretend—to attach an almost mystical idea of "socialism" to French identity. There is nothing particularly contradictory or confusing about Mitterrand's programs in themselves. He made a lot of campaign promises to the Left last spring, and he is keeping most of them. He has seen to the abolition of capital punishment. He is going to nationalize thirty-six private

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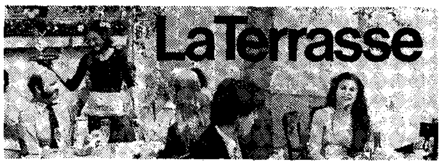

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French banks, five French industrial conglomerates, and two French holding companies. He is negotiating to acquire for the state majority control of companies like I.T.T.-France and C.I.I.-Honeywell-Bull, which are tied to foreign corporations and have a lot of foreign stockholders. He has proposed a wealth tax on any private assets worth more than three million francs. He is phasing out the power of the *préfets*, who have kept local governments under state scrutiny for almost two hundred years—a Jacobin but fairly efficient system. He is planning a tax on business expenses, a "check law" to discipline the old French custom of laundering money and avoiding taxes by paying cash for everything, and a budget that includes a twenty-seven-per-cent rise in public spending, although inflation here is so severe that he has had to install price controls for the next three to six months and foreign confidence in the franc is so low that he has already had to devalue it once within the European money system and may have to do so again.

None of Mitterrand's programs will fail in a National Assembly where the Socialists hold an absolute majority, though the opposition is keeping up appearances and, by the morning the Assembly opened this month, had already submitted six hundred amendments to his nationalization plan. The French are used to being nationalized. The state is already a majority stockholder in most important French industry—or a partner, or a banker controlling through debt and credit—and has been since the railroads were nationalized in 1938. The big domestic banks and insurance companies were taken over after the war, and banking law in France is so stringent anyway, and the power of the state so broad, that the only long-term domestic effect of nationalization on most French banks is likely to be a change in letterheads. There is obviously distress about nationalization here: polls say that nearly half the country is against nationalizing anything, and Frenchmen who read the papers know that everywhere else in Europe economists are trying to think up ways to dismantle unwieldy and uncompetitive state industries. But the real distress has more to do with private wealth and taxes. The French have four times as much of their money invested outside the country as they did ten years ago—they started exporting capital after Mitterrand came so close to win-

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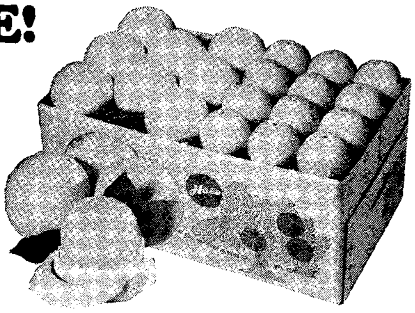

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ning the Presidency in 1974. And there is still more gold in private hands here—under mattresses, in sugar bowls, in safe-deposit boxes—than in Fort Knox. A couple of weeks ago, a rumor went around Paris that on Monday morning, October 19th, as soon as the banks opened, the government was going to seal all safe-deposit boxes and begin an inventory of their contents. By Sunday night, people were so panicked that it took the Matignon to reassure them. Bankers at foreign banks like the Morgan Guaranty, over on the Place Vendôme, say that ever since the *rentrée* Frenchmen have been arriving with suitcases and shopping bags full of gold and cash and jewelry, begging to be taken in; half their working day, the bankers say, is spent explaining that a safe-deposit box is no safer in one bank than in another, American or French.

MITTERRAND produced his first surprise at his inauguration last spring. He gave the French a spectacle that even Charles de Gaulle would have been hard put to it to improve on. It was called La Cérémonie à la Mémoire. Walking solemnly, with one perfect, long-stemmed red rose in his hand—a red rose is the French Socialist Party symbol—Mitterrand left the Right Bank (bourgeois, conservative, élitist, aging, *ancien-régime*) and crossed the Île de la Cité and then the Pont Saint-Michel onto the Left Bank (*populaire*, democratic, intellectual, young, free). He walked up the Rue Soufflot with his rose, followed by a cordon of Socialists—arms linked, and every one of them a personage—who were in turn followed by a cheering crowd representing, naturally, the people. He climbed the steps of the Panthéon, where Rousseau and Voltaire, along with a lot of the heroes of republican France, are buried, and where the words on the lintel read "*Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante.*" He waited while Daniel Barenboim, stationed across the Place du Panthéon on the law-school steps with the entire Orchestre de Paris and a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices, raised his baton. And then the new President of the Republic, alone with his thoughts, presumably (and with the television crew that was broadcasting his pilgrimage live to fifty-four million Frenchmen), entered the Panthéon crypt, with his footsteps echoing on the marble floor and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony echoing behind him. Mitterrand laid one rose on the tomb

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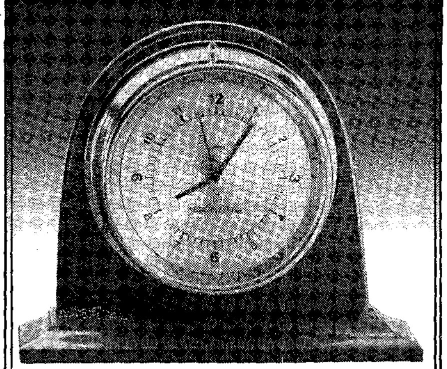

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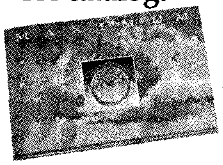

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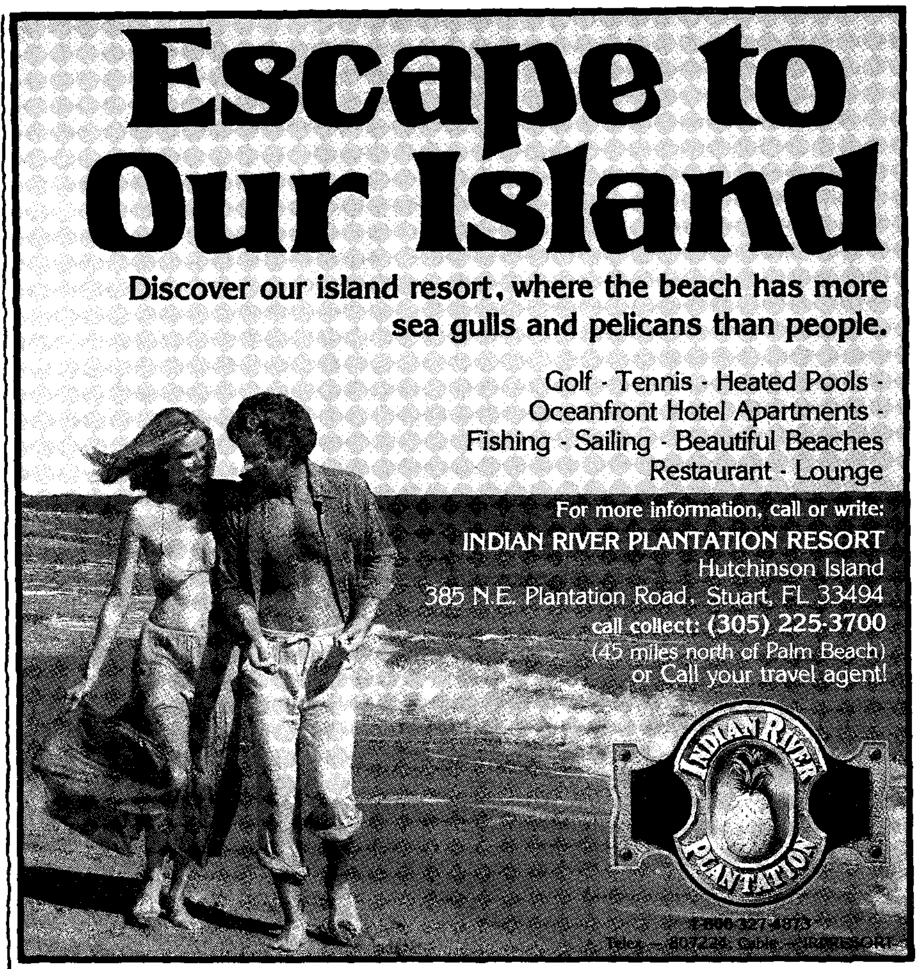
of Jean Moulin, the French Resistance hero who died, unbroken, under Nazi torture nearly forty years ago. He laid a second rose on the tomb of a nineteenth-century republican deputy named Victor Schoelcher—it was Schoelcher who, in 1848, wrote the act abolishing slavery in the French colonies. Finally, he laid a third rose on the tomb of Jean Jaurès, who was in many ways the founding father of modern France's Socialist movement. Mitterrand left the crypt in time for Schiller's "Ode to Joy." Placido Domingo sang the "Marseillaise." The crowd kept cheering. And there was dancing in the streets that went on all night, despite the fact that it was pouring. Since La Cérémonie, no French Socialist has suggested—as many had earlier—that Mitterrand would relinquish, if not abolish, the fairly royal prerogatives of a Fifth Republic President.

Christian Bourgois, the publisher, said last week that to understand Mitterrand one had to imagine a Third Republic President in Fifth Republic France, meaning that Mitterrand was right in the tradition of Jean Jaurès and the other seminal nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century French socialists—a tradition that was at once republican, secular, populist, nationalist, and, above all, *French*. People today tend to forget just how French that socialist tradition was, because two world wars and the Depression obscured it for more than fifty years. They tend to associate that sort of patriotic populism with de Gaulle, who was obviously no socialist (though an ardent believer in the rights of the state over the rights of the marketplace). De Gaulle, of course, was committed to a Catholic France. He read in Catholicism France's special destiny, and he had an obsession with "legitimacy," which evidently began to haunt him as a military man, the way it had haunted Franco, whom he despised; people have said that in his old age de Gaulle once seriously considered naming the Bourbon pretender, the Comte de Paris, as his successor. The man he did choose, Georges Pompidou, was genial and shrewd—less than rigorous in his Catholicism, and more agreeable to the idea that the state and the market shared an interest in making money. Pompidou's Paris was the Paris of *les promoteurs;* they arrived en masse at the state banks, and Pompidou indulged them with easy credit and with a law to "liberate" the



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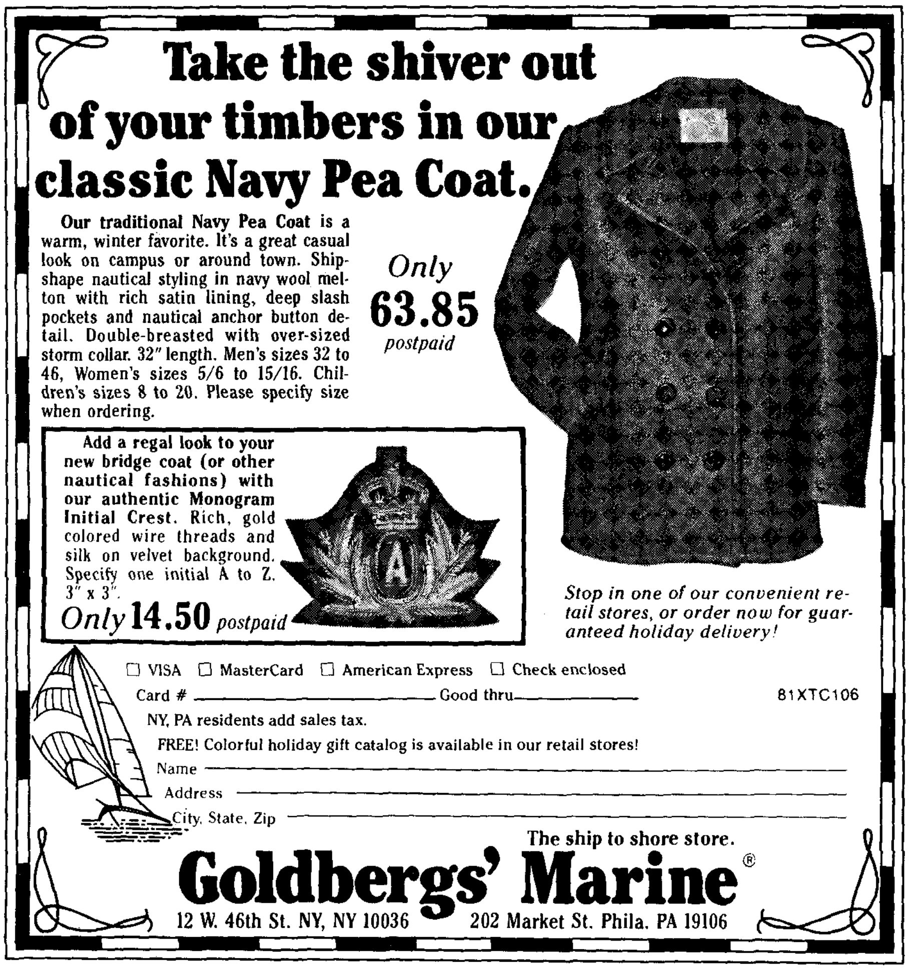

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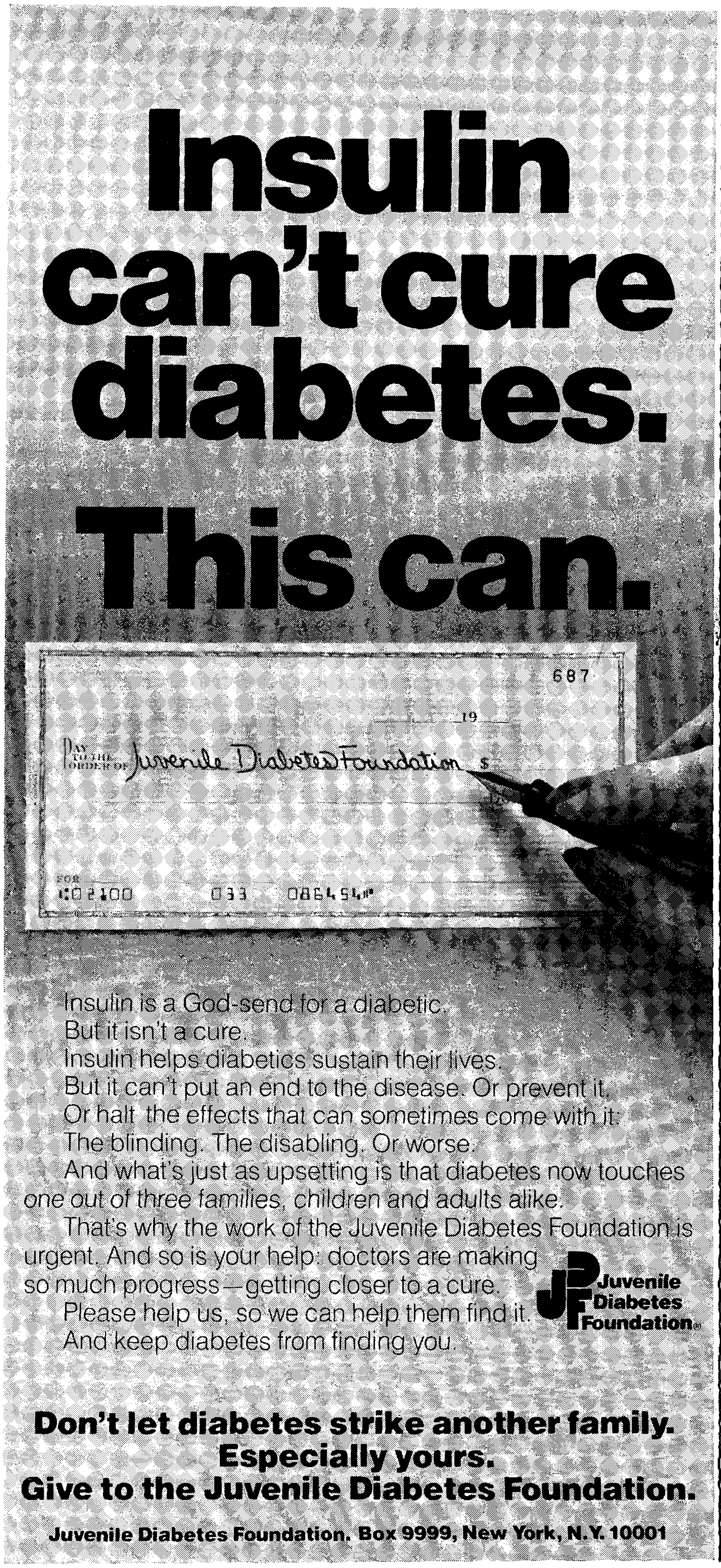
height of Paris buildings, so they could speculate on *gigantesque* projects like La Défense and Le Front de Seine and La Tour Maine-Montparnasse. They said they were "promoting" France with these projects; and Giscard, coming after them, looked like a relief from that brazen Gaullist chauvinism—an international man. In the end, he was not so much international as multinational. He was at heart an *homme d'affaires*. He judged the world by its businesses, not its boundaries. It was said that he and his family were too interested in money, that he took his Presidential contacts as a kind of privilege (the way he took a gift of diamonds from Jean-Bedel Bokassa back when Bokassa was the emperor in Bangui), that his friendship for America had more to do with oil than with democracy, that he courted America with the same cynicism with which he courted the Arabs who had the oil he wanted, or friends who had the oil. Giscard did not much care for his own people, either. He made an imperious President, but he lacked that imperious identification with *le peuple* that had sustained de Gaulle. Over the years, he grew distracted, then detached, and then arrogant, and none of the media experts and advisers whom he hired last spring could simulate a common touch, though they gave it a kind of desperate try just before the elections—pictures in *Paris Match* of Giscard helping his wife in the kitchen, pictures of Giscard setting the dinner table. His one charm was that he expected everyone to vote for him anyway. His friends say that he has not "forgiven" the French; he certainly has not forgiven Mitterrand for running against him, as he made clear this month in Cairo when he refused Mitterrand's offer of a plane ride home from Anwar Sadat's funeral.

Mitterrand came close to beating Giscard in 1974. This year, a lot of people who may have had much more in common politically with Giscard voted Socialist *faute de mieux*, to spare themselves seven more years of an unsettling petulance. They were not expecting much of a leader in Mitterrand. They underestimated his lugubrious enthusiasm for the Presidency, and talked instead about his staying power, about his tenacity, about the skill—some said the sinister skill—with which he had survived in politics for forty years. They expected Mitterrand to patch together a government the way he had patched together the Socialist Party in the nineteen-sixties,



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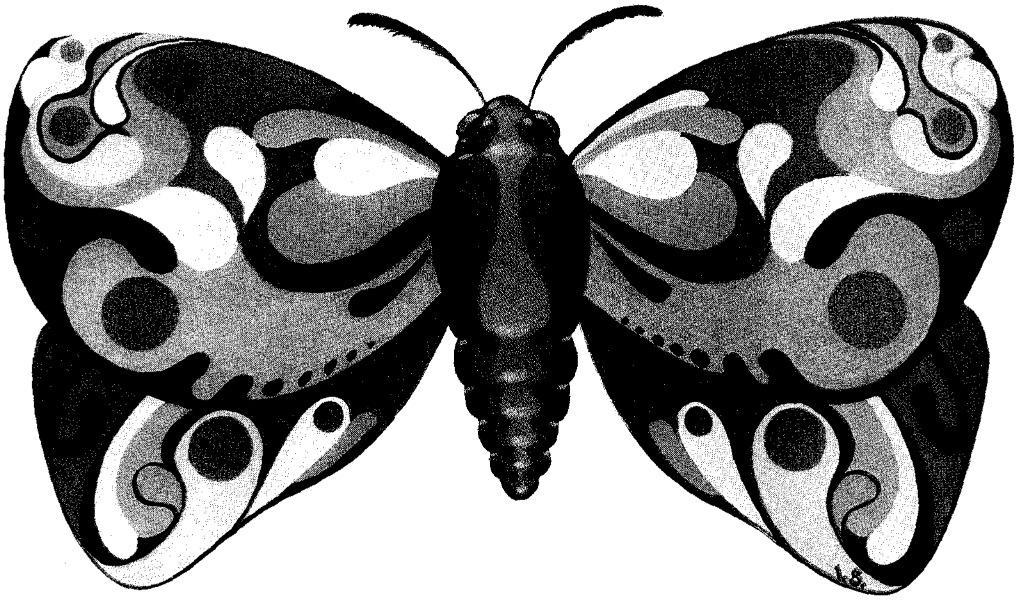

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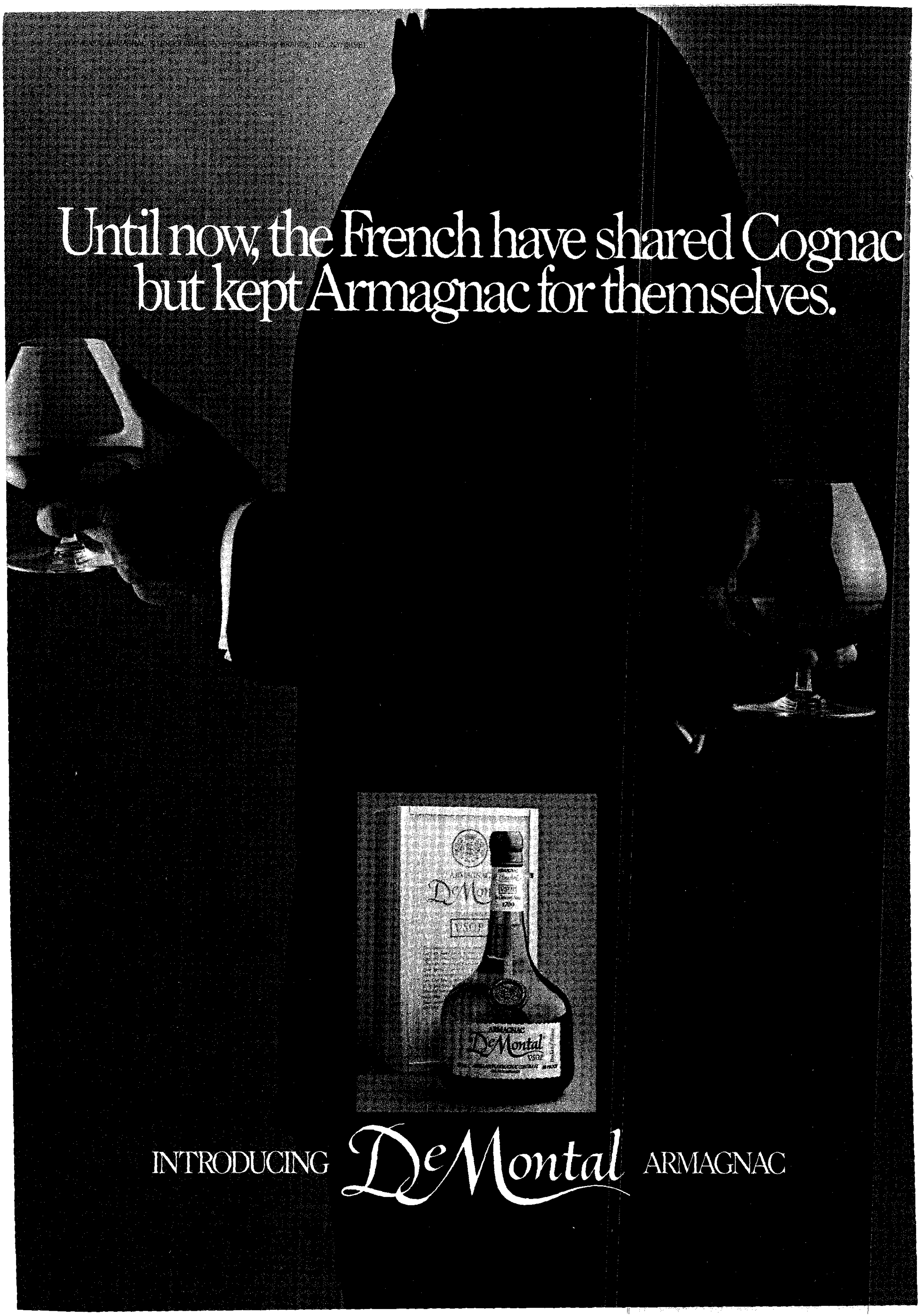
Until now, the French have shared Cognac but kept Armagnac for themselves.
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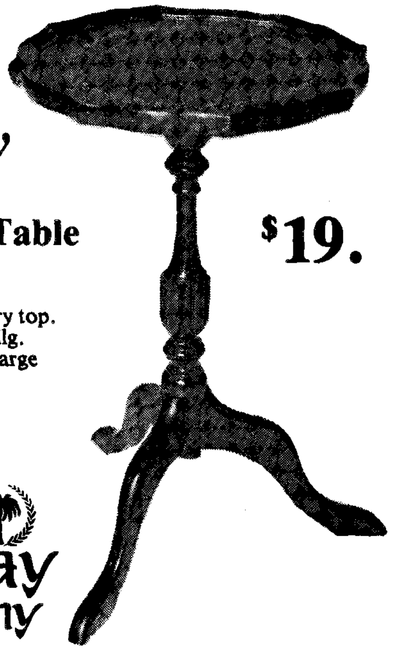
taking a fractious collection of syndicalists and armchair Marxists and Social Democrats and sitting out their quarrels. They expected him to be *habile*—but not so *habile*. By putting four Communists in his Cabinet, which is the one place where they cannot abuse him, he seems to have left their Party secretary-general, Georges Marchais, with almost no influence in the government—and with not much more among his own comrades. (A friend just back from Budapest says that the new political joke in Hungary goes like this: "What's the difference between the French government and the Hungarian government?" "There are Communists in the French government.") Mitterrand seems to have comforted Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, by being anti-Soviet and pro-Israel and fairly discreet, so far, on the subject of neutron bombs. He has gone to Yorktown to celebrate the last battle of the American Revolution. He is planning to offer angry American investors important premiums for the stock they hold in companies he wants to nationalize. American diplomats here seem to like him, though they complain that he is almost studiously naive about economics. It is mainly the French who voted for him who find him puzzling or alarming or disappointing or a little suspect.

Le Monde, in one particularly rapturous "review" of the new President, spoke of "his face . . . full of majesty, a Roman emperor's head"—an unfortunate reference, perhaps, for a Socialist, but one that Mitterrand seems to cultivate. He is working his audience. The French want the best of all their traditions—they want a *republican* emperor, a down-home Charlemagne, a Napoleon with a *doctorat ès lettres* and a social program—and Mitterrand has obliged them. He is measured, rational, severe. He talks about the *force de frappe* with the same merciless sincerity with which he talks about having a tragic vision of history. He puts his party's quarrels to his own court uses. He has taken the most *gemütlich* Socialist in France, Pierre Mauroy, out of the *mairie* in Lille and installed him in the Hôtel de Matignon as Prime Minister. His only serious rival in the Party, Michel Rocard, is anxious and vulnerable now as the new Minister of Planning. Mitterrand's Cabinet includes moderate and practiced politicians like Jacques Delors, the Minister of Finance, and testy radicals like Jean-Pierre Chevènement, from the



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Centre d'Études de Recherche et d'Éducation Socialiste, who is now Minister of Research and Technology. The most important Communist in that Cabinet, Charles Fiterman, is Minister of Transportation, with nothing more "political" on his docket than the abolition of first-class carriages on the Paris Métro. Régis Debray, the journalist who fought for Che Guevara in Bolivia and spent three years in a Bolivian prison because of it, is now the *chargé de mission* for Third World affairs. Mitterrand, in fact, has made himself a kind of writers' President. One of his first Presidential gestures was to promise French citizenship to Julio Cortázar and Milan Kundera, who have been living in France for years. Arthur Miller, William Styron, Elie Wiesel, Carlos Fuentes, Yashar Kemal, and Gabriel García Márquez—someone for everyone, people said—were flown to the inauguration as Mitterand's special guests, and wondered why, and were much written about as "*les écrivains du président*."

THE most heated arguments in Paris this past month have not been about whether to nationalize foreign subsidiaries of French banks; they have been about whether Jack Lang, the new Minister of Culture, was right in refusing to go to the Festival du Cinéma Américain at Deauville because it promoted the interests of American movie companies instead of French ones. Lang was the founder and for years the director of the Nancy Festival, a job he quit to become a kind of full-time impresario for the Socialist Party, and he was largely responsible for introducing the French to avant-garde American theatre. He is aggressive, ambitious, and excited (a kind of French Joe Papp). The minister with the darkest sunglasses, someone called him. There was no reason for him to go to Deauville. The festival was in fact a promotion, with starlets shivering in bikinis on a beach that regularly washes in the pollution slick from Le Havre harbor, and with tributes to Arthur Penn and Joseph Mankiewicz and a Sean Connery retrospective. And Deauville itself is outspokenly *ancien-régime:* Anne d'Ornano, its mayor and the festival's official hostess, is the wife of Michel d'Ornano, an old Giscardien minister and *promoteur*, who was its former mayor. Lang went to Aubusson instead, to open an exhibition of carpets. But he kept on talking about Deauville: "It would be para-

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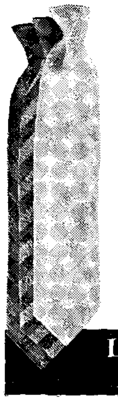

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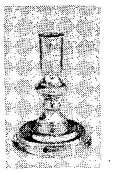

doxical for a French Minister of Culture to attend a festival promoting American films when he has not yet done anything on behalf of French films. . . . It would be an anomaly for the government to go there and lend its support to an industry already influential and powerful." And then he started complaining. He said that last year a hundred and thirty-five American movies and only two hundred and one French movies were distributed here. He said that, on the other hand, barely one per cent of all the movies that Americans see come from Europe. He had great enthusiasm for American culture, he said. It was imperialism that disturbed him.

Deauville was a Pandora's box for the government. Mitterrand immediately dispatched Jacques Attali, his special adviser on economic affairs, to Deauville's windy, gritty esplanade, where Attali and his pretty bride posed for pictures and tried their best to prove conclusively that Mitterrand loved America and all things American. But back in Paris people were already arguing about the political uses of contempt for American influences, about a kind of cultural terrorism that a lot of their politicians are now practicing—in short, about easy, isolating, calculated appeals to the national vanity in hard times. The *nouveau nationalisme*, it is called. Scientists at the big institutes, worried about the implications of this sort of ethnic fundamentalism in fields like biology and mathematics, started publicly asking what the Minister of Research and Technology had meant in a long memorandum he sent out last month instructing them in their duties to a new French scholarship. English-language scientific journals in the country may well lose their funding, and there have been rumors that, just as Jack Lang was going to free French art from the imperialists, Jean-Pierre Chevènement is going to abolish English, which has been the lingua franca of European scientists, from French scientific journals, and print French scientific data exclusively in French. *Le Monde*, in the meantime, started running reflections on the national culture—the most memorable to date being a piece of invective called "Le Poison Américain," wherein an actor named Gérard Blain, who had been to Hollywood once and evidently not made friends there, accused Steven Spielberg and George Lucas of a plot to crush France, and compared Paris during the première of "Raiders of the Lost

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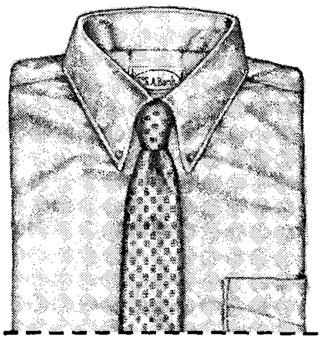

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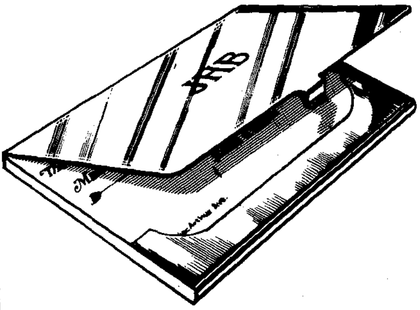

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Ark" to Nagasaki and Hiroshima with the bombs falling.

JEAN BAUDRILLARD, the sociologist, wrote an article about Mitterrand and his government in the newspaper *Libération* a couple of weeks ago. It was called "L'Extase du Socialisme," and in it Baudrillard suggested that socialism in France today was a kind of "gigantic special effect," that it had more to do with the mournful ecstasy on Mitterrand's face in the Panthéon crypt—with the aesthetic and moral imagination of people here—than with any concrete ideology or concrete consequences, and that a true left, in fact, no longer existed in France, and hadn't for a long time.

I tried this out on Mme. Gonçalves, turning Baudrillard as best I could into the French-Portuguese patois that is *our* lingua franca—though Mme. Gonçalves is not too sure anymore which of the words we use are French and which are Portuguese. Her mouth was full of pins, and she could only shake her head and point to the pins—which I took to mean that all politics was a mouthful, and then that all writing about politics was a mouthful, and finally that a mouthful of pins at least helped earn money to pay the corner laundry, where prices went up the day the Finance Minister announced his six-month price control on services, and where anybody who complains gets his laundry back with a few socks missing, or perhaps a towel.

—JANE KRAMER

•

As the author lists what seemed to him to be needless security breeches, the reader begins to get caught up in the tension. —*Adv. from the Naval Institute Press in the Times Book Review.*

They're sort of like chastity belts.

•

A recipe for trifle in the Dining in Toronto column in yesterday's Shopping Basket should have called for four to eight ounces of sweet sherry, not 48.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Too laet.

•

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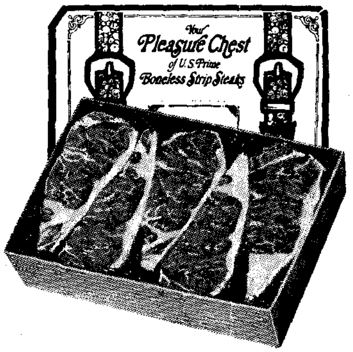

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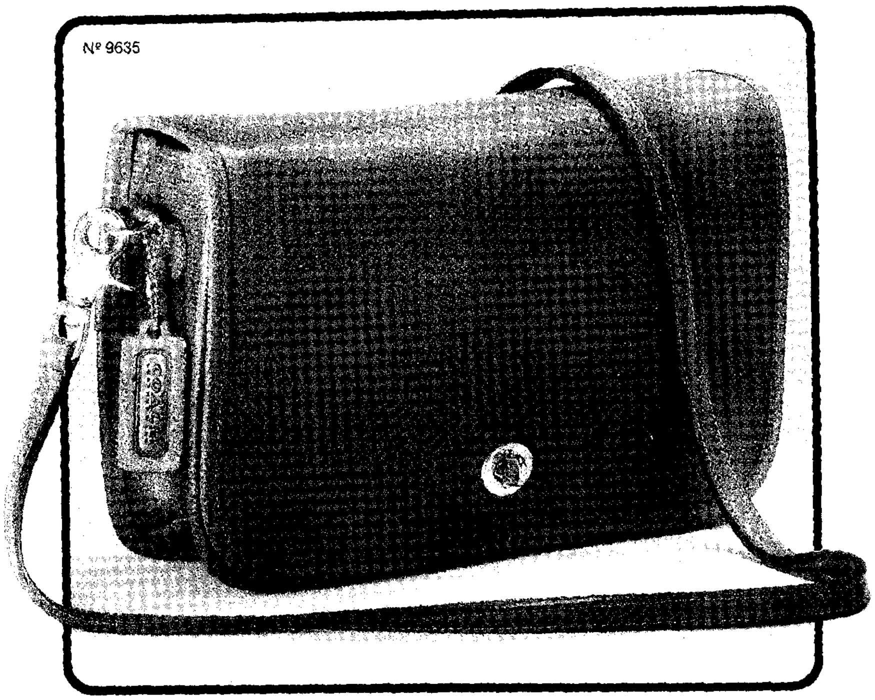

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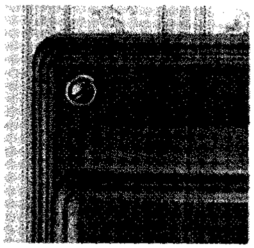

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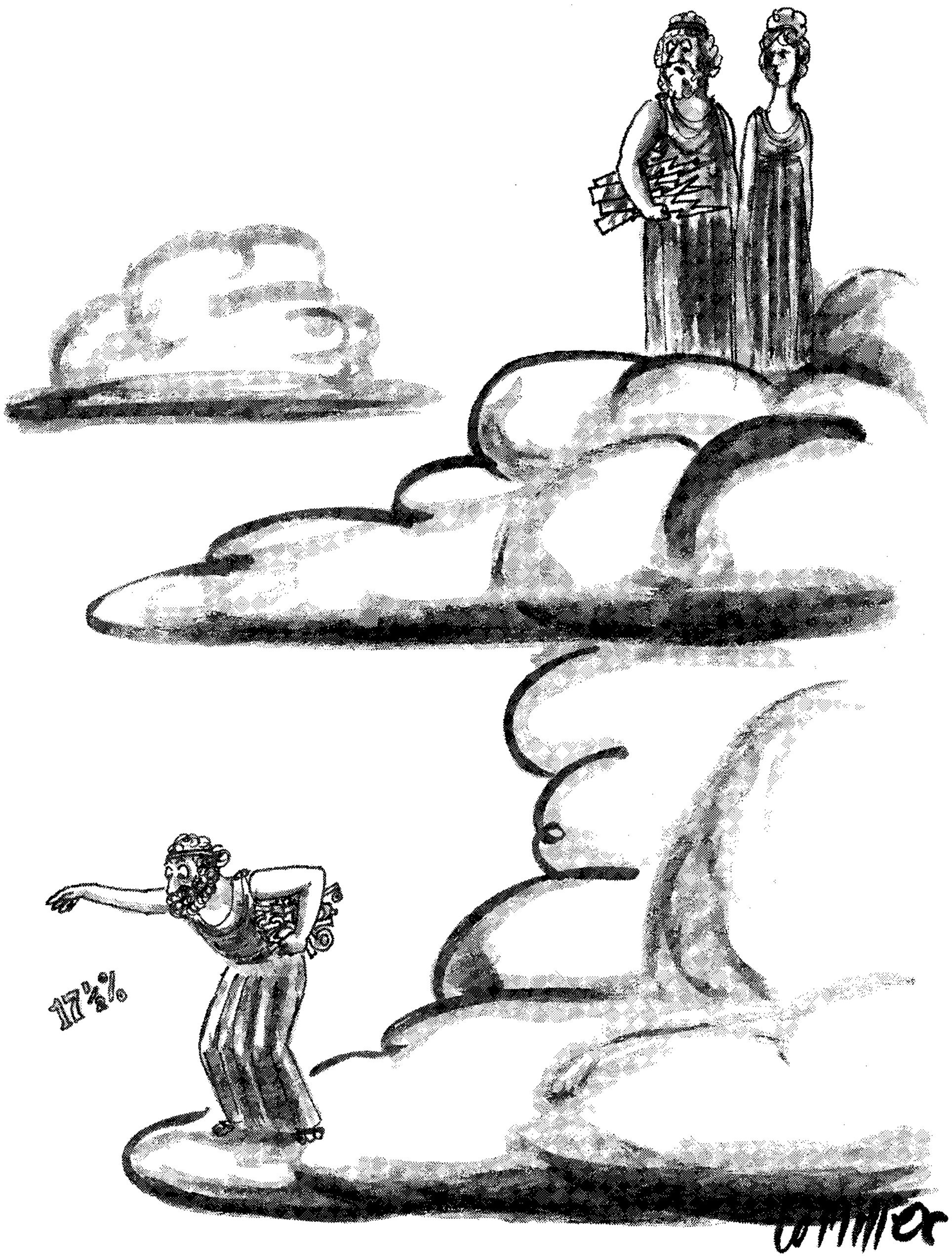
BOOKS

Updike

THE key to the latest of John Updike's "Rabbit" novels—"Rabbit Is Rich" (Knopf; $13.95)—is in the last phrase of this opening passage:

> Running out of gas, Rabbit Angstrom thinks as he stands behind the summer-dusty windows of the Springer Motors display room watching the traffic go by on Route 111, traffic somehow thin and scared compared to what it used to be. The f—— world is running out of gas. But they won't catch him, not yet, because there isn't a piece of junk on the road gets better mileage than his Toyotas, with lower service costs. Read *Consumer Reports,* April issue. That's all he has to tell the people when they come in. And come in they do, the people out there are getting frantic, they know the great American ride is ending.

We don't suppose Rabbit is all that rich—not as rich as the old Pennsylvania mineowners were—but as a lower-middle-class citizen of the shrewd kind he has done pretty well, marrying the boss's daughter, in the manner of the industrious apprentice. In a beautiful scene of furtive comedy, we see him buying Krugerrands. Still, there is alarm in that last phrase of his. It contains something like a metaphysical message. Huck Finn's classic American dream of "lighting out for the territory"—into whatever wilderness of contemporary *mœurs,* or even of the spirit, one likes to think of—is done for. That "ride" as pure escape set the pace in the first of the "Rabbit" novels, when Harry Angstrom swung impulsively onto the highway, heading south, away from Janice, his tippling, muddling "mutt" of a wife. He is dragged back by news of tragedy at home: befuddled, she had drowned her baby, as we read in Updike's carefully documented account of the awful physical conditions of the case. If Rabbit was guilty by association, he had at any rate left her a car, that secondary sexual organ of our contemporary life. In "Rabbit Redux," he was reduced to guilty matrimony, and it was Janice who lit out—with Stavros, his Greek assistant—and with even more appalling results. That volume seems to me the most impressive of the chronicle: it had Thomas Hardy-like items in it. In the present one, it is Rabbit's son who lights out—of college, to accuse the forty-six-year-old father he loves and hates. Here Updike's difficulty is to find a means of insinuating the sins of the past without recapitulating them and to make the novel something more than a job of clearing up. All his astonishing technical virtuosity as a poet, chronicler, moralist, and storyteller is called for. I detect some change of tone, but he has at any rate escaped the journalistic telegraphese that ruined, say, the later "Forsyte" and other sagas. And if "Rabbit Is Rich" is in danger of becoming an essay in latter-day Babbittry, the author does fill out a man ashamed of his shamelessness; Rabbit is shown puzzled by his inescapable Puritan guilts, and relieved by bursts of rancor. As a onetime basketball hero, he has not much more in his head than the ethos of the "achiever": you must "win." Beyond that, he is so cloudy in mind that he never really knows whether, morally speaking, he is lighting out or lighting back. Some critics have called him a monster, but he is far from that. Even in his tiresome sexual obsession he is excusable, having come to sex later than the young do today. He is really a deedy infant, and moderately decent: he'd like to learn. If he doesn't quite know how to love his wife, he is sentimentally protective; in the common love-hate between father and son, he is honest, though his methods are risky. The son swings between thinking of his father as a murderer of a



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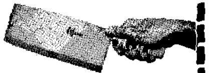

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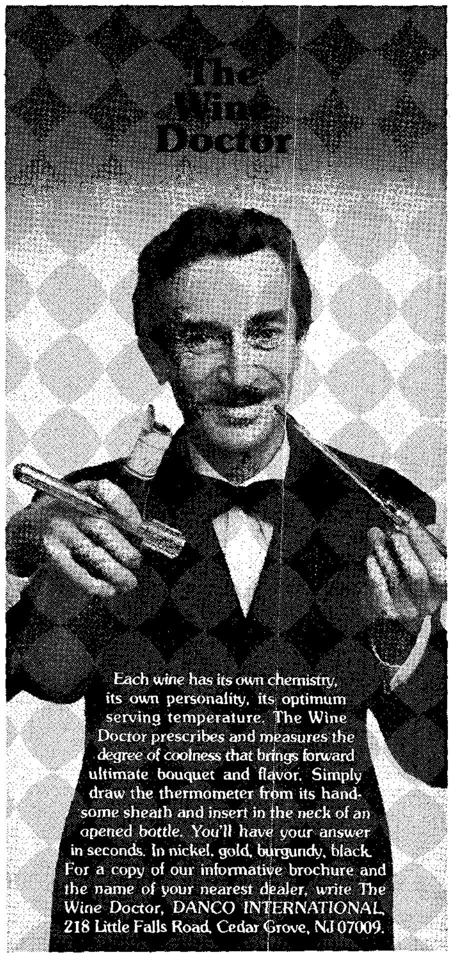
baby and a wacky girl (but by default) and thinking of him as a comforting shadow. The curse of the cult of "achievement" has its misleading aspects.

If we look first of all at Updike as a chronicler, we have to say that he was dead right in choosing the minor provincial city of Brewer, Pennsylvania, and putting Rabbit into the motor trade. That trade is the source of inner-city decay. This kind of ad-hoc city has become international; horrible world news pours in via "the boob tube," and adds new fantasies to what one has to call the "ongoing" private stream of domestic consciousness—one recalls that in Joyce, to whom Updike has a debt, that stream mainly flowed back. The next element is native American, even though it has spread: television's real contribution to the mind comes from the Things in the commercials, with their awful jollities. Updike has the extraordinary gift of making the paraphernalia of, say, the Sears, Roebuck catalogue sound like a chant from the Book of Psalms turned into vaudeville. Industrialized society consumes and worships what can be bought. As Henry James once told us, "the shopping" is in the blood. Updike knows, for example, every gadget in a car, from the engine to the coachwork, even to the point of giving us the useful information that it is not easy to perform the act of lust on vinyl seating.

It has always seemed to me that in his preoccupation with the stillness of domestic objects Updike is a descendant, in writing, of the Dutch genre painters, to whom everything in a house, in nature, or in human posture had the gleam of usage on it without which a deeply domestic culture could not survive its own boredom. The stress on paraphernalia, even the label on the product, has put something vivid into American comic writers as well as the serious moralists. By extension, the clothes and underclothes of people, the parts of their bodies—heads, faces, ears, noses, legs, arms, hands, toes, complexions, and the hungrier organs—are minutely noted. (Rabbit's son is upset because his wife has one nostril larger than the other.) I don't mean that these things are catalogued by Updike; they simply give the ripple of balladlike vividness to the stream of consciousness. If downtown Brewer looks as if it had been bombed by its loving inhabitants, Updike is as exact as a war artist who rises far above the documentary and



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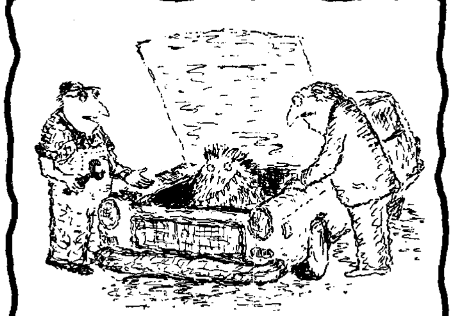

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the unfelt. Like Eliot, he is moved by the waste land. Where Sinclair Lewis's clutter of mind and matter pushed at us the brutalized pathos of accepted vulgarities, Updike is a poet. He loves words and images. If his sexual curiosity runs to the clinical, he relieves us with gnomic sentences; perhaps the closeups of sex, the private porn, are "a kind of penance at your root." There is a preacher inside him who says that if "anything goes," there is a price, which, for some unfair reason, a Mediterranean like Stavros never has to pay; unlike the Puritan Rabbit, and knowing he will die, Stavros has a "superior grip upon the basic elements of life." If he is compelled in his pursuit of pleasure, he knows how to give it; in bed, he loves a distracting chat and the small talk of the affections, the fun of taking sex as a friendship, not a climax. He has the old Greek sense that "nothing too much" lasts longest. This is what charms Rabbit's wife.

One sees the ex-athlete Rabbit closer to his particular norm as he takes up jogging when that absurd craze comes to the health-clowns of Brewer. Updike is the poet of physical action:

> [Rabbit] begins to run. In the woods, along the old logging roads and bridle trails, he ponderously speeds in tennis shoes first, orange with clay dust, and then in gold-and-blue Nikes bought at a sporting goods shop in Stroudsburg especially for this, running shoes with tipped-up soles at toe and heel, soles whose resilient circlets like flattened cleats lift him powerfully as, growing lighter and quicker and quieter, he runs.

The onetime athletic Puritan is all conscious of the "murderous burden swaddled about his heart and lungs" in the early days of these desperate bids for immortality. He experiences fanaticism about his body but eventually finds himself "casting his mind wide" and becomes aware of the country, and, indeed, more:

> There is along the way an open space, once a meadow, now spiked with cedars and tassel-headed weeds, where swallows dip and careen, snapping up insects revived in the evening damp. Like these swallows Rabbit, the blue and gold of his new shoes flickering, skims, above the earth, above the dead. The dead stare upwards. Mom and Pop are lying together again as for so many years on that swaybacked bed they'd bought second-hand during the Depression and never got around to replacing though it squeaked like a tricycle left out in the rain and was so short Pop's feet stuck out of the covers. Papery-white feet that got mottled and marbled with veins finally: if he'd ever have exercised he might have lived

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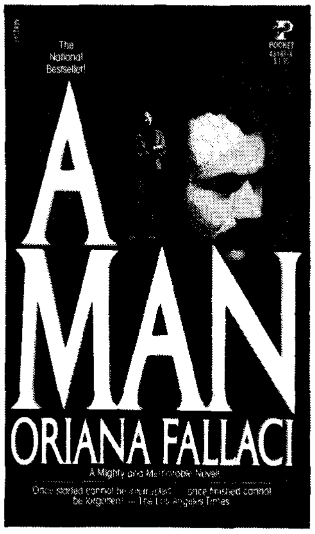
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> longer. Tothero [the sports coach] down there is all eyes, eyes big as saucers staring out of his lopsided head while his swollen tongue hunts for a word. Fred Springer, who put Harry where he is, eggs him on, hunched over and grimacing like a man with a poker hand so good it hurts. Skeeter, that that newspaper clipping claimed had fired upon the Philly cops first even though there were twenty of them in the yard and hallways and only some pregnant mothers and children on the commune premises, Skeeter black as the earth turns his face away.

(Skeeter we remember as the mixture of Negro religion and conspiracy, on the run in "Rabbit Redux"—the one profoundly tragic character in that book.)

Rabbit is running silent as an Indian when he gets onto the pine needles of the woods:

> Becky [his drowned baby], a mere seed laid to rest, and Jill [burned to death in a fire], a pale seedling held from the sun, hang in the earth, he imagines, like stars, and beyond them are myriads, whole races like the Cambodians, that have drifted into death. He is treading on them all, they are resilient, they are cheering him on, his lungs are burning, his heart hurts, he is a membrane removed from the hosts below, their filaments caress his ankles, he loves the earth, he will never die.

He gets home, and his wife says, "For heaven's sakes. What are you training for?" He says the thing is to press against your limitations. "It's now or never. There's people out to get me. I can lie down now. Or fight." And when she asks who is trying to get him, he says, "You should know"—it's that damn son of theirs. "You hatched him." She is an incompetent woman, who can't shop, cook, or keep a house even fairly clean, and he does not know whether he loves her or not, but he'll never leave her. I quote these long passages because they are examples of Updike's mastery of allusive narrative, which mingles past guilts and mistakes with the going world of the present.

In this volume, we realize that the women, even when they are victims, are stronger than Rabbit is, for a reason he somehow stumbles on. Men are solitaries and egotists; foolish or not, they see themselves as born to be alone. The women are not solitaries. Their strength lies in their capacity for assimilating personal relationships, in living for the primacy of family and accepting its hierarchies. Rabbit may earn the money, out of compulsion; the women control the capital, real or emotional. They live by arrangements among themselves and never forget a nourishing jealousy.

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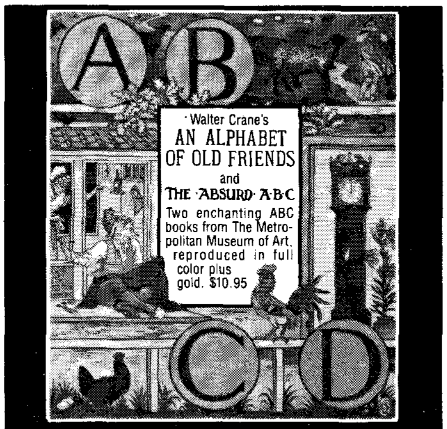
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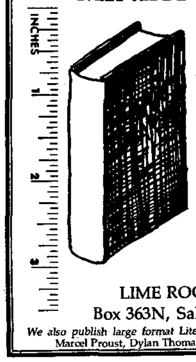
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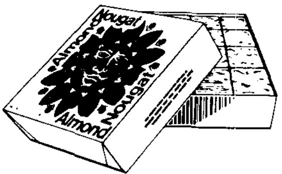
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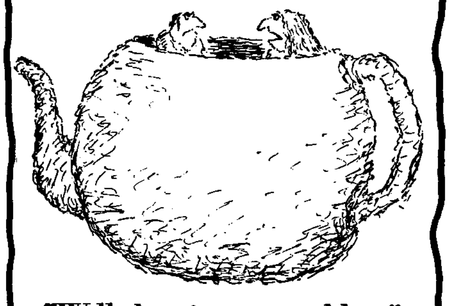
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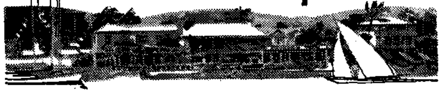

The two earlier novels had a tight, dramatic tension. In the present one, the tension is looser, because the elders are getting fat and middle-aged, but there is the new drama of the puzzled father and the son who too much resembles him. The "four o'clock garbage" of television still filters in from the outside world. There is comedy: the scene with the "broad-minded" young minister who is called in to marry the unbelieving young people in church. The son is ashamed among his shacking-up friends, who are often high on pot or beer, for weakly marrying a girl merely because she is pregnant by him. Worse, she is not a student from the college he has dropped out of but is a mere secretary—loss of group caste there. But she is strong enough to call her young macho a "twerp," to have her baby, and to let her husband go back to college. He makes the startling discovery that since she has been obliged to cut education and work for her living, she is more grownup, more independent than his student friends. Among the young women, she is the fullest and most subtle portrait in the novel.

Janice, Rabbit's wife, in her devious way, grows stronger the more muddled she is. And, of course, Grandmother Springer, with her split-minded sentences, is the confident voice of Fate itself. But the clinching final incident is Rabbit's sentimental journey to see Ruth, the wronged woman of "Rabbit, Run." She belongs, in the American class system, to the stoical, rural, hard-tongued poor. Rabbit burns to know, in his shamefaced sexy way, whether she bore him a daughter or whether she had an abortion. He hints at putting his hand in his pocket. With the mastery of the Sphinx, she evades telling him. Or, indeed, us. This scene has the wit of a

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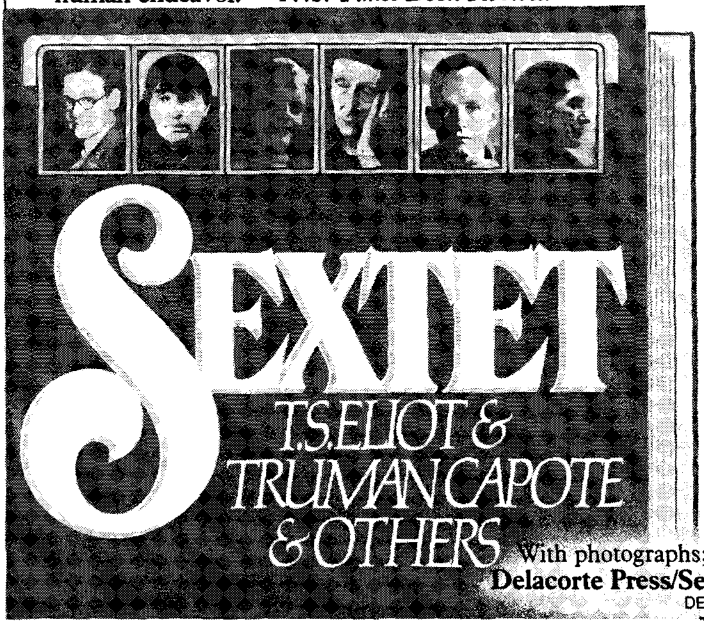

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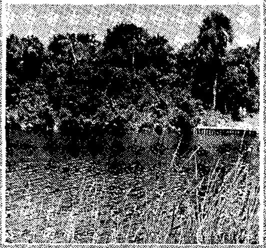

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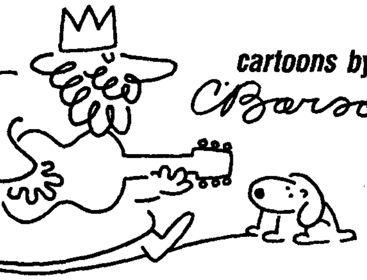

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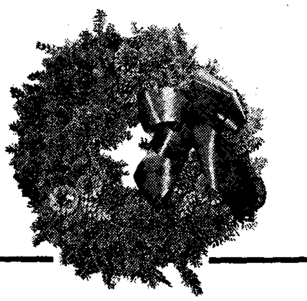

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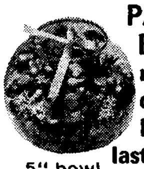

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Molière comedy. She tells him, quietly, that her dead husband was the best father her children could have had and more of a man than Rabbit could hope to be. She had been a used woman, but she had known, in her grim way, how to become unused. In the meantime, the middle-aged friends of Rabbit have drifted into the pricey hedonism of trying to copy the young. They drink rather too much. There is a muddled wife-swapping holiday for these "oldies" in the Caribbean in which the women put their heads together and see that Rabbit, especially, does not get the partner he had hoped for. After this, the porn magazines lose their spell; the elders return making moral grimaces. A phrase about shadows falling—they "sneak in like burglars"—evokes the emotional experience of so many of the inhabitants of Brewer.

There is nothing in this volume as searing as the Skeeter episode in "Rabbit Redux," but that in fact enhances the conviction that these three books of Updike's are a monumental portrayal of provincial and domestic manners. He is both poet and historian, so various in observation and so truthful, so inventive and adept, that he leaves one brooding on his scene and remembering his epithets. —V. S. PRITCHETT

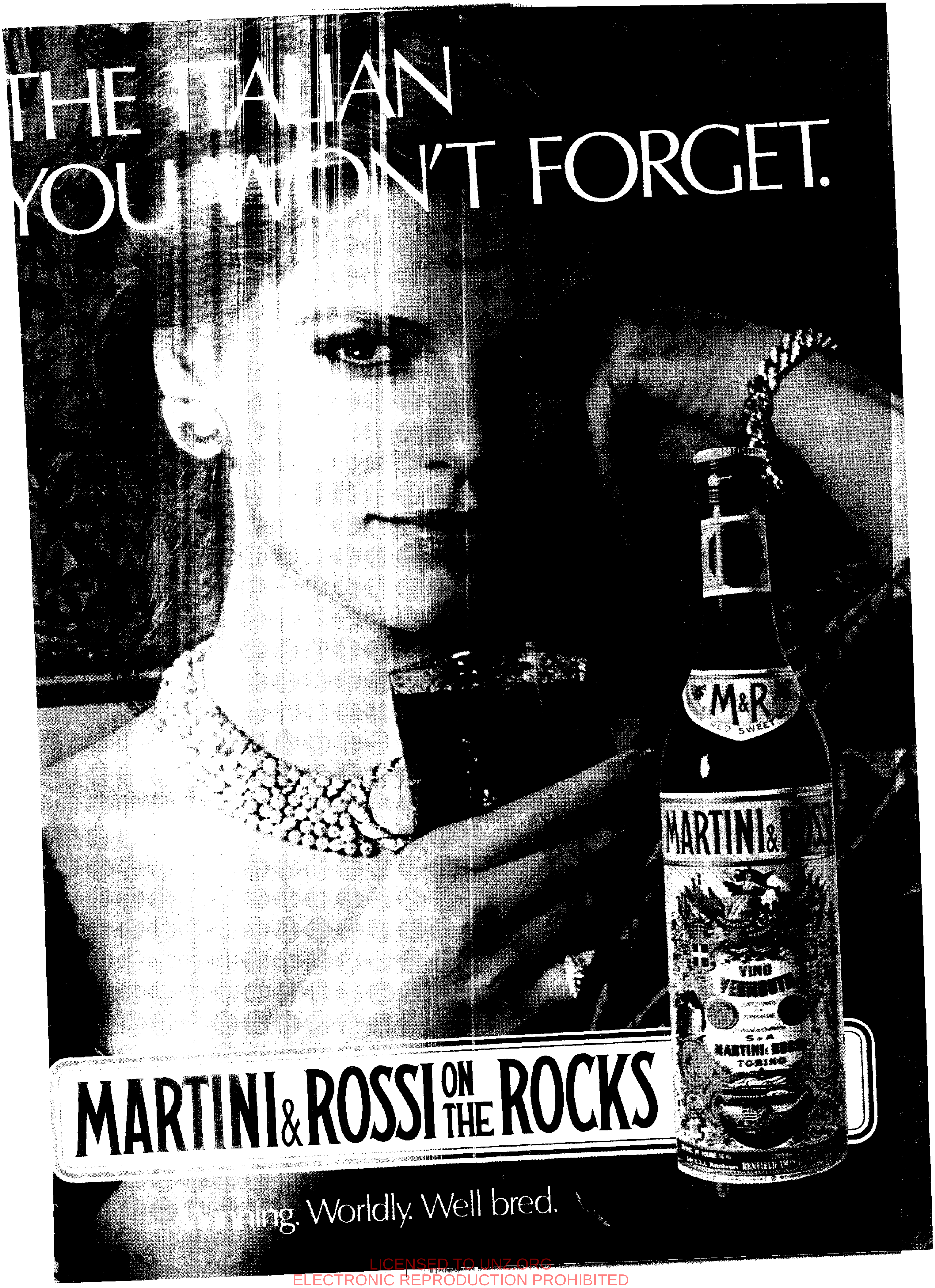
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOOK OF LIGHTS, by Chaim Potok (Knopf; $13.50). In New York City in the early nineteen-fifties, a young rabbinical student named Gershon, studying at a non-Orthodox seminary, writes a paper that convinces one of his teachers that he is something special. Although he studies hard (more than can be said for his nervous, sardonic roommate, whose father was one of the nuclear physicists at Los Alamos), Gershon feels devoid of *éntheos*, or spiritual fire, but he proceeds with his study of the Cabala and completes a year of graduate work (he is the first recipient of a scholarship donated to the seminary by his roommate's father) before being drafted to serve as a chaplain in Korea, at the end of the war. To his surprise, Gershon is competent and popular in the job of maintaining the dietary practices and the calendar of rituals (not to mention the morale) of thousands of Jewish troops. He also experiences *éntheos*, and is visited regularly by visions of his teachers. Then his former roommate, burdened with guilt for his father's part in the bombing of Hiroshima, joins him, and they make a pilgrimage to Japan and try to come to terms with a world untouched by Judaic beliefs but devastated by Western science. A spare and graceful novel; the exotic setting makes Gershon an increasingly interesting character—surprising himself and also the reader, who expects him to be as gloomy and ponderous as the heroes of Mr. Potok's previous novels.

EASY TRAVEL TO OTHER PLANETS, by Ted Mooney (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95). A dolphin loves—seduces, in fact—a young marine biologist named Melissa, who loves the dolphin, but who also loves, or at least needs and is needed by, a number of fellow human beings: her mother, who is dying of cancer; her lover, an ex-architect who is as wary as his twin brother is rowdy; her best woman friend; and her boss, a scientist, who needs her to stretch the dolphin's mental powers and make them more comprehensible. There is a touch of science fiction here, obviously, and also of political satire: the time is the near future, an international squabble in Antarctica is about to erupt into nuclear war, and the United States has been struck by an epidemic of "information sickness," for which television news is largely to blame. The planets of the title are (at least in one sense) the private lives—the memories, the dreams, the hopes—of the dolphin and of Melissa's friends. These lives become increasingly accessible to her as her imagination expands; she must decide which planets she will abandon and which one she will make her home. Mr. Mooney, whose first novel this is, is a deft and wily writer; his descriptions of how a dolphin may think (it would have 9,017 names for the taste of water) and how it sometimes sounds ("like a cocktail party heard through wax paper") are matched by his sense of how human communication can bound and rebound beyond words.

CAKEWALK, by Lee Smith (Putnam; $12.95). The cheerful jacket of this uneven collection of stories is a checkerboard pattern of fancy cloth patches decorated with pretty appliqués—a rocking chair, a beach umbrella, a jug and a rolling pin, a lipstick and an atomizer—suggestive of old-fashioned pastimes and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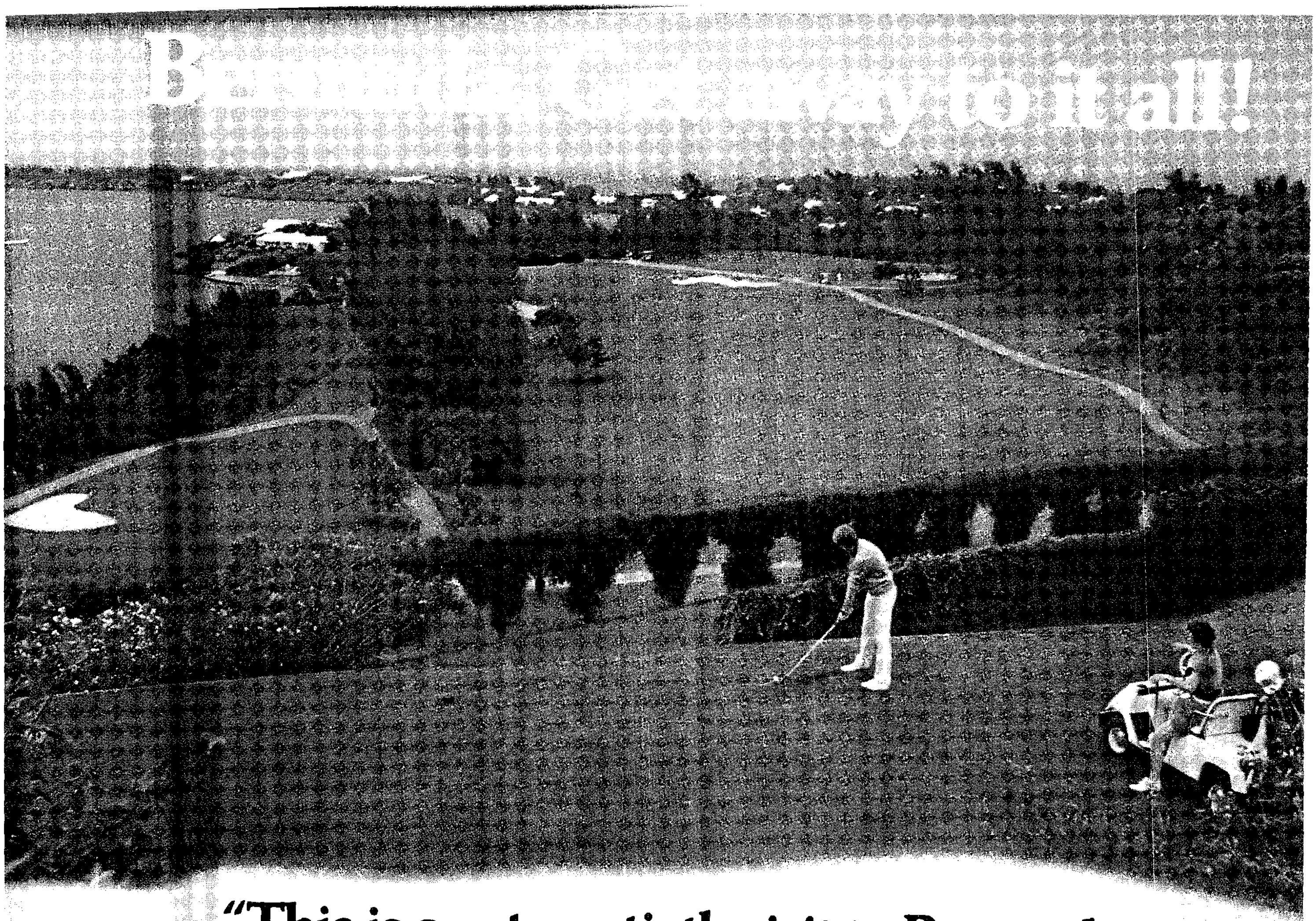

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special occasions. Most of the stories, however, are examples of nineteen-seventies Realism, Southern School, featuring petty, almost pitiful middle-aged women who dress in floral pants suits and protect their furniture with see-through plastic covers, or young ones who drink tequila out of coffee cups and let their boyfriends bully them. Happily for the reader, a few of the stories describe an earlier era, when cotton dresses, rose gardens, cakes baked from scratch, elegant dining rooms, and cool verandas were commonplace—all recalled by a bright woman who has been blessed with plenty of curiosity and just the right portion of nostalgia.

GENERAL

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by Michael Ross (David & Charles; $25). With the aid of assistants, collaborators, and researchers, Dumas *père* (1802-70) was the most prolific writer of whom we have record—the works we now know, such as "The Three Musketeers," are but a tithe of his output. Mr. Ross emphasizes that Dumas's contribution to this team effort invariably made the difference: few of his associates succeeded on their own. His considerable ability to make fortunes was, however, outstripped by his ability to spend them: he was extravagant, generous, and impulsive. In 1860, for example, he bought a ship, intending to cruise the Mediterranean and then cross the Atlantic, but instead he joined Garibaldi in overthrowing the Bourbons of Naples. Dumas *fils*, one of Dumas's several children by various mothers (he supported everybody) and the author of "The Lady of the Camellias," regularly attempted to persuade his father to become respectable, and regularly failed. The old man's vitality and flamboyance lasted until just before his death, which ended a life as entertaining as his work.

TRANSCENDENTAL WILD OATS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE FRUITLANDS DIARY, by Louisa May Alcott (Harvard Common Press; $8.95). In 1843, when Louisa May was ten, her father, Bronson Alcott, moved the family to a commune, Fruitlands, which he founded with an English admirer, Charles Lane. The scheme was too impractical in its ascetic demands, its ignorance of practical agriculture, and its disregard for the problems of personality that arise in group living. In the end, the community collapsed and the Alcotts were left more broke than usual. In 1873, when Louisa May had become a famous writer, she recorded this episode in a quasi-comic novella, "Transcendental Wild Oats," which is here reprinted, along with excerpts from her diary for the period. Together, they demonstrate nothing so clearly as her own toughness. Though the story chronicles, in half-jesting fashion, the stresses that the experiment imposed on the adults, her own ebullience was unaffected, and after lessons and household tasks she romped with her sisters. Her story's close suggests that she later understood that the failure of Fruitlands was a tragedy for her father but that she could not take him seriously.

RIGHTEOUS GENTILE, by John Bierman (Viking; $12.95). The story of Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish businessman who volunteered to go to Hungary in the last months of the war to save as many Jews as possible from deportation to Auschwitz. Until quite recently, his exploits were not widely known—how he faced down and, in the end, bested Adolf Eichmann, the S.S. logistician obsessively determined to deliver Hungary's eight hundred thousand Jews to the gas chambers before Germany's imminent defeat; how he saved tens of thousands of them by issuing them phony Swedish passports and certificates of citizenship. Wallenberg was still going about his rescue work in the streets of Budapest in January, 1945, when the Russians took the city. They quickly arrested him as a spy and packed him off to prison in Moscow. From then until now, no direct word has ever been had from Raoul Wallenberg. The Russians, after flatly denying that he had ever fallen into their hands, declared that he had died of a heart attack in Moscow's Lubianka Prison in 1947, but over the thirty-odd years since then many returning prisoners from the Gulag Archipelago have given convincing accounts of having either seen him or talked with him, and there is reason to believe that he is still alive. If so, he would be not quite seventy.

A PORTRAIT OF THE IRISH IN AMERICA, by William D. Griffin (Scribners; $30). A picture-and-text history of the Irish immigrations to these shores, which began in Colo-

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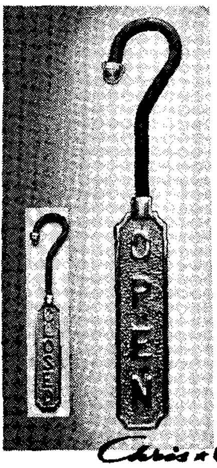

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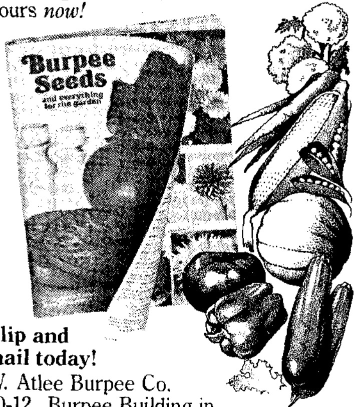
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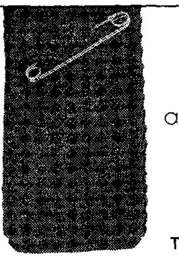

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nial times (eight Irishmen signed the Declaration of Independence) and swelled to a flood in the forty-odd years after the potato famine in the eighteen-forties. It is the pictures, which the author, a professor of history at St. John's University, selected, that bring this history to life and make for the book's distinction. These—which range from old prints of every description, drawings, and cartoons (mostly scurrilous) to photographs of Irish Civil War generals, prizefighters, ward heelers, authors, playwrights, and actors—are wonderful. One of the more arresting is a photograph, taken in 1896, of John F. Fitzgerald and Patrick J. Kennedy—the Kennedy grandfathers—side by side on horseback and dressed *comme il faut* for a foxhunt in Asheville, North Carolina.

NOTE: "Poems and Sketches of E. B. White," most of which were first printed in these pages, has been published by Harper & Row ($13.50). . . . "Whatever Is Moving," a collection of essays by Howard Moss, some of which originally appeared as book reviews in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Little, Brown ($15.95).

•

UNCOUTHNESS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

[*From Hansard, official report of the House of Lords*]

Baroness FISHER of REDNAL: . . . I am not one of those people who tend to talk in—

A noble Lord: Ho, ho!

Baroness FISHER of REDNAL: Was that very funny? I think I deserve an apology from the noble Lord.

Baroness BIRK: I do not know precisely what happened, but I think my noble friend deserves an apology.

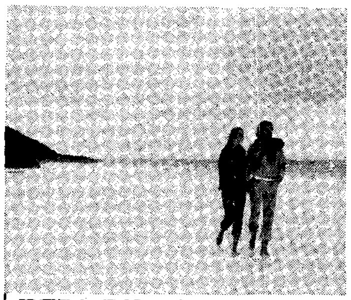
Several noble Lords: Who did it?

Baroness LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE: An apology has been asked for. It seems that none of us was quite clear what happened to cause my noble friend Lady Fisher to seek an apology, but if a noble Baroness asks for an apology for some sort of uncouth interruption in your Lordships' Committee, she is entitled to one.

Several noble Lords: Hear, hear!

Baroness LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE: I suggest that in the interests of the Committee, some sort of gesture from the Front Bench opposite is required. Nobody wants to make a fuss over this. There was what I repeat was an uncouth interruption. Would the noble Lord, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, out of his usual courtesy, make a move?

Lord MOWBRAY and STOURTON: I am extremely fond of the Opposition Chief Whip. I merely gave a horse-laugh at what I thought was a rather funny remark which the noble Baroness, Lady Fisher,



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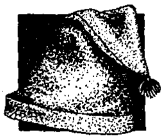

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made when she said she did not like to speak much.

Baroness LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE: I do not think that quite constitutes an apology. We just need a courteous acknowledgment that perhaps it was unfortunate to laugh so loudly.

Several noble Lords: Apologise!

Baroness LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE: I am sorry to go on about this, my Lords, but we really cannot go on until the matter is resolved. The noble Lord is the only Whip present on the Government Benches. He is the Deputy Chief Whip—

Lord MOWBRAY and STOURTON: I am not.

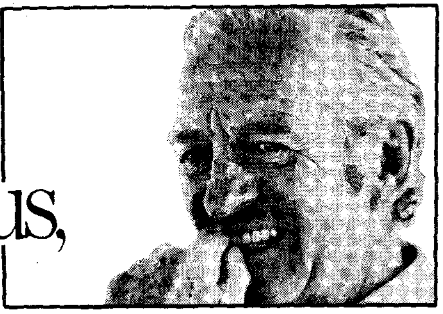
Baroness LLEWELYN-DAVIES of HASTOE: Whatever the noble Lord is, he is the only senior Whip present and it is up to him to keep the proceedings of the Committee going. My noble friend Lady Fisher is not a compulsive speaker and it was an uncouth thing to laugh so loudly when she said she did not like speaking much. We all know there are many compulsive speakers in your Lordships' House, but she is not one of them. It is extremely ungentlemanly, if I may say so, of the noble Lord, after all this pleading, not to get to his feet and say something courteous.

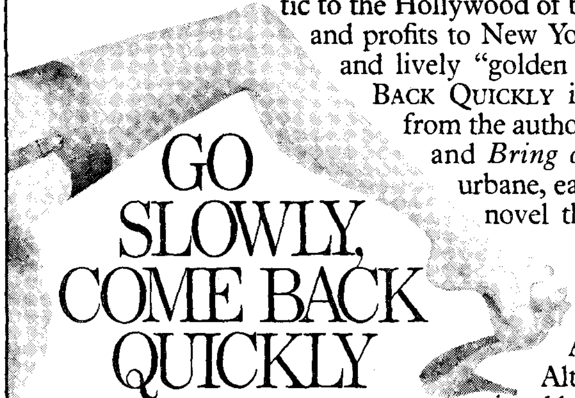
Lord BELLWIN: As one of the very newest Members of your Lordships' House, what has impressed me so much since I have been here is the fact that not only did everybody tell me that the people here were kind and considerate—which I have found to be absolutely true—and that the standard of debate was of the highest order—which I have also found to be the case. I was also told that the courtesies were, in the main, extremely generous all round, and that I have also found to be the case. The other arena from which one may come, and from which I come, is much more vigorous, in the sense that the interjection, the heckle aloud, and the interruption are part of the day-to-day routine. One has to go only a little way to the other place to hear an extreme example of that, if I may say so without being discourteous.

The noble Baroness, Lady Fisher, was undoubtedly interrupted in the middle of what she was saying. I am not sure by what and I am not certain that even my noble friend Lord Mowbray and Stourton is sure what it was. But whatever it was or was not, I am sure it was not meant to be offensive in any way. Maybe there was a moment of astonishment at a remark made, perhaps expressed in an over-exuberant form—whatever it may have been—but it is not for me to speak for my noble friend, who is quite capable of doing so far better than I, with all his years of experience in your Lordships' House. It seems to me that as we always have such a good understanding and mutual courtesy, one wants that always to continue. I am sure that nothing was meant of a nature which would disturb that very high standard, and I hope the noble Baroness, Lady Fisher, may feel able to continue her speech.

Lord MOWBRAY and STOURTON: Before the noble Baroness, Lady Fisher, continues, let me say to her straight away that she was rather like one of those people who ask for the answer "Yes"—and she got a sort of horse-laugh from me. In any event, I apologise if I upset her.

Several noble Lords: Hear, hear!





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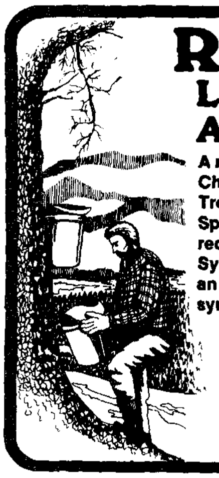

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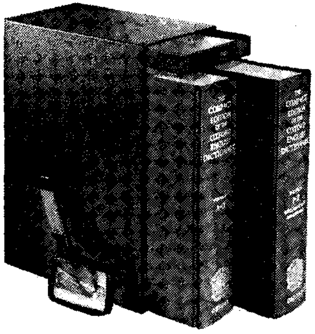

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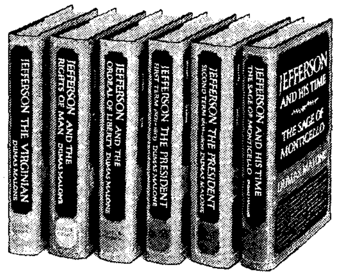

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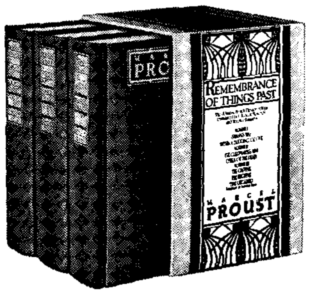

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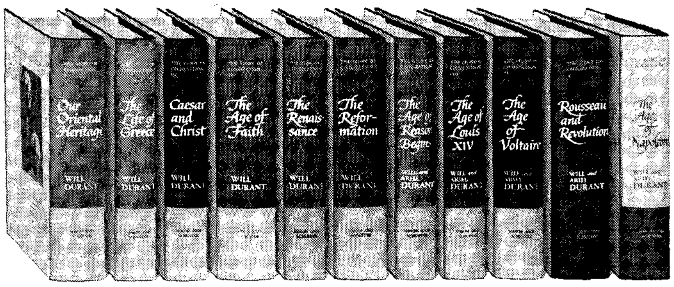

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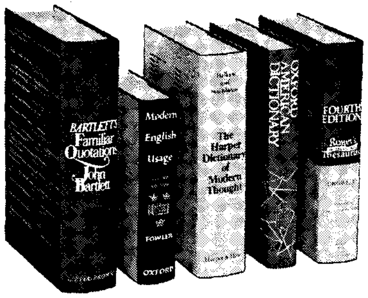

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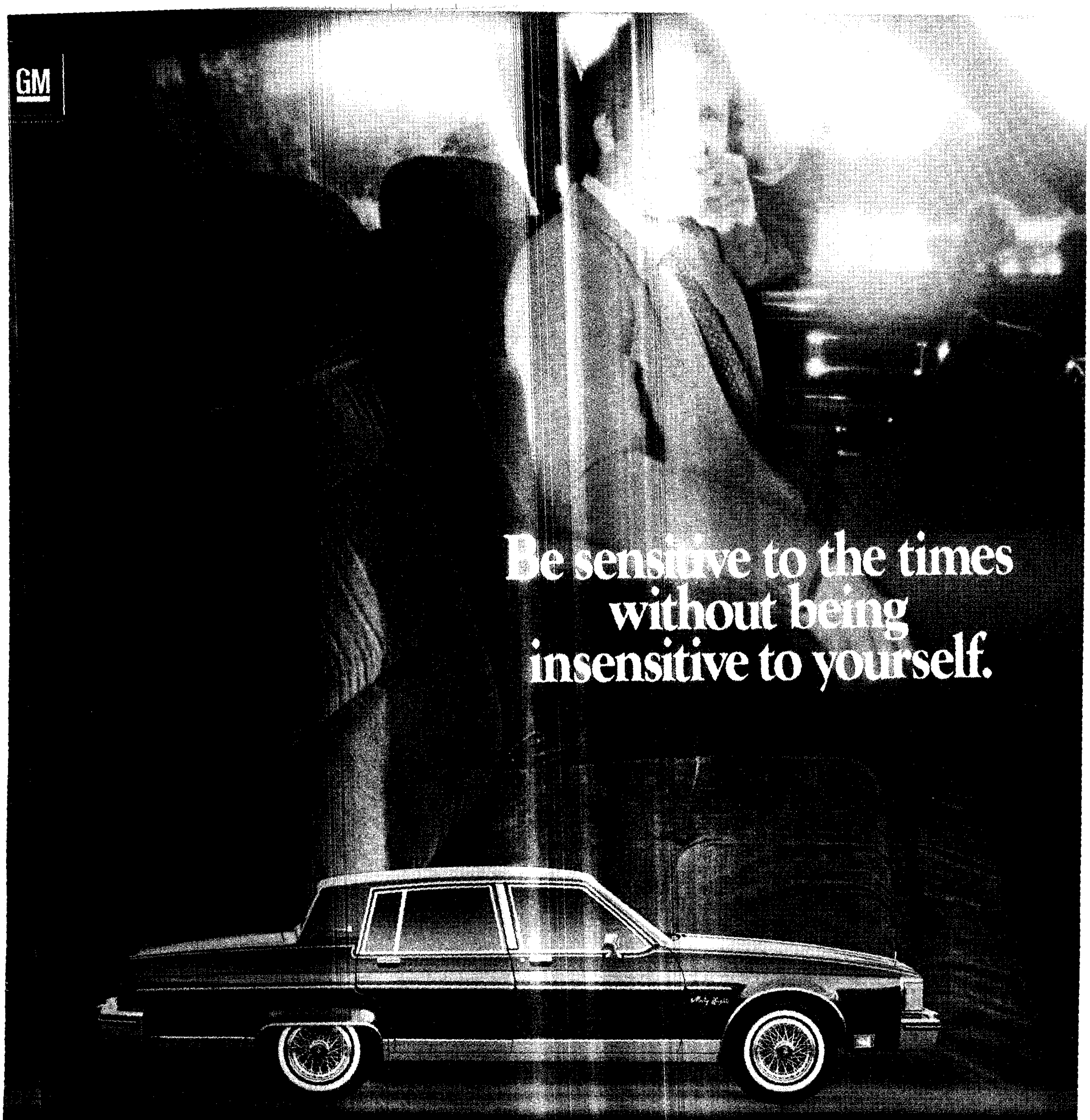
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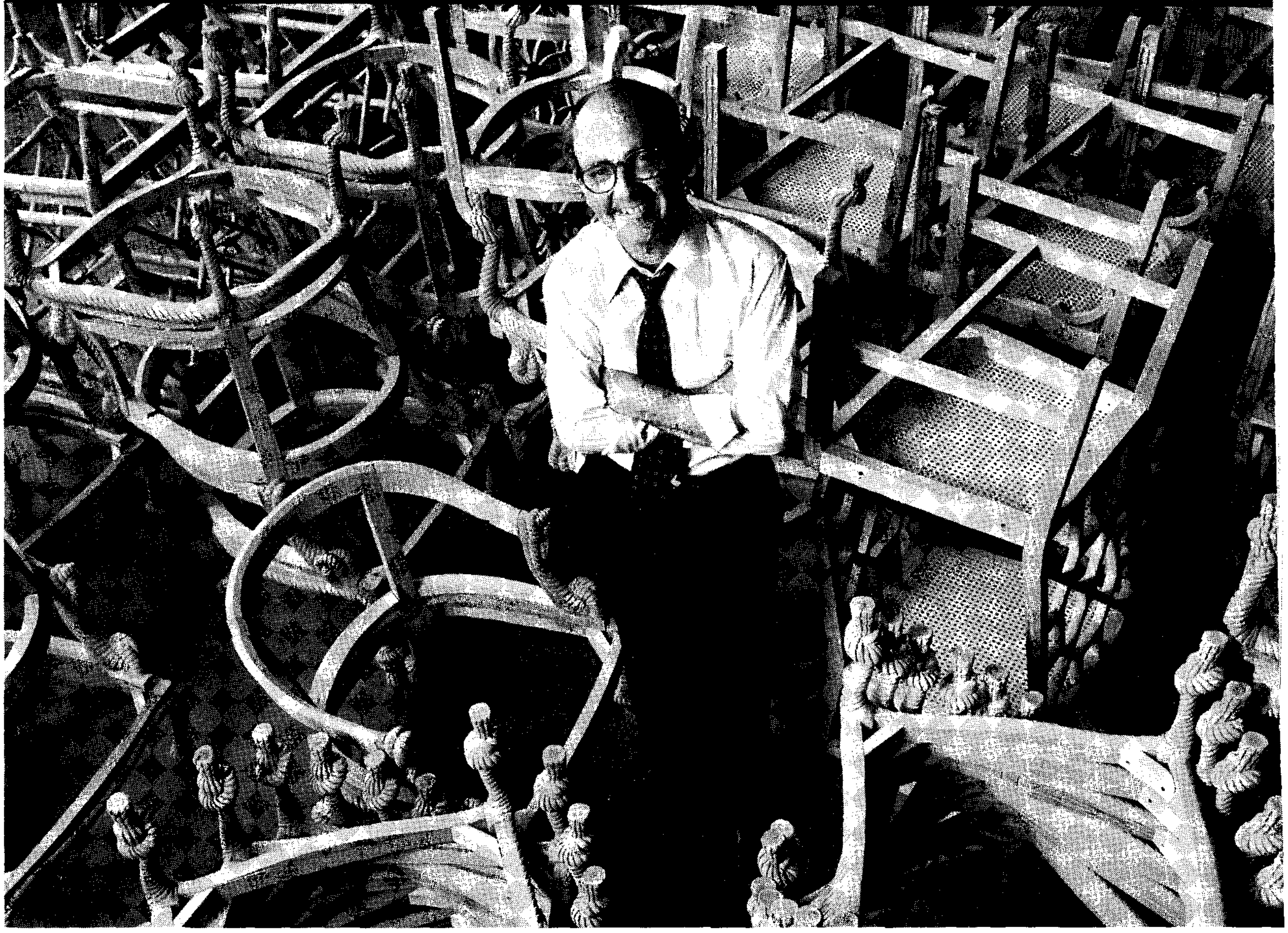

J. PHILLIPS L. JOHNSTON

BORN: Memphis, Tennessee, 1940.

HOME: High Point, North Carolina.

OCCUPATION: Maverick small-business entrepreneur.

CURRENT POSITION: President and Chief Executive Officer, Erwin-Lambeth, Inc., premier furniture manufacturers.

GROWTH POTENTIAL: Unlimited. For example, Phil started a small piano manufacturing firm when he was 26, and by his active management built it "into one of the Big 10 in the business in less than a decade."

SPARE-TIME ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Wrote and illustrated *Success in Small Business Is a Laughing Matter,* an irreverent, commonsense guide to buying and running a small business. Phil is also a master at tournament bridge and a pinball wizard.

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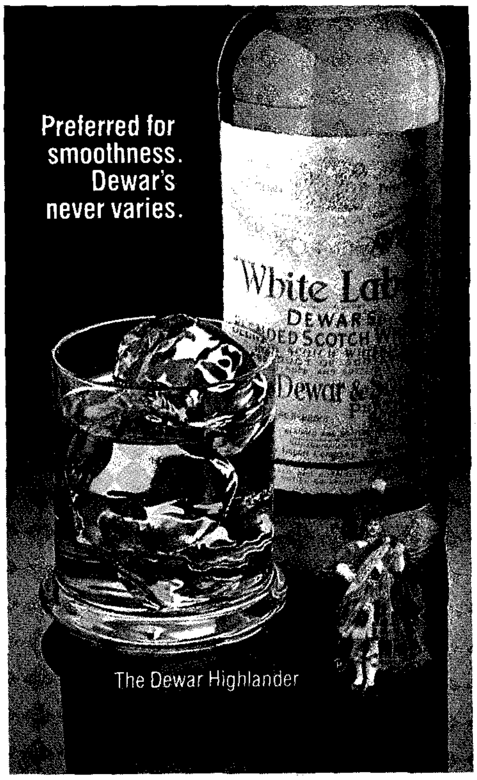

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